★PHOTOPLAY

JULY 25¢

Is Lana Turner GUILTY?

•

TAB HUNTER the story I'm ashamed to tell

•

scoop photos: ELVIS

In this issue!

NATALIE WOOD

Breck Hair Set Mist



A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS



IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STIFF

This fine, gentle spray leaves hair soft and shining, never stiff or dry. Its delicate touch holds curls softly, beautifully in place for hours, even in damp or humid weather. Breck Hair Set Mist is good to your hair.

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STICKY

Breck Hair Set Mist sprays on gently, evenly, leaving the hair soft to the touch, never sticky or dull. Always good to your hair, this fragrant mist, with lanolin, brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

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- Use before combing - style as you comb
- Use for pincurling

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

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P 1

Lander's Great New Chlorophyll Roll-On



DOLLARS CAN'T BUY A BETTER, SAFER, NICER ROLL-ON DEODORANT

- *Rolls on Instantly*
- *Protects All Day*

..and here is America's outstanding



Chlorophyll STICK Deodorant

..loved by millions because it's so reliable

29c ...and *so thrifty!*

LANDER

CHLOROPHYLL DEODORANTS

JULY, 1958 VOL. 54, NO. 1

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVES

31 The Strange Truth About Debra's Rushed Marriage and Hushed Divorce (DEBRA PAGET) *By Maxine Arnold*
32 Photoplay's Gift to ELVIS—scoop photos of his first day in the Army
44 The Untold Story of LANA TURNER's Shame *By Jean Lewis*
72 PAT BOONE writes from Europe

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

34 I Used to be in Love (KIM NOVAK) *By Don Allen*
37 Blackout *By TAB HUNTER*
38 Three Against a Storm (PIER ANGELI, VIC DAMONE) *by Dorothy Schuyler*
40 Are You the Girl I'm Looking For? *By GEORGE NADER*
46 Getting Personal with Paul (PAUL ANKA) *By Ernie Stone*
50 Wake Up, Little Susie (SUSAN STRASBERG) *By Patty De Roulf*
52 Ooh, What She Said! Ooh, What He Answered! (POLLY BERGEN, PHIL SILVERS) *By David Paul*
54 NATALIE WOOD as BOB WAGNER Sees Her
56 "Most Likely to Succeed" (Molly Bee, Barry Coe, Yvonne Craig, Sandra Dee, Bob Evans, Connie Francis, Dolores Hart, Earl Holliman, Dennis Hopper, Will Hutchins, Bob Ivers, Yvonne Lime, Carol Lynley, Jim MacArthur, Rick Nelson, Leslie Nielsen, Susan Oliver, Luana Patten, Tony Perkins, Inger Stevens, Venetia Stevenson, Dean Stockwell, Natalie Trundy, Pat Wayne) *By Caryl Posner*
59 The Honeymoon is Over (JOANNE WOODWARD, PAUL NEWMAN) *By Alex Joyce*
65 Don't Be Difficult *By CAROLYN JONES with an assist from NICK ADAMS*
68 Our Little Ham (DAVID LADD) *By John Grayson*

YOUNG IDEAS

4 Becoming Attractions
8 On the Record *By Tommy Reynolds*
26 Readers Inc.
62 Have Fun, Be Mad, Join Hollywood's Newest Sewing Fad! (Carol Lynley, Sal Mineo, Nick Adams, Jimmie Rodgers, Dean Stockwell, Tab Hunter) *By Sue Kreisman*

NEWS AND REVIEWS

6 Brief Reviews
10 Hollywood for You *By Sidney Skolsky*
13 Sara Hamilton's Inside Stuff
18 Let's Go to the Movies *By Janet Graves*
24 Casts of Current Pictures
98 They're in the News *By Rona Barrett*

STARS IN FULL COLOR

32 ELVIS PRESLEY
35 KIM NOVAK
39 PIER ANGELI
39 VIC DAMONE
41 GEORGE NADER
60 JOANNE WOODWARD
60 PAUL NEWMAN
62 CAROL LYNLEY
62 SAL MINEO

COVER: Color portrait of Natalie Wood by Tana Hoban. Natalie stars in United Artists' "Kings Go Forth" and Warner Brothers' "Marjorie Morningstar."

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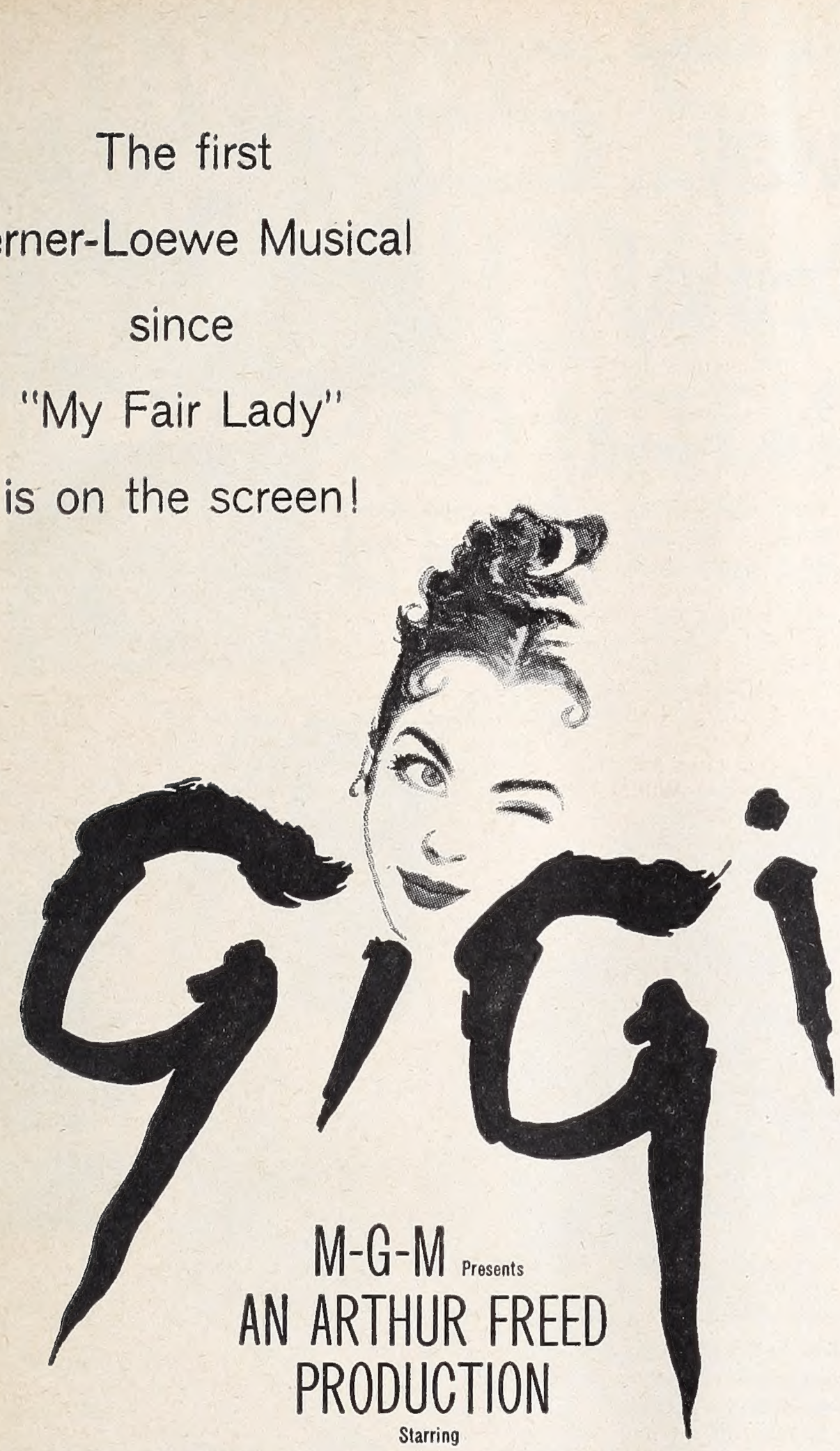
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The first
Lerner-Loewe Musical
since
"My Fair Lady"
is on the screen!

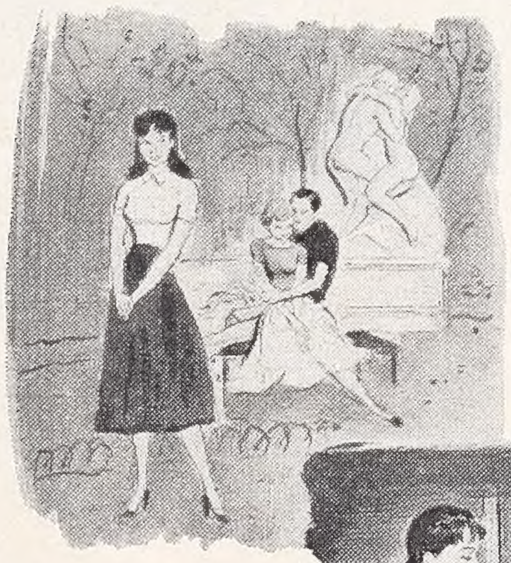


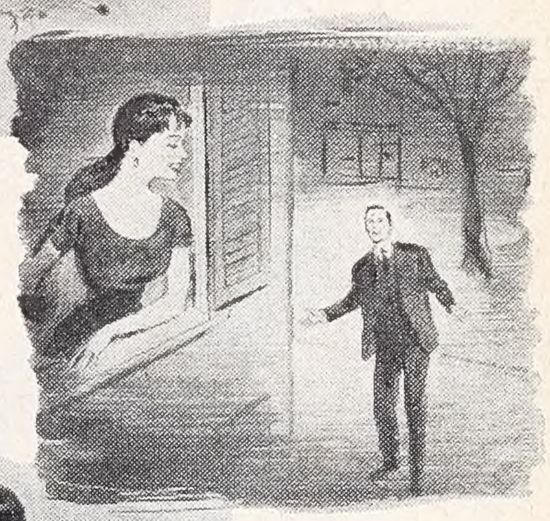
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AN ARTHUR FREED
PRODUCTION
Starring
LESLIE CARON
MAURICE CHEVALIER
LOUIS JOURDAN
HERMIONE GINGOLD · EVA GABOR
JACQUES BERGERAC · ISABEL JEANS
Screen Play and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER · Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Based on the Novel by COLETTE · Costumes, Scenery & Production Design by CECIL BEATON · In CinemaScope And METROCOLOR
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI

The love story that
inspired the songs
you've been listening to...


"Thank Heaven
For Little Girls"

"She's Not
Thinking Of Me!"



"The
Parisians"

"Gigi"



"I'm Glad
I'm Not Young
Anymore"

"The Night
They Invented
Champagne"


Hear the LERNER-LOEWE Score now available in the new MGM RECORDS Sound Track Album

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



YOU CAN NOT BRUSH BAD BREATH AWAY— as this chart clearly proves!

Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

So, reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.



Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

becoming attractions

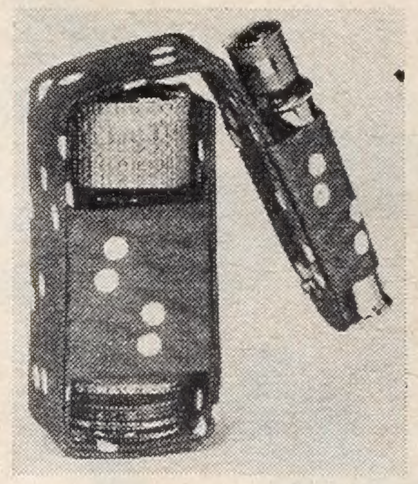
A



B



C



D



E



A. In tune with summer's most exciting fashion color, Helen Neushaefer presents Neu Orange: regular nail enamel, 15¢*; iridescent, 20¢*; lipstick, 39¢*

B. New Speed-Bath Lilt features Saturator Set for thorough penetration of waving lotion without messy drip. Same soft, long-lasting permanent. $2.00*

C. Straw Hat, Fabergé's fresh, flirty fragrance, is packaged this summer in gay orange linen. Fabergette Ensemble, purse perfume and cologne, $3.75*

D. Lentheric creates four new summer colognes: Lark, Siesta, Ripple and Cabana, all inspired by the New York Summer Festival. Each, 6¾ oz., $1.50*

E. New, extra rich hand cream, formulated for use before and after washing by skin expert, Georgette Klinger, 509 Madison Ave., N. Y. 3-⅝ oz., $1.50*

* plus tax

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

JAMES STEWART
KIM NOVAK
IN ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MASTERPIECE



'VERTIGO'

DESIGNED BY SAUL BASS

CO-STARRING
BARBARA BEL GEDDES WITH TOM HELMORE HENRY JONES · DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK · SCREENPLAY BY ALEC COPPEL & SAMUEL TAYLOR TECHNICOLOR®
BASED UPON THE NOVEL D'ENTRE LES MORTS BY PIERRE BOILEAU AND THOMAS NARCEJAC · MUSIC BY BERNARD HERRMANN

VISTAVISION®

So silky, so smooth, so freshly fragrant!

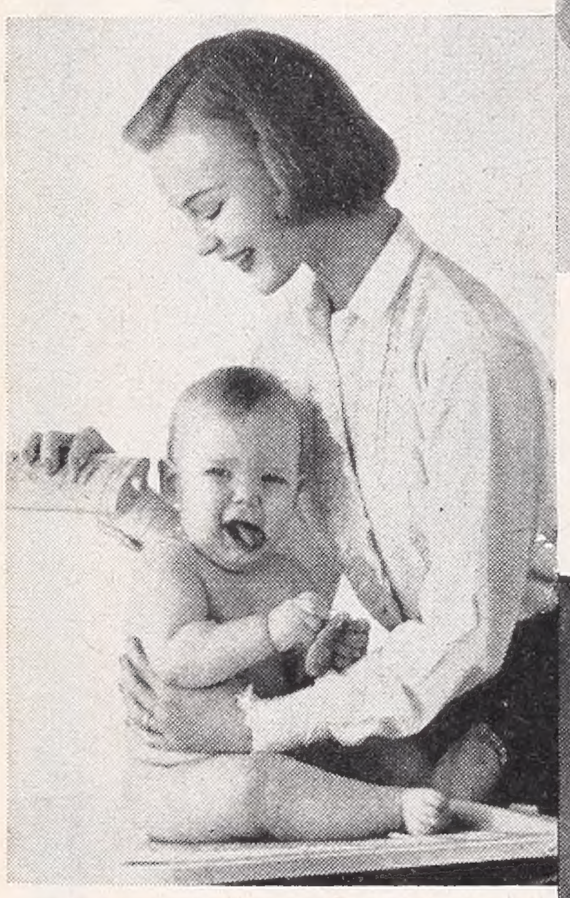
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder does such lovely things for you!



That skin-slim bathing suit will slip right on without a wiggle if you smooth silky Cashmere Bouquet talc over your skin. Always have a can of it with you at the beach!



It's like climbing right into a bouquet, when you feel the cool, petal-soft touch of Cashmere Bouquet talc! Smooth it all over—and there you are—all pampered and perfumed with a Spring-fresh fragrance! Use it after every bath.



Keep baby feeling soothed and comfy! Cashmere Bouquet is as soft and silky as any special baby powder. And it keeps baby as fresh and sweet as a flower. It's so handy to have one powder you *both* use!



Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER

The Fragrance Men Love

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 18.

✓✓✓✓ **FRAULEIN**—20th, CinemaScope: Honestly told love story of wartime Berlin. Dana Wynter, gently reared German girl, aids Mel Ferrer, escaped American officer. Then malice threatens her reputation. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ **FROM HELL TO TEXAS**—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fast but thoughtful western teams exciting newcomers Don Murray and Diane Varsi. As a cowhand who hates killing, Don becomes the quarry in a revenge-ridden chase, is befriended by Diane. (F) June

✓✓✓ **GODDESS, THE**—Columbia: Kim Stanley scores a triumph as a Southern girl who is plagued by instability through two marriages and a successful Hollywood career. As her mom, playgirl who turns to religion, Betty Lou Holland is a standout. With Lloyd Bridges. (A) June

✓✓✓ **GOD'S LITTLE ACRE**—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing pathos and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold. Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Fay Spain, a cutie-pie daughter. (A) June

✓✓✓ **HOT SPELL**—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth heads a topnotch cast, playing a middle-aged woman who strives to hold straying husband Anthony Quinn. Earl Holliman, Shirley MacLaine are restless offspring. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ **MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR**—Warners, WarnerColor: Smoothly done, moving close-up of New York girl Natalie Wood's hesitation between domesticity and romance, personified by showman Gene Kelly. Fine work by Claire Trevor, as her mother; Ed Wynn, her uncle. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ **RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP**—U.A.: Vigorous sea-action tale finds skipper Clark Gable and first officer Burt Lancaster on a U.S. sub in Jap-haunted waters. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ **SOUTH PACIFIC**—20th; Todd-AO, Technicolor: That unforgettable music expresses the love of nurse Mitzi Gaynor and French planter Rossano Brazzi, with John Kerr and France Nuyen also romancing. (F) June

✓✓✓ **STAGE STRUCK**—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Susan Strasberg glows as an inexperienced girl intent on becoming a fine actress, who falls in love with producer Henry Fonda. (A) May

✓✓✓✓ **TEN NORTH FREDERICK**—20th, CinemaScope: Touching moments mark the saga of a rich New England family. Father Gary Cooper, wed to shrewish Geraldine Fitzgerald, seeks love with Suzy Parker. Daughter Diane Varsi finds trouble with musician Stuart Whitman. (A) June

✓✓✓ **TOO MUCH, TOO SOON**—Warners: Excellent work by Dorothy Malone and Errol Flynn, as Diana and John Barrymore, both fighting drink. Ray Danton's her worthless husband. (A) June

✓✓✓ **VIOLENT ROAD**—Warners: Good, taut thriller. Truck-driver Brian Keith heads a convoy taking deadly explosives over rough roads. Each man has personal problems, too. (F) June

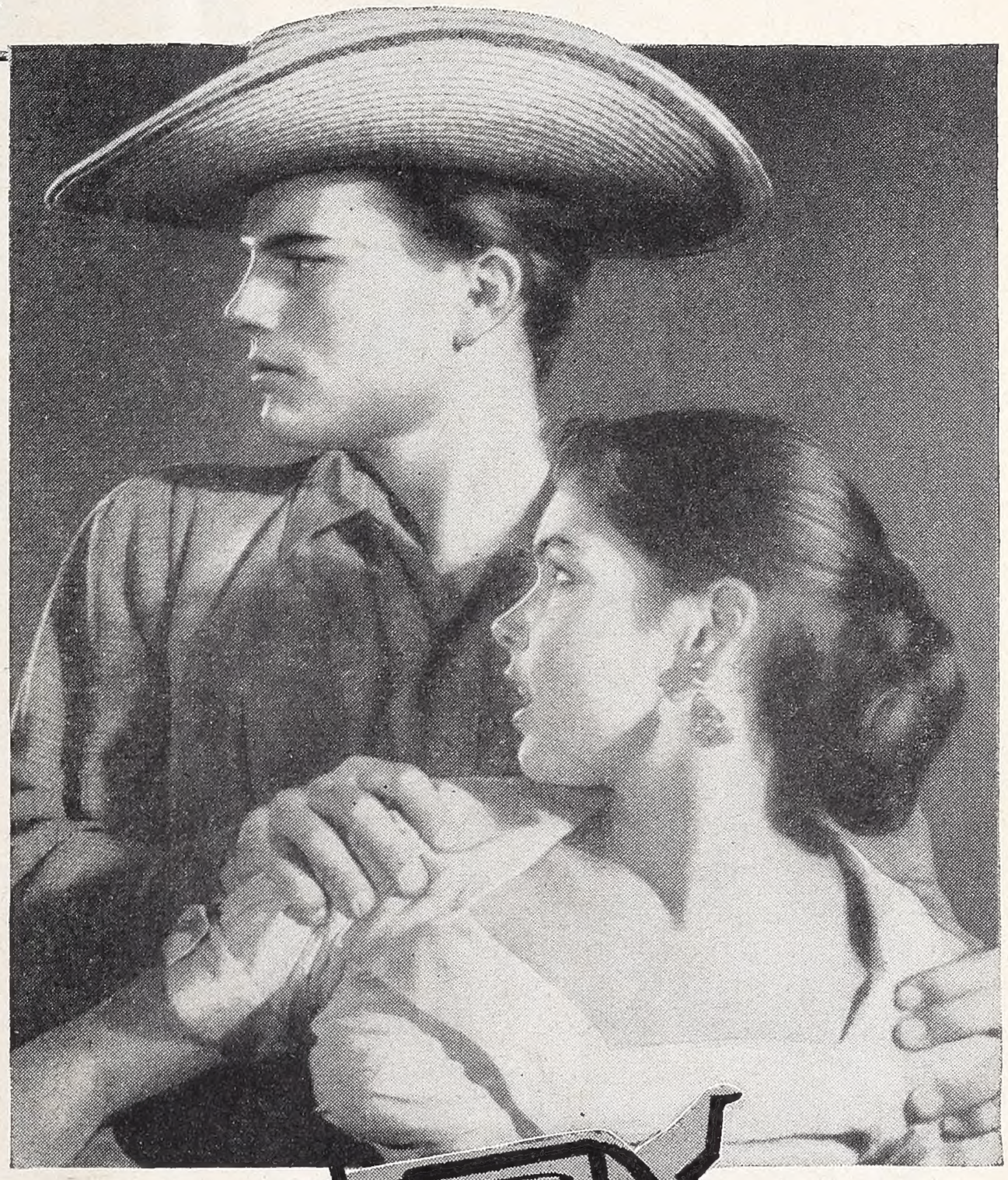
A VIOLENT LAND ...TORN BETWEEN LAW AND OUTLAW!



For the young land...

for the young lovers...

this was the day of destiny!



C. V. WHITNEY PRESENTS

THE YOUNG LAND

starring



Too young to wear a badge... too smart to wear a gun!

PAT WAYNE



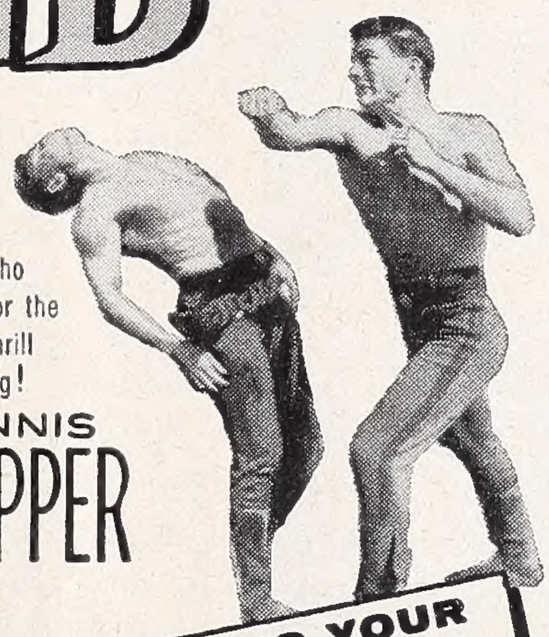
The girl who was too proud to be afraid... but not too proud to be a woman!

YVONNE CRAIG



The trigger happy youth who killed for the sheer thrill of killing!

DENNIS HOPPER



From the Producers of that multiple award winner "The Searchers"

DAN O'HERLIHY

with Roberto de la Madrid • Cliff Ketchum • Ken Curtis • Pedro Gonzales Gonzales • Screenplay by NORMAN SHANNON HALL

From a Story by JOHN REESE • Music Written and Conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN • Directed by TED TETZLAFF

Produced by PATRICK FORD • Color by TECHNICOLOR®

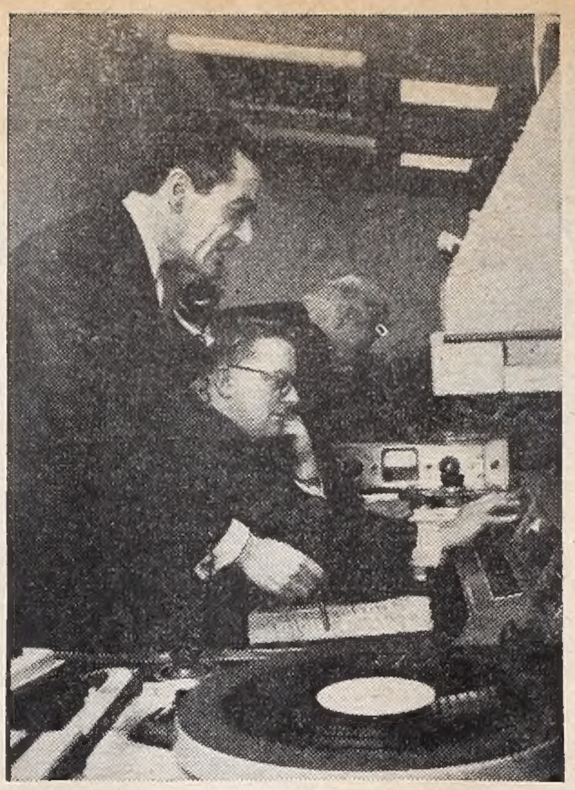
Directors of Photography WINTON C. HOCH, A.S.C. and HENRY SHARP, A.S.C.

Distributed by Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc.

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



Tommy Reynolds, whose monthly column "On the Record" appears in Photoplay, is producer of Mutual Broadcasting System's "Bandstand, U.S.A.," only live two-hour jazz festival series in major network radio or TV. A former bandleader, he digs the latest—for you



ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

Hey there—you with the time on your hands—how about getting out and doing a little dancing? Grab yourself a partner and swing into some mid-summer fun with the orchestras that are traveling the country, bringing live music back in a big way for the first time in years to you light-footed guys and gals.

Out on the road right now are the big dance bands of batoneers Les Brown, Ralph Marterie, Sam Donahue, Richard Maltby, Ray Anthony, Harry James, Ralph Flanagan, Buddy Morrow, Tex Beneke, Jan Garber, Johnny Long, Hal McIntyre, Claude Thornhill, Charlie Spivak, Tony Pastor, Ray Eberly, Ray McKinley, Sammy Kaye, Art Mooney and Russ Morgan.

Where are they playing? Mainly at big private parties and night clubs. But so far, these "gigs" are mostly on weekends. The dance band financial problem is—whaddaya do with the other nights? Which is a shame considering the fellas really enjoy going on the road. "It's great," Dick Maltby told me after a recent "Bandstand, U.S.A." show, "being able to see the kids dance again and it's helpful to musicians because when they yell their requests from the floor for your latest record—man, then's when you get a picture of what an audience really likes!"

After a recent TV appearance, Tony Pastor and I got to talking about the road: "It's got many advantages and opportunities for bandsmen," Tony said. "There's the chance to pick up fresh, new talent along the way. Then, too, there are fewer restrictions on programming, which gives the musician a better opportunity to show his talent. Also, new music trends are easier to pick up than if you were always playing the same town."

Right now there are two Dorsey aggregations back on the road, despite the recent and untimely deaths of the two brothers.

Trumpeter Lee Castle, who heads Jimmy Dorsey's old orchestra, has been linked with the Dorsey approach to music for over twenty years and is carrying on the tradition with enthusiastic encouragement from the Dorseys' eighty-four year old mother and from Jimmy's daughter, Julie, who owns the band. The group uses Jimmy's old arrangements and a lot of the material the Dorsey brothers used when they were a team.

The current Tommy Dorsey orchestra is under the leadership of trombonist Warren Covington and is owned by Tommy's widow, Mrs. Jane Dorsey and his children. Warren feels that the band, which uses Tommy's books of arrangements, keeps the Tommy Dorsey name and great dance music tradition alive. Warren, who used to lead the Commanders, has been an ardent Dorsey fan practically all his life and twenty-two years ago learned to play and sing by following the records of some of the very arrangements he is using now as leader of the T.D. group.

Dead for years, live bands are coming back in more ways than one. Have you noticed, for instance, that more and more pop singers are using jazz groups to back them up? One such is Tony Bennett. His recent Columbia LP, "The Beat of my Heart," came out so well that Tony now declares he's going to add jazz musicians on all future record dates, as well as use them on his live club and theater dates, "For me," Tony says, "having jazzmen means I don't go stale. No two shows are alike. And with each show, something good comes out. You never have a sameness."

The last on-the-road item "On the Record" has to offer concerns a hip Yankee who's promoting a twenty-five day "Le Jazz in Europe" excursion. It's a tour of the top spots on the Continent where jazz can be found. The package price is $1,385 and it takes you to London, Brussels, Cannes, Paris, Rome and Berlin!

Let's Preview

"The West Side Story" (Coral Records)—Manny Albam and the Jazz Greats play music from the Broadway smash about a modern *Romeo* and *Juliet* in a Dead End setting. Musically great, it captures the dramatic mood. Shows excellent choice of playing personnel.

"Gigi in Jazz" (RCA Victor Records)—Shorty Rogers and his Giants in Jazz restyle the lilting tunes of the movie. Très zingy!

"Oh, Captain!" (M-G-M Records)—Leonard Feather and Dick Hyman's Allstars featuring Coleman Hawkins, Tony Scott and Harry Edison with vocalists Marilyn Moore and Jackie Paris. The Broadway show, starring Tony Randall, is all about bigamy on the high seas. The album's all about the tunes from the show. Very good, too.

"Swingin' Down Broadway" (Columbia Records)—A couple of smoothies, Jo Stafford and Paul Weston go swingily sophisticated.



Veteran maestro Bobby Hackett and Tommy discuss "hit the road" band trend

JIMMIE RODGERS, SINGING STAR OF ROULETTE RECORDS



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.



HALO *glorifies as it cleans*

RIGHT 1958, THE COLGATE-PALMOLIVE CO.



Clark Gable, a great actor, proves it in "Teacher's Pet." He gives an excellent performance, even though he did have to play scenes with me

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I ask you: Do you feel safer now that Elvis is in the Army protecting you? . . . Dorothy Malone seldom admits anything is impossible, and has an Oscar to prove it . . . If there ever was an actress who looked like a silent movie star, it's Kim Novak . . . I find Brando of the T-shirt and Grant of the dress shirt similar. Both are great businessmen who can take the shirt off a producer's back when collecting for making a movie . . . Kathie Hepburn always seems to be tossing her hair out of her eyes . . . Pouting Brigitte Bardot could be called "France's Angry Girl." Her kind of anger is welcome.

Clark Gable is a great actor, and he proves it in "Teacher's Pet." He was able to give an excellent performance, despite the fact he had to play scenes with me . . . On his TV shows, Dean Martin is letting the public see him as he is behind the scenes: a very funny fellow . . . Hollywood is a divorced father borrowing his son for lunch and the Dodger ball game. It's the agent saying, "I told you I'd phone you if there was anything." . . . For a change, I'd like to hear about the people who went to the Actors' Studio and didn't become stars . . . Beneath that fierce determination, Maria Schell is a sentimentalist.

I'm in favor of Gisele MacKenzie having a TV program next season . . . Interesting fact about "South Pacific": On the stage the critics praised it because it employed movie technique, such as using the equivalent of a dissolve to speed into the next scene. On the screen many critics found fault because it was too much like a stage play . . . Henry Willson has the name Bessie Mae Mucho ready to give to an exotic actress . . . I've learned that the best way to entertain most actors is to listen to them.

I wonder if Marlene Dietrich lies about her age, claiming to be older than she is, so people will say how young she looks for her age . . . If Monty Clift wasn't doing Marlon Brando in "The Young Lions," you tell me who he was doing. I loved it . . . Remember when singers used to close their eyes while singing? Now they snap their fingers . . . No girl on TV can allow the camera to come as close to her as Polly Bergen does, and still look gorgeous . . . Hollywood is a nobody standing in the footprints of a somebody in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater while the somebody is behaving in such a manner that he stands a chance of becoming a nobody. It's tourists mistaking other tourists for movie stars . . . I wonder what would happen if Jim Arness gave Clint Walker a day to get out of Dodge City . . . I think Julie Harris is sexy across the footlights but not on the screen . . . The difference between an actress and a model, claims Suzy Parker, who has been a model and is trying to be an actress, is that an actress is given her lines while a model has to develop her own.

Tab Hunter isn't going to take singing lessons. It might improve his voice and ruin him . . . To quote the person, starlet Googie Schwab said: "It's nothing when I have to look unhappy in a scene. I simply wear a pair of shoes that are too tight." This is her method, Mr. Strasberg . . . Jerry Lewis walks onstage as if he were a messenger boy running to deliver a telegram . . . I know a fellow who wouldn't walk across the street to see John Wayne in a movie. He stays at home and sees John Wayne movies on his TV set for free . . . I believe one of the troubles with the movies is too many new faces. Audiences (include me in) aren't given the necessary time to become acquainted with most of the new faces before another parade of new faces is marched before them . . . Suggested to Henry Willson for his names file: Gina Lollobridge on the River Kwai . . . When questioned if love interest might be added to TV's "Wyatt Earp," Hugh O'Brian answered: "I sure hope so. I'm getting mighty tired of that horse."

I know Natalie Wood doesn't like to wear a nightgown because it's like wearing a sack. But why does Natalie wear a sack dress? . . . Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer look as if they belong together . . . William Holden has a face that someone said resembles a map of the United States: open, agreeable, forthright . . . Hollywood's the girl at the soda fountain at Schwab's waiting to be discovered for pictures. It's the welcome rain and the unwelcome floods on Sunset Blvd. It's a movie executive at home watching TV and bemoaning the fact that people aren't going to theaters to see his latest movie . . . Honestly, I saw Jayne Mansfield holding a copy of "The Hidden Persuaders" and wished I had a camera with me. No one would need persuading to look at *that* snapshot! . . . That's Hollywood For You.



Blossom out in flattering flower Swim Caps by Kleinert's

Cap your curls in these beauties and never worry your head about waves! Hair stays dry for sure with Kleinert's Secret Magic Sava-Wave Inner Rim. Pictured here: The Water Lily $4.98, The Sprite $2.50. Both available in white, black, aqua, light blue, pink, and yellow. Petal Beach Bag in pink, white, aqua and yellow, $6.98. *Also available in Canada.*

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INSIDE STUFF

This month in Hollywood: Hair shades are growing darker, with brassy blondes on the wane. And skirts shorter, shorter, shorter . . . Even the strictest dieters now agree one avocado a week keeps the skin lubricated from within, and never mind the calories . . . Fashion note for Hollywood cowboys: **Dale Robertson,** of TV's "Wells Fargo," has his out-west hats made to order in Rome. When they get 'round to Sack Chaps by **Dior,** I'm headin' for the last round-up, pardner! . . . The girls have gone splashy print mad—the bigger and louder the print frock the better . . . The painting craze has returned with a venegeance—portraits, still life and sheer madness, with **Dusty Anderson** (wife of director **Jean Negulesco**) and **Claudette Colbert** the best of the amateurs . . . They're discussing **Lana Turner's** built-in heartache and her wisdom in consulting psychiatric specialists . . . They're drooling over the records with music taken directly from the tape of a star's various movies. The first out—Dot's "Bernstein: Background for **Brando**"; the second, "Background for **Brynner**" . . . They're having a fit over **Gary Cooper**'s reputed face lift, murmuring, "But it was Coop's lines we *loved.*" . . . The boys have taken to paisley print silk as linings for their daytime jackets and the girls are wearing print or bright colored shoes to match their dresses . . . They're chuckling over the way the French Academy passed over its own **Brigitte Bardot** to give the best acting award to the American **Marilyn Monroe,** who hasn't made a movie since "The Prince and the Showgirl." But if plans do go through for Marilyn Monroe to play "Catherine, the Great" to **Rock Hudson's** "Peter the Great," the cultural exchange between Russia and the U.S. will blow up like a sick Sputnik. Mark my words.

Home, Home Again: Like a fresh summer breeze, **Sandra Dee** blew into Hollywood from Paris after weeks of French flittings and fancy emoting in "The Reluctant Debutante." Sandra's mother, **Mary Douvan,** who accompanied her daughter abroad, tells me, "I had a hard time keeping up with Sandy in Paris. She thought nothing of popping into the kitchens of the most renowned cafes to explain to chefs how to charcoal broil a steak. They didn't understand a word of English, and Sandra's French was laughable." But everybody seems to have gotten the charcoal message.

The day Sandy trotted off to a Dior fashion showing (the day after she *walked* all the way up the 984-foot Eiffel Tower—"I just wanted to be different from all the rest of the American tourists") designer successor **St. Laurent** spotted Sandra in the front row and pressed her into service. Somewhat timid at first, Sandra modeled before the most knowing of Parisian style sophisticates. It was her hardest modeling job in many moons for Sandy.

Because she hasn't had a free day to herself in ten months, Sandra's mother ordered for her a pink mink and a matching pink Thunderbird, both waiting for her on her return. And you never heard such goings on in all your life. Such swooning and mooning.

Incidentally, Sandra has been loaned to Columbia for the star role in "The Gidget," a story of teenagers. And personally, I'm all for sending Sandra abroad every year as an example of what American youngsters are really like. Bright, gay, sweet. (*continued*)



On the M-G-M set of "The Badlanders" with Alan Ladd, I was constantly impressed with the energy of this man and by the warmth his co-workers feel for Al. I do, too

What better ambassadress could there be?

Set of the Month: If plaques were given for the busiest actor in Hollywood, **Alan Ladd** would win hands down. No actor in the business makes more pictures, more fans, more friends—and more money—than Alan. And a visit to the M-G-M set of "The Badlanders" explained why—at least in part. Here's a film, both Alan and director **Delmar Daves** tells me, that's a villian-ridden epic if ever there was one. And yet the atmosphere was one of light-hearted cooperation and a "glad-I'm-in-this-one" attitude among the cast. In fact, I found myself joining Alan, director Daves and the crew in a long round of applause for a group of varmints who finished their last scene and walked off to a "no salary" period with hearts full of good cheer. And that speaks well for Alan.

TV, Other Jottings

TV's Thin Man, **Pete Lawford** and his wife trekked to Europe, but without **Frank Sinatra,** who had to cancel his world tour due to a bad throat. Have a hunch Frankie disappointed **Ava Gardner** in Rome (who, it was whispered, squelched her letdown with a **Mario Bandini** romance) and La **Brigitte Bardot** in Paris, who, it was rumored, stipulated in her contract for "Paris by Night," that she would co-star with Frankie "Only if **Lauren Bacall** stays home." "We should make some interesting chemistry," Brigitte told a startled press! Hmmm . . . And speaking of Lauren, some say her now-famous command, "Don't mention me in the same breath with Frank Sinatra," was an admission that Frankie prefers freedom to marriage. But others of us know it was only a flip, impulsive answer to a Hollywood reporter Lauren did not want to talk to. She may still feel deeply for Frankie, and his co-starring role with Brigitte doesn't exactly add to her happiness. But then, that's Frankie, "all the way."

Since "Bonjour Tristesse," **David Niven,** who springs from movies to TV with the greatest of ease, isn't the least bit worried about over-exposure. Claims he's really a sort of "misplaced **Cary Grant**" and people don't actually notice him. I disagree. A pleasant ride over the hills of Beverly with David in his swanky new imported car, had me hoping people would notice *me!* And they did. Never mind about "over-exposure." I felt like a misplaced **Marilyn Monroe.** And that feels good.



All eyes are on perennial favorite Cary Grant as he introduces ever-shy Kim Novak at crowded preem party. Cary's used to spotlight but Kim's still nervous



Remember when Photoplay predicted Molly Bee-Ty Hungerford twosome?



Handsome Pat Brown nabbed newcomer Diane Jergens for film preem



Susan Strasberg, chic in cloche hat, dates Jim MacArthur at Harwyn Club



One of the most gracious beauties in Hollywood is ever-young Loretta



"How about a picture of Claudette Colbert?" you've written. Here 'tis!



Newest TV-er in fall: Dot Lamour, here out with hubby Bill Howard

New Romances

Kim Novak and **Gen. Rafael Trujillo** of the Dominican Republic, were ablaze with romance during those late spring days while the General was in town. A youngish man with inexpressive features, and given to clam-like silences, Rafael seems the ideal heart throb for Kim, who is already heralding his return with the same date-by-date routine that marked **Mario Bandini's** long-awaited visit. But now, says Kim, it's all different. The generalissimo will arrive early in July—"or by Labor Day, for sure"—or maybe he'll just be comin' 'round the mountain when he comes, say I. Leave none of us hold our breath in the meantime! . . . More romances: Newlyweds actress **Frances Farmer** and radio-TV management consultant **Leland Mikesell** and newly engaged **Marlon Brando Sr.** (Marlon's dad) and **Anna Parramore** and **Jean Seberg** and **Francois Moreuil.**

Party of the Month

Loretta Young's party for daughter **Judy,** with both Loretta and Judy's friends as guests, was the sort of party that's seldom written about in Hollywood, where parents and teen-agers mingle with the greatest of ease and enjoyment. From the sidelines of the patio of Loretta's beautiful Hollywood home, I watched the handsome young men, mostly non-professionals, dancing with mothers and daughters alike. But the one that caught and held my attention was handsome nineteen-year-old **Pat Wayne.** Pat danced first with his hostess, whirling Loretta around in a laughing, dancing frenzy. Judy was his next partner, and then, for the most marvelous of rhumbas, (*continued*)

JUNIOR SET



Is Terry Moore giving her old friend John Saxon some marriage tips?



Yvonne Lime and TV's Steve Stevens were dancingest couple at one party



Fay Spain caught Russ Tamblyn's eye sporting new knitted chemise

INSIDE STUFF *(continued)*

Pat chose his beautiful mother, **Josie Wayne.** What a handsome couple they made, so alike in their dark good looks and having such a ball!

Cal York Jottings

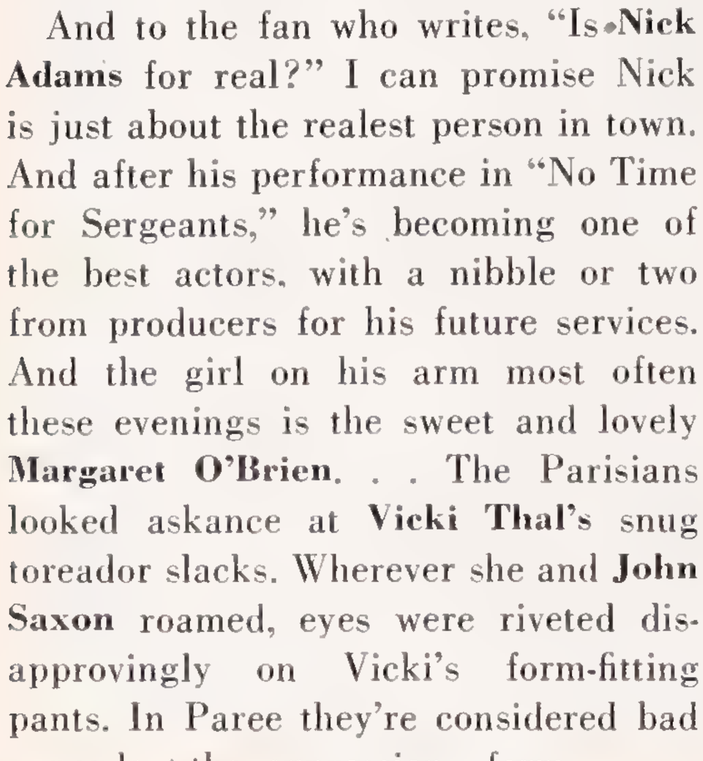
People—Places—Perhaps: **Tab Hunter,** who recently made up his spat with **Venetia Stevenson,** will be so glad when the handsome **Jacques Bergerac** returns to Europe for a movie. Jacques has a Gallic eye fastened on the lovely Venetia, and you know those Frenchmen. . . A reader from Ohio writes that everything she reads about **Russ Tamblyn** has to do with what he doesn't like in a girl. Her clothes, her make-up, her voice. "What does he want?" she asks. And here's the answer: All Russ wants is that you remember him, please. Keep him in mind during his two years in the army. Drop him a line now and then at Fort Ord in California. And never mind the clothes, the make-up, the voice. Just don't forget *him.*

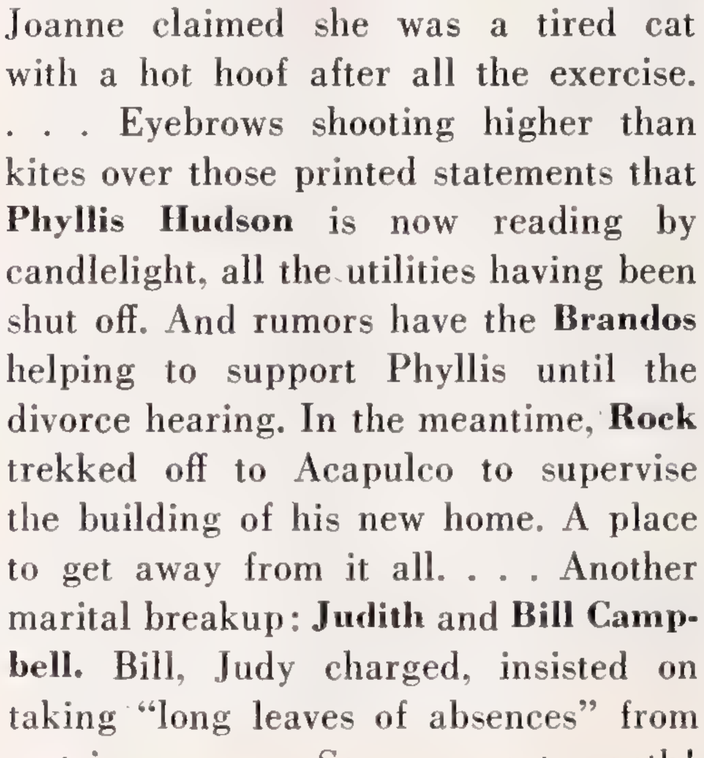
And to the fan who writes, "Is **Nick Adams** for real?" I can promise Nick is just about the realest person in town. And after his performance in "No Time for Sergeants," he's becoming one of the best actors, with a nibble or two from producers for his future services. And the girl on his arm most often these evenings is the sweet and lovely **Margaret O'Brien.** . . The Parisians looked askance at **Vicki Thal's** snug toreador slacks. Wherever she and **John Saxon** roamed, eyes were riveted disapprovingly on Vicki's form-fitting pants. In Paree they're considered bad —pardon the expression—form.

. . . **Jayne Mansfield** is reaping a fortune from those Mansfield hot water bottles made with Jayne's exact topography—all hills and valleys. Jayne claims the plastic bags are ideal for summer picnics. Make wonderful pink lemonade containers. I tell you the world's gotta blow up. I can't go on like this!!

Behind the Hollywood Curtain

Glimpses About Town: **Leslie Nielsen** and his **Sandy** strolling hand-in-hand in Beverly Hills, stopping to window-shop at Raf's, the record shop. . . . Mothers-to-be **Janet Leigh** and **Rosemary Clooney** comparing notes and sporting the newest, chicest maternity chemises. . . . **Tommy Sands** and his mother disagreeing over career problems. . . **Joanne Woodward** up and down ladders painting and decorating the new house while **Paul** finished chores on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Joanne claimed she was a tired cat with a hot hoof after all the exercise. . . . Eyebrows shooting higher than kites over those printed statements that **Phyllis Hudson** is now reading by candlelight, all the utilities having been shut off. And rumors have the **Brandos** helping to support Phyllis until the divorce hearing. In the meantime, **Rock** trekked off to Acapulco to supervise the building of his new home. A place to get away from it all. . . . Another marital breakup: **Judith** and **Bill Campbell.** Bill, Judy charged, insisted on taking "long leaves of absences" from matrimony. . . . See you next month!





Sporting smartest maternity ensembles in Hollywood these days: Rosemary C. and Janet L., who expect fall babies; Ferrers their fourth, Curtises a second

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD
✓ FAIR



Damsel in distress—gallant knight offering a lift—that's the happy combination of circumstances that brings Debbie and John together. Look out—trouble ahead!

This Happy Feeling U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Smart and sassy, sometimes risqué but all in favor of virtue, this slender farce gives Debbie Reynolds a dreamy romantic choice to make: between sophisticated maturity (Curt Jurgens) and brash youth (John Saxon). Through wacky circumstances, she becomes an overnight guest in the country home to which matinée idol Curt has retired. Charmed by the naive girl, Curt takes her on as his secretary. Neighbor John, a pal of Curt's, scents no scandal. But Mary Astor, as John's mother, wonders about Debbie's position in the household. Another cynical observer is Alexis Smith, Curt's former leading lady (and sweetheart), who's trying to lure him back to the stage. Wistfully hoping for another "Tammy," the studio has tossed in a title tune for Debbie to sing. But Curt's deft comedy makes it his picture, though Estelle Winwood, as his happily alcoholic housekeeper, gets the loudest laughs. ADULT

Windjammer DE ROCHEMONT; CINEMIRACLE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Introducing a magnificent new vast-screen process, a present-day adventure epic takes you to faraway places—in the most delightful company. Here is the true story of a cruise aboard Norway's square-rigged school ship, the Christian Radich. As she sails to the West Indies, to New York and home again, one breath-taking shot follows another. But this is no stuffy travelogue. It's made warmly personal by the young cadets aboard—as handsome, husky and lively a lot of teenagers as you've ever met. And the score includes a pleasant variety of songs: cheerful ditties, love ballads, calypso. Grandest fun since "Around the World in 80 Days"! (Opening first in New York and Hollywood, then in Chicago, "Windjammer" will reach other major cities as more theaters are adapted to show Cinemiracle.) FAMILY

Another Time, Another Place PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ After a leisurely start, Lana Turner's latest vehicle takes shape as an effective "woman's picture," its quality enhanced by sensitive performances. As a columnist reporting from England at the end of World War II, Lana is engaged to her boss (Barry Sullivan). But she falls in love with a young British radio commentator (Sean Connery) and discovers that he is married only during their last moments together. After his death in a plane crash, she is impelled to visit his home village in Cornwall. Falling ill there, she is taken in as a welcome guest by Sean's widow (Glynis Johns), who knows nothing of Lana's connection with her late husband. Here the movie hits its true pace, with a searching examination of feminine emotions. ADULT

The Sheepman M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Tired of those adult, off-beat westerns? Want some action and chuckles instead of talk and psychoanalysis? If the answer is "Yes," then Glenn Ford's breezy new film is for you. Glenn stages a rambunctious arrival in an old-time cattle town, because he knows everybody's going to hate him anyway. He's bringing in a herd of sheep to graze on lands heretofore sacred to steers. An interestingly unusual western heavy (no beard, no snarl), attractive Leslie Nielsen is the local cattle baron. But Leslie, Glenn knows, has a gaudy past and is likely to play rough. Leslie also has a fiancée—Shirley MacLaine, delectably different sort of western heroine. And he has a menacing but inefficient head henchman—expert comic Mickey Shaughnessy. For all its light manner, the movie soon settles down to a deadly duel, against handsome scenery. FAMILY

The Proud Rebel BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ While Alan and David Ladd make a most appealing onscreen father-and-son team, Olivia de Havilland also scores in one of her rare and welcome appearances. Set in Illinois, but obviously not filmed there, the picture still has a nice feeling of real farm life about it. As a Southerner, Alan wanders in search of a cure for young David, who lost the power of speech when his home was burned and his mother killed by Union bombardment. Olivia is a brusque spinster who saves Alan from local persecution and takes him in to help run her farm. It's a dangerous job, for ornery neighbor Dean Jagger and his brutish sons covet Olivia's land. David's commendably confident for a greenhorn in the acting business, and Olivia's portrayal neatly balances rough practicality with gentle femininity. FAMILY

Cry Terror M-G-M

✓✓✓ Striving relentlessly—and successfully, for unrelieved suspense (*continued*)

Completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

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with New Reducing Drug For Fat People!

Causes Your Body To Lose Weight The Fastest Acting Way!
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You Pay Nothing If You're Not Satisfied With Your Weight Loss... As Much As 6 Lbs. in 3 Days, 10 Lbs. the First Week!

No food restrictions, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New Reducing Drug acts directly on cause of overweight!

After years of medical research, we can now release it for the first time—an amazing new, fast-acting NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as necessary to look your slim self again *without* constant hunger pangs... *without* cruel diets... *even without* giving up all your favorite foods! Yes! You must actually lose as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or you don't pay a cent!

WHY IT MUST WORK FOR YOU NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE TRIED!

Unless you have a Super Will Power, you can NEVER reduce to your satisfaction with ordinary reducing methods. You probably know from your own experience how difficult, almost impossible it is to reduce with just fad diets, hunger strikes, laxatives, exercise, steam baths, massage... so-called reducing candies, cookies, powders and bulk-producing pills. Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is to *reduce caloric intake*... to *eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose—and now, at last, they've found a NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE, safe enough to be used *without* prescription!

3-WAY ACTION LETS YOU LOSE POUND AFTER POUND AFTER POUND!

REGIMEN TABLETS are a combination of safe, proven reducing drugs—the only one of its kind available anywhere. Aspirin-size and easy to take. REGIMEN TABLETS contain *no* bulk-producing ingredients, do *not* irritate your stomach, and work *3 amazing ways* for fast, easy weight-loss.

1. They *suppress* your appetite; you eat what you like, but even tasty delicacies shouldn't tempt you to overstuff yourself.
2. They force you to lose weight automatically by *removing* "fluid weight". You lose pound after pound *fast!*
3. They work *quickly*... start traveling thru your blood stream in less than a minute... and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No Super Will Power! YOU EAT *WHAT* THE FAMILY EATS *WHEN* THEY EAT—THE SAME DELICIOUS FOODS AS ALWAYS—BUT YOU JUST DON'T *WANT* TO EAT AS MUCH! YOU FEEL *FULL, COMPLETELY SATISFIED* ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU DREAMED POSSIBLE!

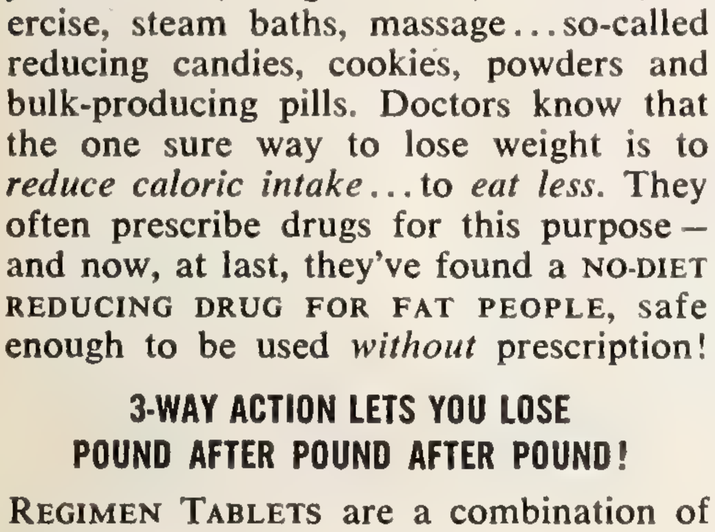
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This is *documented clinical evidence* that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can actually *eat what you want and still lose weight!*



You eat what the family eats —when they eat!

No dieting—no starving—no unappetizing foods, when you take REGIMEN TABLETS. You eat normally with the rest of the family—but you simply don't *want* to eat as much. Your weight comes down from the very first day! Pounds and inches disappear!

"I lost 28 lbs. in 28 days*
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... and never felt better in my life!"
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LESTER MORRIS,
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"I tried ordinary reducing methods for years—diets, laxatives, candies, pills, exercises, steam baths—nothing worked. Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. I lost 9 lbs. in 3 days, 12 lbs. the first week, and 28 lbs. in 28 days! Without dieting! Without will power! I ate the same foods as always; I just couldn't eat as much! Yet I felt full all the time—and the fat just melted away!"

A notarized doctor's report, filed with this publication, confirms Mr. Morris' weight loss.

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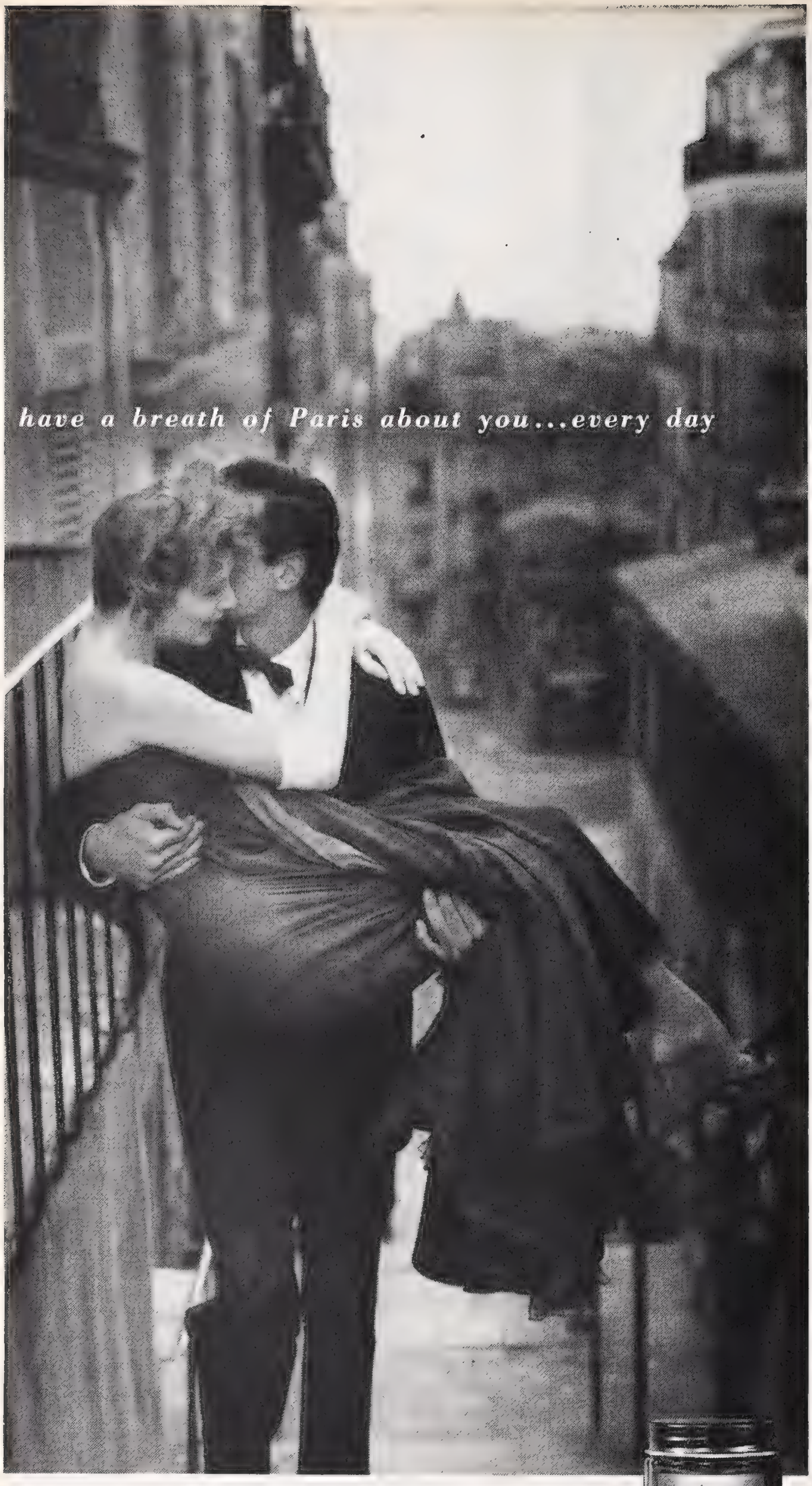
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Easy-to-pack vacation size, 33¢ New price for reg. size, 69¢

P

EVENING IN PARIS · DEODORANT STICK

CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS ..MADE IN U.S.A.

MOVIES (*continued*)

with no character emphasis, this chiller gives Inger Stevens a chance for gamut-running from fear to anger to hysteria to numbness. As her husband, James Mason is persuaded by wartime pal Rod Steiger to devise a pocket-size bomb, supposedly for the Army. Instead, Rod plants it on a transport plane, tips off the airline, then demands a staggering payoff to keep another plane from being blown up by a similar bomb. When the FBI traces the first bomb to its inventor, Rod kidnaps James, Inger and their small daughter, forcing the couple to collaborate in his scheme. Extra menace is contributed by Rod's accomplices: nervous Jack Klugman; sexy, heartless Angie Dickinson; dope-crazed, woman-crazy Neville Brand.

ADULT

Let's Rock!

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Julius La Rosa heads a troupe of pop-music names in a pleasant, unpretentious rhythm-fest. Extremely simple and reasonably convincing, the plot never interferes with the musical numbers. As a once-popular recording star, Julius refuses to abandon ballads, though manager Conrad Janis assures him that only rock 'n' roll is selling these days. (Perry Como might be interested in this information.) Both too stubborn and too scared to try the switch, Julius finds a confidante in part-time composer Phyllis Newman (a refreshing, casual-mannered newcomer). Songs by Paul Anka, the Royal Teens and other top disc stars liven up the sound track; but visually Julius sells his sweet music with more ease, compared to the stiffly formalized gestures of the r 'n' r people. Good-looking Wink Martindale, DJ and singer seen as himself, rates more footage than he gets.

FAMILY

(*continued*)



Record star Paul Anka (see page 46) has movie chance with Julius in "Let's Rock!"

THE STIRRING SAGA OF A WHITE BOY RAISED AS AN INDIAN!



FESS PARKER



WENDELL COREY



JOANNE DRU



JAMES MacARTHUR



JESSICA TANDY



JOHN McINTIRE



JOSEPH CALLEIA



RAFAEL CAMPOS

WALT DISNEY

presents two refreshing young stars... who light the screen with new excitement!

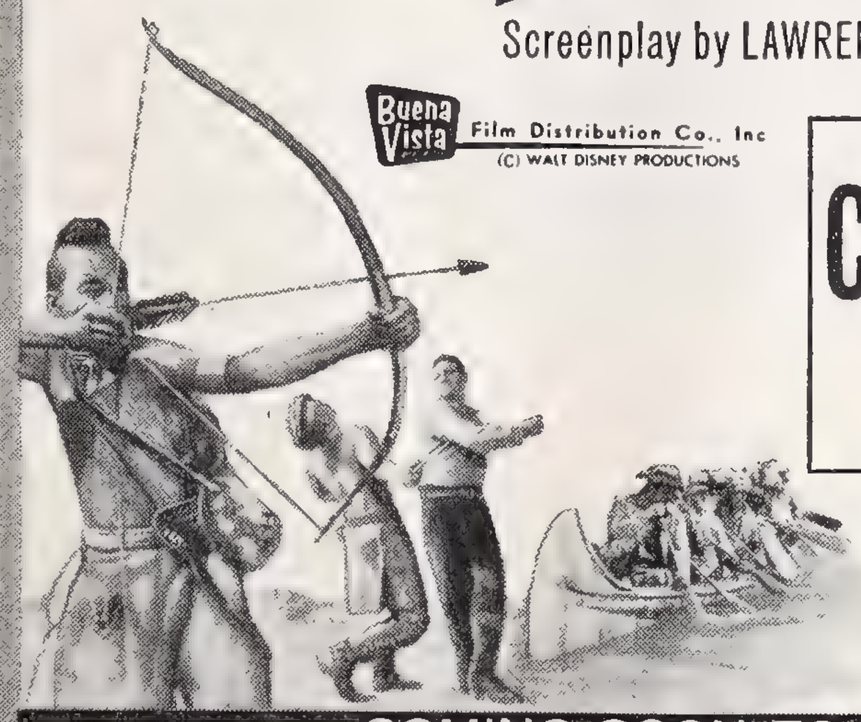


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US RUBBER **United States Rubber**

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

MOVIES *(continued)*

This Angry Age COLUMBIA; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Thailand and Tony Perkins in Technicolor are the chief attractions of this drama. Both stoutly American, Jo Van Fleet and Tony portray a tough French widow and her son, trying to keep the sea from invading their rice fields. Silvana Mangano (Italian accent unexplained) plays Tony's sister, who loves to dance with him to rock or Oriental rhythms. Rebelling against hard work in the backwoods, Tony runs off to a nearby city, where he's maintained in luxury by Alida Valli, an older woman. Meantime, Silvana copes with a creep who's rich by local standards. In this role, Nehemiah Persoff gives the film's best performance, making an apparent villain a figure of pathos. As Silvana's beloved, Richard Conte drifts in and out of the story. ADULT

Uncle Vanya THE "UNCLE VANYA" COMPANY

✓✓ Students of the drama will be interested in the film version of Chekhov's classic, with Franchot Tone and the rest of the brilliant cast seen in a recent New York stage production. In the countryside of 19th Century Russia, pompous ex-professor Clarence Derwent dominates a household of bored, despairing people. His lovely young second wife (Dolores Dorn-Heft) is loved by middle-aged George Voskovec, who believes his own life has been wasted, and by Tone, a sensitive doctor who sometimes takes to vodka to escape monotony. Peggy McCay, doing truly beautiful work, plays a youngish old maid who silently loves the doctor. Necessarily slow-paced, the picture draws deeper attention as its people are revealed in eloquent dialogue. But this isn't really a movie; it's a canned stage play; even the act divisions are clearly indicated. ADULT

Dangerous Youth WARNERS

✓✓ Competing with American movie-makers on their own grounds, Britain tries the juvenile delinquency, rock 'n' roll bit. Frankie Vaughan, singer well-known on British records and TV, heads a Liverpool waterfront gang that doesn't seem too deadly, though its young members are trouble-making idlers. Drafted along with best pal Ray Jackson, Frankie is at first a belligerent military misfit. Just as he starts to straighten up and fly right, a malicious frame-up gets him into a real jam. Both cute tricks, Carole Lesley and Jackie Lane are pretty glamorous-looking for working girls in a slum neighborhood. Featuring one ballad and two r 'n' r numbers, this modest melodrama shows what's cooking in the rhythm line across the water. FAMILY

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. . . and the hope that the pounding of
their hearts could drown out the sound
of chaos that thundered about them!

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The great love story of World War II by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

A Universal-International Picture starring

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Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by ORIN JANNINGS • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE—Paramount. Directed by Lewis Allen: *Sara Scott,* Lana Turner; *Carter Reynolds,* Barry Sullivan; *Kay Trevor,* Glynis Johns; *Mark Trevor,* Sean Connery; *Jake Klein,* Sidney James; *Alan Thompson,* Terrence Longdon; *Mrs. Bunker,* Doris Hare; *Brian Trevor,* Martin Stephens.

CRY TERROR—M-G-M. Directed by Andrew L. Stone: *Jim Molner,* James Mason; *Paul Hoplin,* Rod Steiger; *Joan Molner,* Inger Stevens; *Pat Molner,* Terry Ann Ross; *Steve,* Neville Brand; *Kelly,* Angie Dickinson; *Frank Cole,* Kenneth Tobey; *Vince,* Jack Klugman; *Charles Pope,* Jack Kruschen; *Robert Adams,* Carleton Young; *Pringle,* Barney Phillips; *Operative #1,* Harlan Warde; *Operative #2,* Ed Hinton; *Chet Huntley,* Himself; *Roy Neal,* Himself; *Executive,* Jonathan Hole; *Henderson,* William Schallert; *Pat's School Friend,* Portland Mason; *Woman in Elevator,* Mae Marsh.

DANGEROUS YOUTH—Warners. Directed by Herbert Wilcox: *The Padre,* George Baker; *Dave Wyman,* Frankie Vaughan; *Dinah Brown,* Carole Lesley; *Maureen,* Jackie Lane; *Mrs. Wyman,* Katherine Kath; *Mrs. Larkin,* Thora Hird; *Danny,* Eddie Byrne; *Juggler,* Kenneth Cope; *Cream O'Casey,* Robert Desmond; *Smiler Larkin,* Ray Jackson; *Captain Brewster,* Richard Leech; *Commanding Officer,* John Le Mesurier; *Sgt. Lockwood,* David Lodge; *Pvt. Simpson,* Michael Ripper; *Camp Barber,* Reginald Beckwith.

LET'S ROCK!—Columbia. Directed by Harry Foster: *Tommy Adano,* Julius La Rosa; *Kathy Abbott,* Phyllis Newman; *Charlie,* Conrad Janis; *Pickup Girl,* Joy Harman; *Monk,* Fred Kareman; *Gordo,* Pete Paull; *Clinch,* Charles Shelander; *Wink Martindale,* Himself; *Shep Harris,* Harold Gary; *Floor Manager,* Jerry Hackady; *Engineer,* Ron McLewdon; *Studio Manager,* Ned Wertimer; *Bartender,* Tony Brande; *Guest Stars,* Danny and the Juniors, Paul Anka, Della Reese, Roy Hamilton, The Tyrones, The Royal Teens, The Cues.

PROUD REBEL, THE—Buena Vista. Directed by Michael Curtiz: *John Chandler,* Alan Ladd; *Linnet Moore,* Olivia de Havilland; *David Chandler,* David Ladd; *Pop Burleigh,* Dean Jagger; *Jeb Burleigh,* Dean Stanton; *Tom Burleigh,* Thomas Pittman; *Doctor,* Cecil Kellaway; *Judge,* Henry Hull; *Bates,* James Westerfield; *Gorman,* Eli Mintz; *Peddler,* John Carradine; *Photographer,* Percy Helton; *Lance,* King.

THE SHEEPMAN—M-G-M. Directed by George Marshall: *Jason Sweet,* Glenn Ford; *Dell Payton,* Shirley MacLaine; *Johnny Bledsoe (alias Col. Stephen Bedford),* Leslie Nielsen; *Jumbo McCall,* Mickey Shaughnessy; *Milt Masters,* Edgar Buchanan; *Mr. Payton,* Willis Bouchey; *Choctaw,* Pernell Roberts; *Marshal,* Slim Pickens; *Red,* Buzz Henry; *Angelo,* Pedro Gonzalez Gonzalez.

THIS ANGRY AGE—Columbia. Directed by René Clement: *Madame Dufresne,* Jo Van Fleet; *Joseph,* Anthony Perkins; *Suzanne,* Silvana Mangano; *Michael,* Richard Conte; *Claude,* Alida Valli; *Albert Legros,* Nehemiah Persoff; *Roland,* Lawrence Williams.

THIS HAPPY FEELING—U-I. Directed by Blake Edwards: *Janet Blake,* Debbie Reynolds; *Preston Mitchell,* Curt Jurgens; *Bill Tremaine,* John Saxon; *Nita Hollaway,* Alexis Smith; *Mrs. Tremaine,* Mary Astor; *Mrs. Early,* Estelle Winwood; *Tony Manza,* Troy Donahue; *Phil Spearman,* Hayden Rorke; *Mr. Dover,* Alex Gerry; *Mrs. Dover,* Gloria Holden; *Dr. McCafferty,* Joe Flynn.

UNCLE VANYA—Vanya. Directed by John Goetz and Franchot Tone: *Marina,* Mary Perry; *Mikhail Astroff,* Franchot Tone; *Ivan Voinitsky (Uncle Vanya),* George Voskovec; *Alexander Serebriakoff,* Clarence Derwent; *Sofia (Sonia),* Peggy McCay; *Elena,* Dolores Dorn-Heft; *Telegin,* Gerald Hiken; *Maria Voinitskaya,* Shirley Gale.

WINDJAMMER—de Rochemont. Directed by Louis de Rochemont III and Bill Colleran: Documentary. *Captain,* Yngvar Kjelstrup; *A. B. (Norwegian acting-singing star),* Lasse Kolstad; *Cadets,* Harald Tusberg, Sven Erik Libaek (pianist), Kaare Terland; *Participating Artists,* Pablo Casals, Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Wilbur de Paris and his New Orleans Jazz Band.



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has hidden highlights
only egg can reach



Sense something healthy happen as your fingertips feel this protein-fresh lather – that's the first luxury of egg.



Only SHAMPOO PLUS EGG can give lather like this – lather that rinses instantly, completely, leaves hair radiant.



Feel first day control – no more "fly-away" hair! A touch of egg restores natural oils other shampoos strip away.



Know an inner glow of beauty – a radiance less luxurious shampoos can't match! It takes the magic touch of egg.



Hidden highlights come to life—a thousand thousand natural highlights yours only with the protein-fresh lather of Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG.

READERS INC.

Cheer for Monty

After seeing "Red River" nearly nine years ago, Montgomery Clift has been my favorite actor. Mr. Clift has come a long way since then and has had his share of success and disappointment. Many things have been written about him, some good, but mostly bad. They say he is uncooperative, moody and down-right rude.

A short time ago I saw Mr. Clift in New York while I was attending the premiere of his new movie, "The Young Lions," and I want you to know that the criticisms I've heard about him are, in my opinion, far from true. Yes, he has changed—both spiritually and physically since his tragic accident, but I think that with a little effort, patience and understanding on all our parts, Mr. Clift will again be the healthy and energetic person he was.

EILEEN GEIGER
Montclair, N. J.

Movie Masterpiece

Three cheers for the finest movie in years: "Sayonara." Next to "Gone With the Wind" this is the most beautiful love story I've ever seen; in every way it is a masterpiece of film production. It has given me a clear and generous understanding of the ways of the East, and has torn down any barriers of prejudice and misconception I might have previously possessed. If every American could see "Sayonara," I believe we might reach a new peak in our understanding of other peoples.

LINDA SOFER
East Meadow, N. Y.

Funnier Than Dody?

After reading "I'm for Real, I *Thimk*" in your June issue, I'm wondering if Dody Goodman's family isn't even crazier than Dody. Anyway, thanks for some funny reading.

S. TURBELL
Bayonne, N. J.

On Behalf of Debra

I'm writing this letter to ask a favor of Photoplay for me and all of Debra Paget's fans. The favor is to have a story about Debra's marriage to David Street. And better yet, please let Maxine Arnold write it. Last year in your May issue, I think, you had a story by her that was just wonderful. It was about Debra, and I still have it in my scrapbook. All of us fans would really appreciate it.

DIANNE WATTERSON
Norman, Okla.

Request answered. See page 31—ED.

(*continued*)

Her Mother Never Knew!



by Mary Morgan

Women of all ages have faced the same problem, but, thanks to a Boston doctor, today's daughters have a modern solution their mothers never knew.

FEW PEOPLE in the twenties would have called the girls who danced the Charleston "old-fashioned." Nor, for that matter, the women who dared wear the first form-fitting swim suits. They were the models of their "modern" age—and now are the mothers and grandmothers of girls today.

But as up-to-date as these women may have been then, they were (through no choice of their own) old-fashioned, in one particular way. The way in which they coped with that age-old problem of monthly sanitary protection. And why? Because, until now, few advances have been made in this particular field of feminine hygiene.

Of course, there was the introduction of the first commercial sanitary napkins after World War I. But aside from the advantage of being disposable, these actually were only a slight improvement over the homemade pads that women had used for generations. The problems of twisting, binding and slipping, along with chafing and odor, were ever present.

And as for tampons (which came along a decade later)—these had so many apparent shortcomings, like bulky cardboard applicators, that the majority of women were reluctant to use them.

Pondering this problem some years ago, the late Arthur B. Donovan, a prominent Boston doctor and obstetrician, decided it was time to do something about it. He saw the obvious need for a better, more comfortable method of sanitary protection.

Like many physicians, Dr. Donovan had, for years, employed "tamponage" in his practice. This medical principle of internal absorption, he knew, was sound. Here, it seemed, was the best starting point.

Internal absorption, he reasoned, would eliminate odor—do away with chafing and irritation. It would be completely invisible, eliminating ridges and bulges beneath clothing. What's more, it would be a cleaner and, above all, far more comfortable method of protection. In other words, it would offer the ultimate answer to all women—provided, of course, the ideal tampon could be designed; one that would be small, compact and easy to use—one that would assure women of napkin absorbency. But this, as Dr. Donovan knew, was not as simple as it sounded.

In the years of research and experiment that followed, Dr. Donovan, a stern perfectionist, resolved not to "give up" or consider his work completed until he had answered every objection there had been to other types of internal sanitary protection.

One of the biggest problems was that of insertion. Other tampons the doctor knew, were encased in those bulky cardboard applicators in an attempt to solve this particular problem. But this, according to reports from women, made the tampons awkward and uncomfortable to use. What's more, women complained that there was always the problem of disposing of the applicator—especially difficult when away from home. Dr. Donovan rejected this approach. He was determined to find a better solution.

One day, while analyzing the problem for the millionth time, simple logic suddenly gave him the answer. If forcing the insertion of a blunt-end tampon of dry cotton caused discomfort and irritation of sensitive tissues—why not, he reasoned, develop a tampon with a tapered tip.

This he did. And then Dr. Donovan made still another discovery. A unique scientific development enabled him to coat the tip of the tampon with a newly discovered material—an absolutely safe, clear substance that acted as a pre-lubricant and assured gentle, medically-correct insertion. This coating on the tapered tip dissolved harmlessly and eliminated the need for a bulky applicator. At last, Dr. Donovan had found the solution.

Dr. Donovan achieved a small compact tampon, by designing it to be compressed to one-sixth the size of its original absorptive material. Upon contact with moisture, it gradually expanded sideways, adapting its shape to the individual. In this way, the rate of absorbency was governed by each woman's needs. Significantly, the tampon was designed to be stable in length—expansion being sideways only—the secret of why it fits without being felt.

Rigid, applicator-type tampons had to be made in three absorbencies. Dr. Donovan's discovery simplified this problem with one size—the world's tiniest tampon—proved 25% more absorbent than ordinary tampons.

Tests with doctors, hospitals, women of all ages brought a response that exceeded the doctor's fondest hopes. Said one college girl, "These will now take the place of the larger, bulky applicator-type tampons as those took the place of sanitary pads." And a psychologist reported, "The complete comfort and utter confidence women find in this new kind of tampon should change their outlook on life—during those difficult days of the month."

The Campana Company was chosen to market this new product and today it is sold in drugstores everywhere under the name of "Pursettes." A whole box of "Pursettes"—smaller than a package of regular-size cigarettes—can be carried in the tiniest purse. If you'd like to try "Pursettes," just send 15¢ to me, Mary Morgan, Box P, Batavia, Illinois, and a generous sample will be sent to you.

As one woman who had never been able to use a tampon before said, "Dr. Donovan has made it possible for all women to use 'Pursettes.' What a blessing they are!"

And so it is that a doctor's invention gives today's women—married or single—a far better method of coping with monthly sanitary protection. It does, in fact, give today's daughters a modern solution their mothers never knew.

P

(Advertisement)



READERS INC.

(*continued*)

Something Very Exciting

Something very exciting happened to me . . . A radio program called "The Make Believe Ballroom" had a contest. The prize was a date with Frank Sinatra. To win it, first you had to become a Platter Picker Club member and get a card with a number on it. Then you had to name the song you thought was Frank Sinatra's best record. It had to be the same one Frank picked. The right one was a secret and not even Martin Block (who runs the program) knew the name of the song. Well, I had the right song and the judges picked my letter so I won.

When Mr. Block called me, I was out shoveling snow for a neighbor. So he had to call again. When I came in my mother said, "Nancy, I love you." I had to feel her head, I thought she would be mad because I was late coming home. Then the phone rang and Mr. Block told me I won the contest. I got scared because I heard my voice on the radio, too. I screamed and couldn't say another word for awhile. Mr. Block said my mother was invited, too. She was thrilled. She's a Sinatra fan.

In case you're wondering what my entry said, it went like this . . .

"'April in Paris' is the greatest Frank Sinatra recording because it is 'The Voice' at his best and hearing it I can understand why my mother played hookey to see him at the Paramount ages ago. P.S. My mother only did it once, she says."

My mother wasn't so anxious to send it in. She said it wasn't saying much for her. I guess it *did* sound like she was real old. Or maybe she didn't want her mother to know she played hookey once.

My date with Frank Sinatra was on a Wednesday night and now I'll tell you all about it.

We were called for in a long, black limousine at about seven o'clock and were driven to the Waldorf-Astoria. We were both (mother and me) wearing the beautiful white orchids Mr. Sinatra sent us.

Mr. Sinatra came out in the rain to help us out of the car—me first. He said he was happy I could come. I'm glad he helped me out; my knees were shaking.

We met Mr. Block, his wife and Mr. Martin Wolfe. I think he was my mother's date. Anyway, I'm glad he was there. My mother didn't bother me much. We went into the lobby and my date told me not to be nervous, there wasn't anything to worry about. I never had a date before or had so many people watching me. Photographers were snapping our pictures all the time. Mr. Sinatra showed me the big Easter Egg display in the lobby of the hotel and told me the names of the lovely flowers around it.

We ordered dinner together but first I had a Shirley Temple cocktail. It's red. I felt better after that. Mr. Block and Mr. Sinatra both held my hands. I really felt important. I had shrimp, steak, corn and carrots. I ate most of it. Mr. Sinatra let me take a little taste of his wine. I liked the Shirley Temple cocktail better. He buttered little, tiny pieces of toast and fed them to me. We talked about school and I told him my teacher would like him to sing with the glee club some time. He laughed. I told him about my father and brother. Then he and Mr. Block and Mr. Wolfe talked about golf, "Bing," and "Hope" and it was very interesting, so I listened.

The entertainment was Varel and Bailly and the Chanteurs de Paris. They sang in French and I didn't understand it, but the music was very pretty. I asked Mr. Sinatra if he knew what they were saying. He said he understood some of it. Lots of people did. They all laughed at the same time.

Mr. Sinatra signed loads of autographs and before he did he would always ask who they were for and would write something extra. My mother got one, too. She wanted one for my brother but he's a Perry Como fan and she didn't want to ask him to sign Mr. Como's name. Mr. Sinatra had his arm about me and was acting like a real date.

After dinner, they all ordered coffee and I asked for some, too. I always have milk, but just this time, I wanted to be a real young lady. My date fixed it with lots of cream and sugar, so it wasn't too bad. A man in a fancy uniform (he had a big key on a gold chain around his neck) brought us a Pepsi and Mr. Sinatra and I drank it with straws from the same glass. Then Emil Coleman, the leader of the orchestra, serenaded us on his violin.

We left after 11:00 p.m. and Mr. Sinatra helped me with my coat and I was sorry the evening was almost over. We stopped in the lobby for pink peppermints. Mr. Sinatra walked me out to the car after we all said goodbye to Mr. Block and his wife and Mr. Wolfe. When we got to the car, I got in and Mr. Sinatra said, "Are you going to kiss me goodnight or are you going to run away?" So I kissed him. Then he said, "Well, please kiss me on the other cheek." So I did, while my mother stood out in the rain.

He said goodbye to my mother and that he enjoyed the evening very much. He did not kiss my mother; he shook her hand. Then we drove off. I told my mother he was a real gentleman.

I had a wonderful time and I'll never forget it.

NANCY KLAPPER, Age 11
Bayside, N. Y.

***Address your letters to Readers Inc.*, Photoplay, *205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.*—ED.**



Recipe for a perfect evening: A pretty girl, white orchids and Frank Sinatra



shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!



cream hair away the beautiful way Neet®

That Ivory Look

so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Baby is delighted with the loveliness of That Ivory Look—
a look *your* complexion can have with a simple change to regular
Ivory care. Ivory Soap is so white and pure, smells
so fresh and clean—gentleness itself to give your complexion
that clear, pure look . . . That Ivory Look!



Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Gentle enough for a baby's skin—the beauty soap you want for yours.



99 44/100% pure ...it floats*

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



Marriage to Debra was David Street's fifth, her first. On and off, ten weeks later, it was ended

In this, an exclusive first interview, Photoplay's Maxine Arnold talks to David Street who tells . . .

THE STRANGE TRUTH ABOUT DEBRA'S RUSHED MARRIAGE AND HUSHED DIVORCE

Sad-voiced but without bitterness, David Street told me, "Debbie felt she got married too soon. All of a sudden, she said she wasn't in love with me. There's no enmity between us, no anger. This is a wonderful girl, an honest girl. Debbie just believed she'd made a mistake. When you feel that you aren't in love and you still try to go on, every little thing aggravates you. Then the other person tries a little more, a little harder, but it just gets worse and worse."

So a beautiful, blond girl waited in the gaudy Mexican town. Around her were chattering tourists who'd thronged across the bridge from El Paso, but she couldn't share the excitement of the neon's glare, the crowd's gaiety, the brassy music. Debra Paget waited in Juarez for the piece of paper that would dissolve a marriage—and a dream.

In Hollywood at the same moment, David Street was telling me their story for the first time: when they fell in love; why they made such a sudden decision to marry; why, in his eyes, the song—their song—was ending so soon. (*Continued on page* 90)

PHOTOPLAY

205 EAST 42. ST. NEW YORK 17. N.Y.

Dear Elvis, Here's the only complete record of your first day in the Army, taken by our photographer. Thought you'd like it for your scrapbook. All the best from

the EDITORS

P. S.
Your first
color photo



"Falling out" at 6:00 A.M., instead of going to bed--Ow!



A far cry from Romanoff's, but chow was okay--remember?



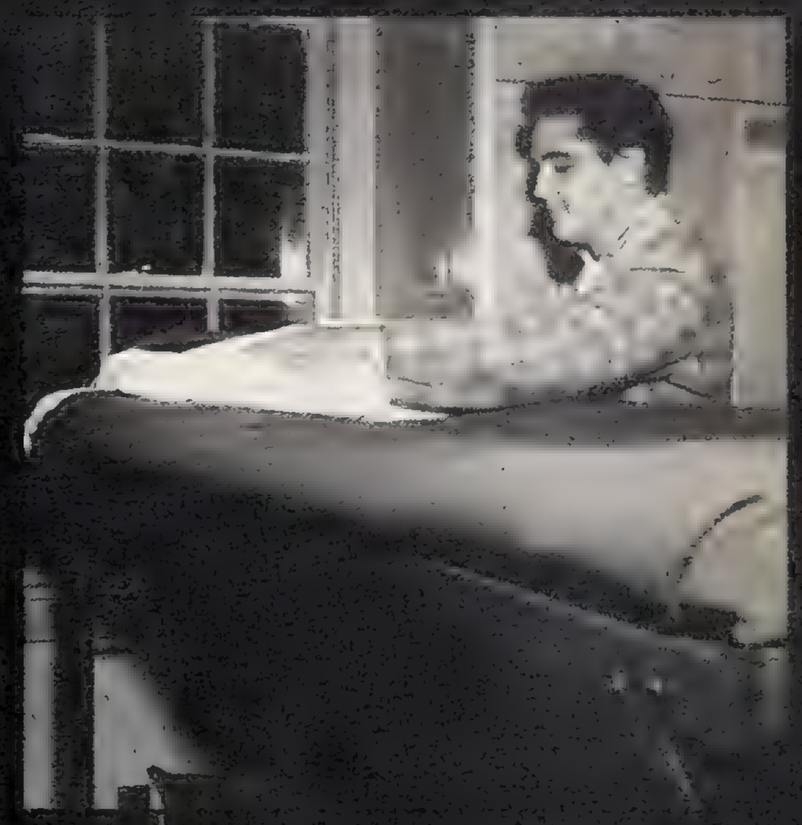
Here's the prize--we called six states to get this first color portrait in first Army outfit--fatigues!



'Ten-shun! Who said you can't stand so still? Here's proof



Now you know why the Army's slogan is "hurry up and wait"



The fine art of bedmaking--watch those wrinkles, son!



Look who got clipped. Feeling a bit light-headed, soldier?



Leaving scene of the crime. Oh, girls, the pity of it!



If the shoe doesn't fit--wear it! No more blue suedes



A uniform makes a man--sharp. But ties are pain in the neck



Just one in a crowd--hoist that barracks bag and march!



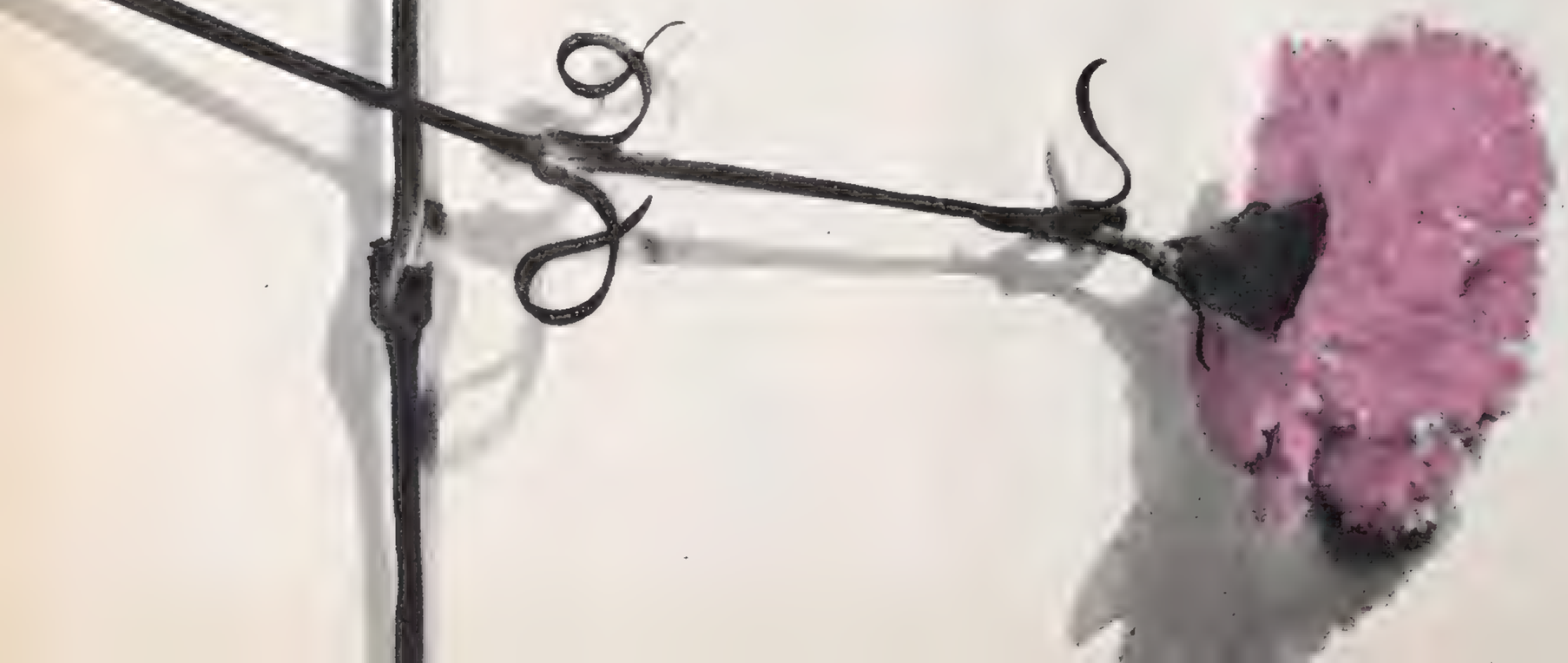
Off to begin a new career as Pvt. Presley, ASN 53310761



All the men in my life
have been important to me,
in some way.
But I've never been so happy
as I was long ago when...

I USED TO BE IN LOVE

Yes, I meant it," Kim Novak said as she sat sipping minted ice tea in the living room of her Malibu beach house. "I *used* to be in love. Am I now?" she sighed wistfully. "No, not now—and it makes life emptier. Each love brings happiness—as well as hurt, and sadness, when it ends. But, I think . . . I feel each has brought me a greater knowledge of love and myself. I'm slow to learn what it really means, I know. I've stumbled—often. Others haven't always been kind in what they've said about my failures, but perhaps—even despite this—it's been worth it." She gazed for a moment through a window at the sea, reflected blue from the bright summer sky. Was she thinking perhaps of her loves? Mercurial Frank Sinatra, whose elusiveness has dashed many a girl's romantic hopes. Mario Bandini, gallant and faithful, but asking that she give up so much for his (*Continued on page* 88)



by DON ALLEN



I feel like a jerk even now

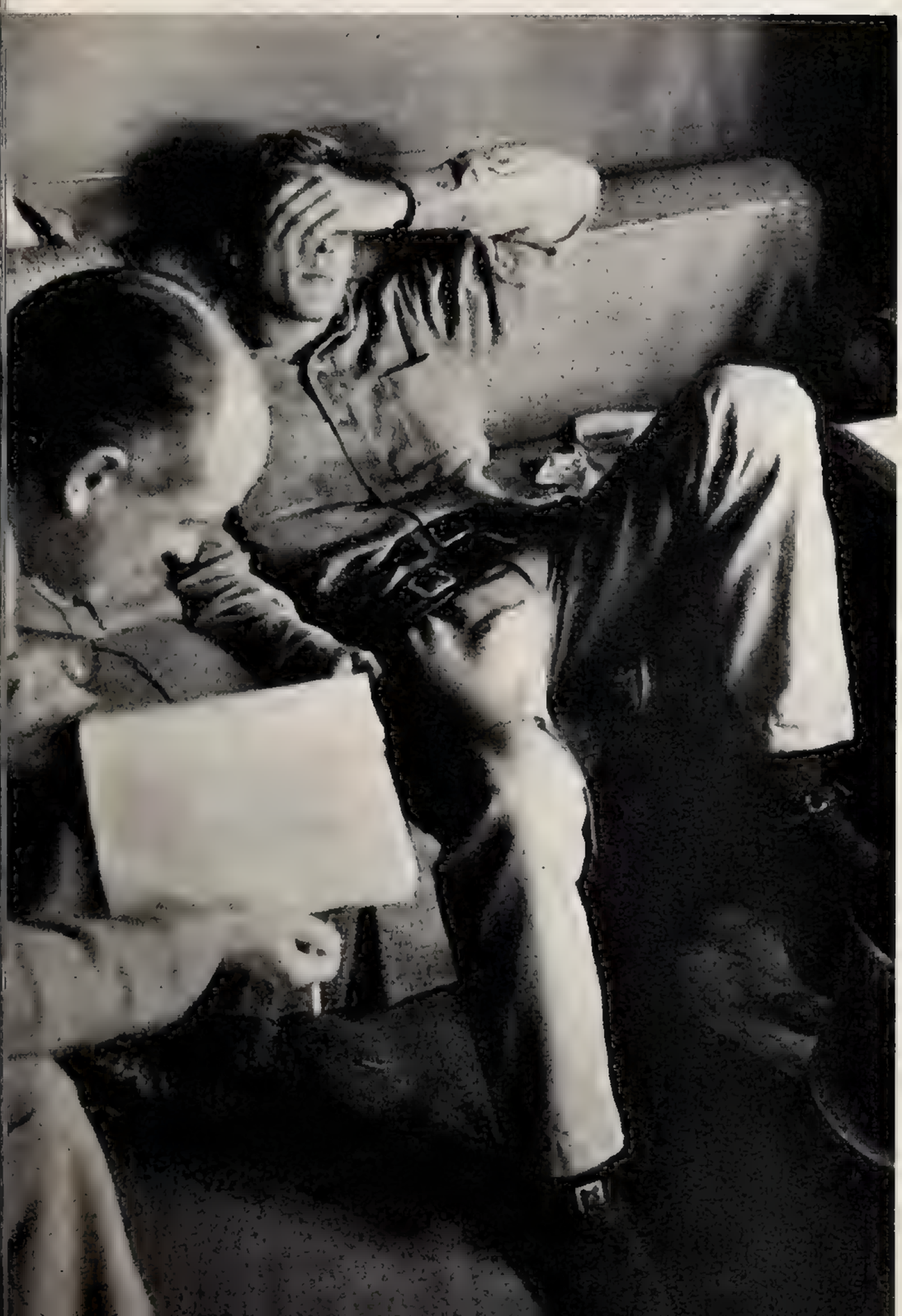
when I think about it...

by TAB HUNTER



I was boiling inside,
and I blew my lid.
That was the beginning of my . . .

BLACKOUT



I'm the first person to agree with people that Tab Hunter is mixed-up. After all, if you're a person who's going to develop, a person who's going to grow and change—for the better, that is—you have to go through different phases. Some of them are black and unpleasant. I'm referring now to those dark periods of despondency and questioning, periods when everything seems oppressive and dim and somehow unreal. When they hit, you have to face up to them, come to your own decisions, and then let the world decide if you've done right or wrong. I guess I'm leading up to talking about my own black period. I might as well face it—*blackout* is a better word. I went way out on a limb, jumped off in the dark, and sat there holding my breath, scared like a rabbit who huddles nervously behind a bush, waiting for a hunter to make up his mind about which direction to take. Naturally I don't like to talk about it. But I've got to get over the feeling of wanting to hide from it. Norman Vincent Peale says every negative thing can be turned into a positive action. He calls it "growth living"—living, in other (*Continued on page* 85)

If something's troubling you,
you forget about shame
and disgrace



three against a storm

Caught in the tempest of Vic's inner torment, is love enough to protect the Damones from perils that threaten their marriage?

Vic Damone said wistfully, "A wife's place is in the home. I would like it if Anna could always be there." He was thinking as he spoke that his words were futile, because "Anna" is Anna Maria Pierangeli, his beautiful and talented actress wife. At the moment Pier was back home, in the lovely house Vic bought, situated at the end of a dead-end street, nestled under a protecting mountain. But Vic was thousands of miles away, filling a night-club engagement at the Copacabana in New York. And Pier, who had been with him, had returned to Hollywood the day before "for business reasons."

The storm that has surrounded the Damones is no secret. Vic has talked about it at length in print, and the gossip columnists have not failed to take advantage of the slightest gale, often blowing it up into a full-sized Nor'wester.

Actually, Vic's nature is of such a texture that it is not one to blow with the wind, but to stand against it and fight it, even when just going indoors and taking shelter would be so much easier for all concerned. Because he is fashioned the way he is, he seeds the clouds. He creates some of his own troubles. Were he able to ignore small things which he considers slights or interference or willful attempts to hurt, he might forestall some of the stress which has dogged him.

Much of this stems from his extremely sensitive nature, and from an innate sense of insecurity.

If people can be too much in love for their own good, the Vic Damones are those people. Anna (Pier) can see no flaw in her mate. He is perfection. Vic worships her and their two-and-a-half-year-old son Perry (named for you-know-who). Neither courts outside companionship. They give their all to each other.

This might be fine on (*Continued on page* 77)

by DOROTHY SCHUYLER





are you the girl I'm looking for?

It all happened this way: One day I was having lunch in a small Italian restaurant on New York's East Side with the editors of Photoplay. We'd polished off the movies with the main course (I'd gotten a few of my gripes about CinemaScope off my chest) and by the time the dessert—zabaglioni—came along, we'd gotten around to love. (I have a few pet ideas on *that* subject, too.) From love to this article was as easy as getting from the last spoonful of zabaglioni to the first sip of demi-tasse. It was a natural. For when I said I'd like to write an article about what we'd been discussing—all the things that are important to me and, I hope, to the girl I'll someday marry—the editor asked if I would put my thoughts on paper, exactly the way I'd spoken them, without "editing" myself or restraining myself at all.

Would I? Does a bird like to fly? Does a fish like to swim? Does an actor like to talk? In other words, I *would!* For one thing, I'm tired of "staying in my own department" and letting someone else do the writing. I'm also tired of being polite—saying the right, right thing and never really getting a chance to say, honestly, what I feel and think.

I think love—unlike what you learn in geometry—is more than the sum of all its parts. For if it's a good relationship, then each of the two people involved is a better person because of it. Being in love with someone helps bring out the better you. In little ways you find yourself becoming the person you've always wanted to be.

To me, love is something outgoing and giving. It helps us to grow into better human beings. (*Continued*)



by GEORGE NADER

Does a bird like to fly? Does a fish like to swim? Does an actor like to sound off? Yes! When Photoplay gave me a chance to write what I really think, I jumped at it! And since love is what most of us want, why not discuss it?

Sincerely,

George Nader





FIRST STAGES OF LOVE

I think the first stage of love, like the first stage of friendship, consists of two people getting to know all about each other. I don't know what *you're* like, but I've been living with myself for umpteen years, so I should have a pretty fair idea of what makes me tick. What am I like? For one thing, I'm a California boy. I was born in Pasadena, just a stone's throw from Hollywood. If you like easy living, a swim in the



Pacific in the morning (as above, with Ingrid Goude), sending down to Barone's afterward for a plate of spaghetti when you're ravenously hungry—or settling for hot dogs on paper plates when you aren't—then you'd like my way, the California way, of living.

What else? Well, as you may gather, I *love* swimming and do lots of it (and it's good for me) . . . I hate nightclubs and won't go into them unless the entertainment is exceptional. (It hardly ever is.) I . . . I like (*Continued on page* 74)



the untold story of

LANA TURNER'S SHAME

I am to blame for it all!" a sobbing Lana Turner cried over and over, after her fourteen-year-old daughter, Cheryl Crane, who confessed to stabbing Lana's love, John Stompanato, to death with a sharp, ten-inch butcher knife, had been taken away from her to Juvenile Hall to await a hearing. "I am to blame!"

. . . Was she?

On April 11th, a week after the Good Friday tragedy, an inquest was held to establish the facts.

Cheryl Crane was excused, on the ground that she had already given a complete statement to the authorities.

Mickey Cohen, ex-racketeer pal of Johnny Stompanato, who had claimed the body and become a prominent performer in the proceedings, being the source who released Lana's torrid love letters to Johnny to the press, promised fireworks which fizzled when he refused to identify the body, "for the reason that I may be accused (*Continued on page* 81)

by JEAN LEWIS

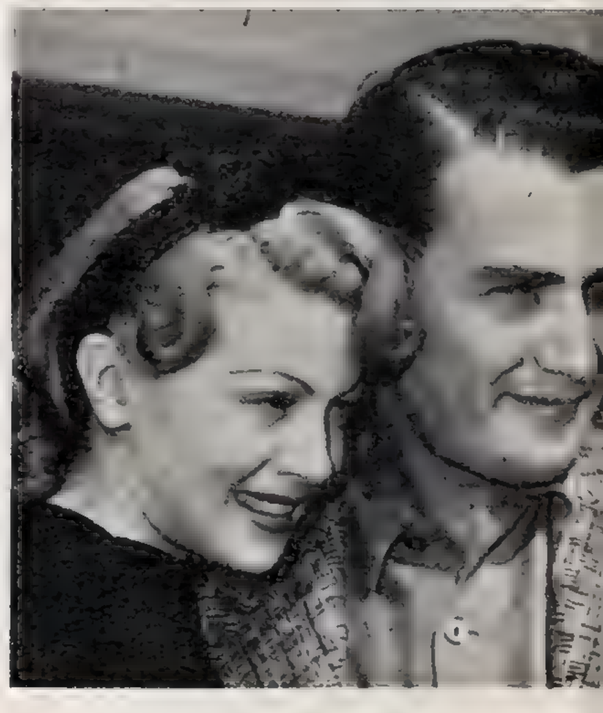
Here are the

TROUBLE



Happy here (Lana's at left), she was sad, mixed-up when father was murdered, a family beat and overworked her

TURMOIL



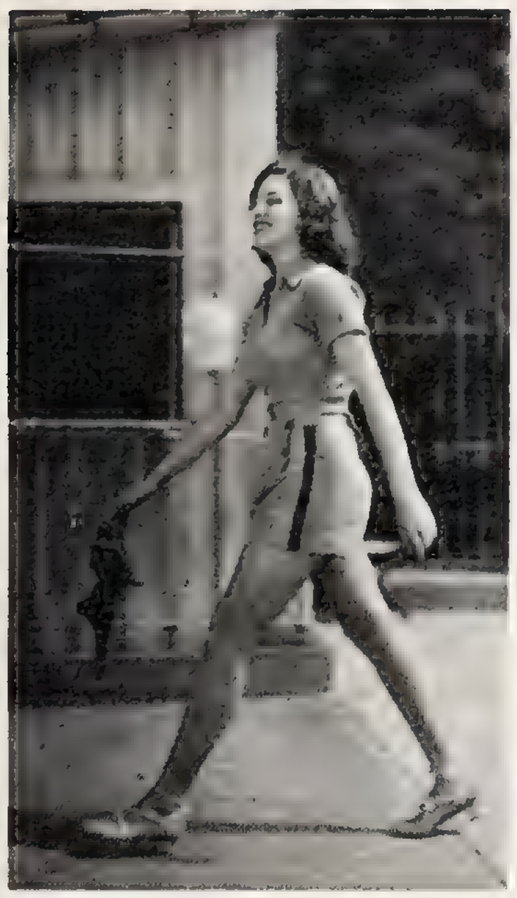
At nineteen, she eloped with Artie Shaw after a dinner date. The marriage lasted four months, set heart-rule-head pattern

TRAGEDY



To friends who criticized smiling meeting of Lana, Johnny Stompanato, and Cheryl at airport on return from Acapulco, she said testily, "What's wrong with it? He didn't kill anybody, and I didn't kill anybody"

clues to: IS LANA GUILTY?



At fifteen—snatch from a soda fountain to stardom as sexy "sweater girl" left scars



Like Judy Garland, she was pampered and overprotected, grew up much too fast



Divorce, bitter custody battle marred the joy of Cheryl's birth



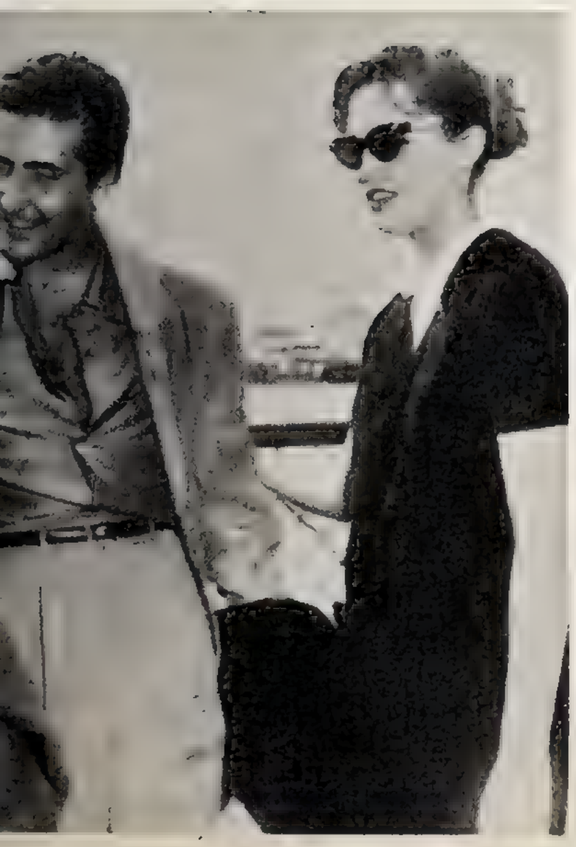
She didn't bother to find out Steve Crane's divorce wasn't final, rewed after annulment for baby's sake



She said, "This is forever" when she married Bob Topping. Forever lasted about four years



She asked husband Lex Barker to move





A broken Lana nearly collapses after inquest, comforted by lawyer

Daughter Cheryl turned to Steve Crane first after the Stompanato stabbing



getting personal with Paul



6:20 came a sleepy voice from behind the door of the St. Moritz' plush suite 16A. "Even the milkman isn't up yet!" A shuffling of feet, a minute's wait and a sleepy-eyed Paul Anka in blue and white striped robe and pj's opened the door for Photoplay. "Hi," he yawned at the assorted staffers in the hall. "Come on in." Paul limped back to bed, sitting on the edge until he woke up a bit. As photographer Gene Cook began popping flash-bulbs, writer Ernie Stone started popping questions at the sixteen-year-old singer- *(Continued)*



"My last day in New York and lots to do," yawned Paul. Below, fresh air and view of Central Park seem great to this Ottawa son, who at fifteen, begged father to let him go to New York to sell his songs. Dad gave him $100, ten days to make good. Within three, he'd sold "Diana," a smash



First question aimed at Paul by DJ Ernie Stone, who interviewed him for Photoplay: "Is it true you're retiring at eighteen?" "Not me!" Paul laughed. "I hope I'll still be plugging away at sixty-eight!"





"Hey! A little privacy, puleeze!"

getting personal with Paul

(*continued*)

songwriter whose hit record, "Diana," skyrocketed him to fame. "About not being up and dressed . . ." Paul began, and we said we understood. The coffee he'd ordered for everyone arrived, along with his breakfast of orange juice, double order of bacon, eggs and toast. "Boy! Am I going to sleep when I get on that plane back home to sweet little Ottawa," he said as he gulped some orange juice. "We started recording two o'clock yesterday afternoon, worked until near five. Then we came back at nine and cut until two this morning. This is my first album—I want it to be good. Sure is hard work, but I think it's coming out fine." He was beginning to come awake and as he spoke in sudden rushes of words, it was obvious that Paul, for all his tender years, catches on to things quickly. (*Continued on page* 80)



Street-side confab with manager, whom he listens to closely, follows last-minute study on floor (left) of song he readied for disking





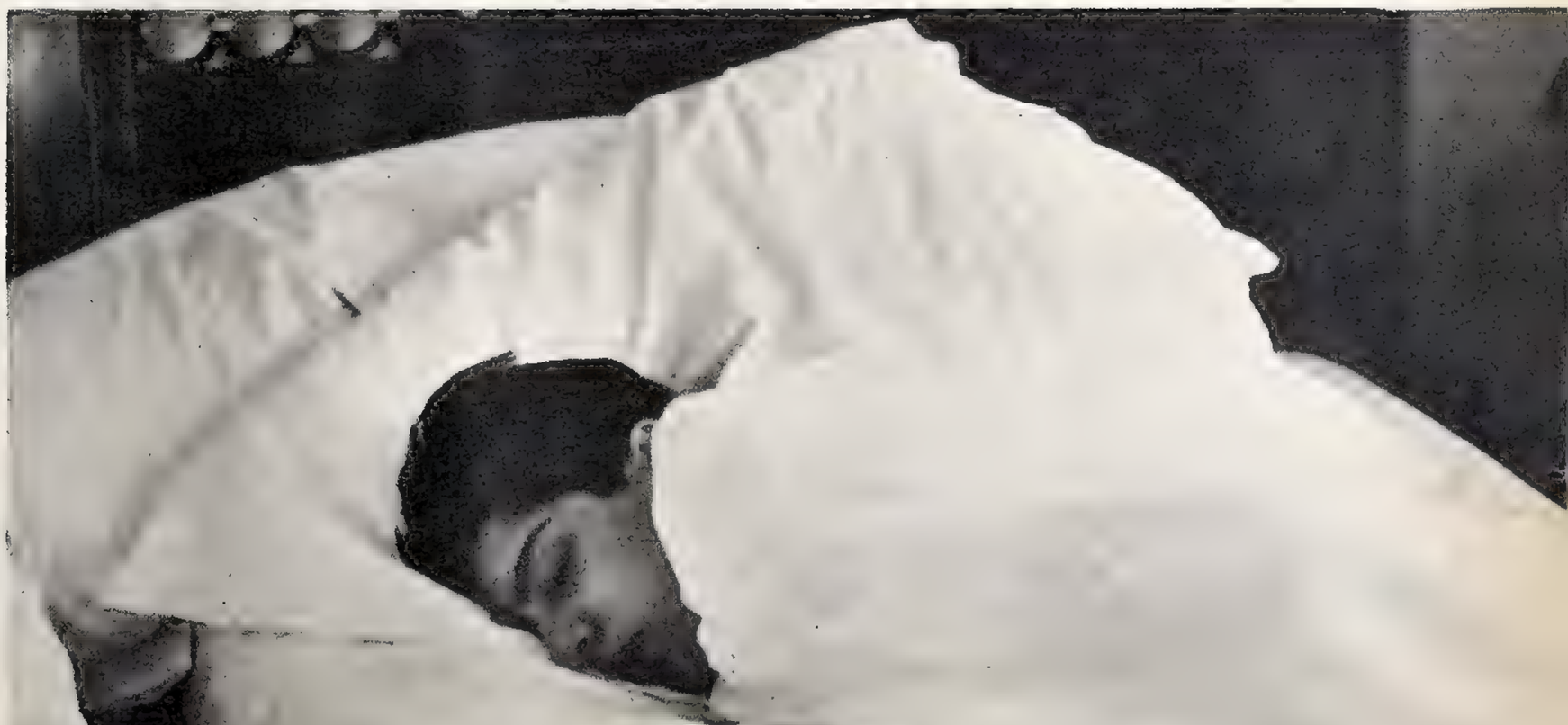
"Could the brass come in stronger here?" Paul hesitantly suggests to music director



"Great!" exclaims Paul, surprised as idea works. He's modest, despite his solid music training

"Whoopee!" shouts Paul in boyish burst of enthusiasm. Record session over, he ran for hotel to meet fans

Supper gives Paul rare chance to be alone. After call to family in Ottawa, he flopped in bed, at 9:30, beat



She lived in a teenage dream. Now the realities of life and love are calling . . .

wake up, little SUSIE



"I've changed a lot—I'm more on my own. But I guess I'm just as shy"

The girl was hunched down in a seat in the projection room. Her lips were drawn in a thin, tight line. Her brown eyes were frightened, and she was tugging nervously at a strand of her long, dark hair.

"Hey, Susie!" Henry Fonda called out. "You'll love the picture. You were great!"

Susan Strasberg stopped pulling at her hair and forced a smile. "Sure. Great like *Donald Duck*!"

The lights went out in the projection room and the people who had assembled to watch the first studio preview of "Stage Struck" quickly settled themselves. Susan Strasberg sank back still further, looking tinier than ever. When the picture started, Susie shifted positions and curled up in a little knot. Each time one of her scenes came on, she squirmed, twisted her hair and seemed almost to try to crawl right into the upholstery.

When the preview was over and the lights were turned on, Fonda called to her. "Well, how'd you like yourself, Susie?"

Susie was dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief. "I didn't," she said in a choked sort of way. Then the tears gushed forth in earnest. "They cut some of my best scenes!" she cried.

Co-star of "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda ambled over and sat beside her. "But that's picture business," he said consolingly.

"I guess so," Susie nodded, mopping her eyes again. "But my voice! Did you hear my voice? You can accept the fact that you may look terrible, but you expect your voice, at least, to sound lovely."

"You're too conscientious," Fonda smiled. "But you'll get over it."

That was last year, and Susie hasn't gotten over it, yet. She's one of the biggest worriers in the movie industry. And she knows it. "I've been that way all my life," she says. (All her life means exactly 20 years.) "When I was little," she goes on, "I used to worry about whether my dolls liked the names I'd given them—they were chosen from the Bible or Shakespeare. When I was thirteen, I had a terrible time trying to decide whether to become (*Continued on page* 92)



"They kid me a lot on the set. It helps, because I'm a terrible worrier"

by PATTY DE ROULF

"I hope I make it through this adolescent-to-woman stage. There's a romantic part I'd like, but I know I must be ready for it"



ooh, what she said!

Polly: "Wait'll you hear about the time I lent Phil my platinum wedding ring to marry Evelyn, and . . ."

The rumor was going around that *Sergeant Bilko* had come up with a real dilly of a scheme for the platoon welfare fund—which, of course, is just another way of saying that the proceeds land in *Bilko's* pockets. It wasn't too clear what this scheme was all about, except that somehow Polly Bergen was involved. Now this made sense because Polly and *Bilko's* friend Phil Silvers are old buddies from way back. Except another thing, though, which was that Polly just didn't seem the type to get involved in a *Bilko*an enterprise.

So we hopped over to Polly's and started to explain the scheme, which was very difficult since it involved a parakeet, a calliope and a cigar box. Polly listened very intently, not changing from the real serious expression that had come across her face as soon as the name of *Bilko* had come into the conversation; not blinking or even smiling when the explanation of the scheme got tangled up in the lonely stretch of highway that leads from Roseville, Kansas, to Fort Baxter—*Bilko's* estate, you know.

She merely took her glasses off and started talking.

"Did you know that at the age of eleven Phil Silvers sang in a movie house in Brooklyn whenever the projector broke down?" she said. "The house lights would come up and Phil would have to jump up on the stage,



ooh, what he answered!



Phil: "Ha—she tried to sing a hillbilly number at the wedding, but she'll bust Sgt. Bilko in clay only!"

take his glasses off, spread his arms wide and sing something soothing. On the face of it, there wouldn't seem to be much future in something like that, not only because it didn't pay much, but also because it depended on the film breaking or a projector popping a gasket. But even then, at the age of eleven, the *Bilko* technique was well developed. Yes, sir, those lights came on quite often in that Brooklyn movie house. I understand that the projectionist retired at an early age.

"Excuse me," she said. She rose and did a dainty pirouette. The NBC rehearsal hall, where Polly was working on her Saturday night "The Polly Bergen Show," was just the right place for this sudden little touch of show business. She was dressed in tights and had been sitting, in the traditional behind-the-scenes show-business way, on a chair turned around. Finishing the pirouette, she came to a sudden halt, flung her arms out and started to sing—except that she was just mouthing it. Then, just as suddenly as she had started, she stopped.

"I feel so good!" said the ex-Pepsi-Cola Girl. "Now that may seem odd since this is (*Continued on page* 94)

by DAVID PAUL



Natalie Wood—whatever happened to the girl I knew? . . . Bob Wagner muses. . . . She's gone now, like a butterfly that flutters from flower to flower in a short, gay, giddy life in the summer sun. Gone with the toy tigers, the ragged haircut, the pink bedroom, the giggles and the mink stole with the toreador pants. And in her place is a very different Natalie—you, my wife, my love. How can I put into words the never-ending wonder of you? You are like the summer day itself—your smile its warmth, your laughter its brightness, your eyes its cool, quiet shadows.

At one moment, you're lively as a trout in a sparkling stream; the next, deep and calm as a still pool. I see you on our boat, the ninety-five pounds of you swallowed by one of my old sweaters, with a smudge on your nose, swabbing the decks, singing sea chanties. Again, I see you in the evenings, listening to records with me, your hair a dark frame for your face, grave and sweet as a Madonna's.

Restaurants are strange places to learn about your wife, but every time we go into one, I discover something new. The way you parry questions at a luncheon interview, with a dignity and ease that makes me marvel. The way you look—as if you'd just stepped out of a bandbox. The way the waiters like you, because you're friendly and considerate. And I remember the pixie who loved boisterous pranks in drive-ins, and I think, "My girl's grown up!"

Give me a whole day to write the reasons why I love you, and I couldn't do it. There's your serious look when you scramble eggs—as if your life depended on it. And your mournful, helpless expression when they turn out wrong. Your frown, as you sit at the kitchen table, struggling valiantly to check a pile of grocery bills and laundry lists. Your spluttering and splashing in

a swimming pool, like a carefree kid. The wonderful performances you put on just for me, prancing around our living room in bare feet, playing every part.

Dear girl, I'm so glad I married an actress. How else could I see all of "Marjorie Morningstar" and "Kings Go Forth" without even going to the movies? But seriously, I wouldn't care if you were just Little Mrs. Homebody. Because I've learned one very important thing: Through the eyes of love, any woman is beautiful. For it is love that makes a woman glow and grow. And the sight of it is lovelier than anything else on earth. To you, I make this silent vow: To keep that loveliness in your life, always. To cherish you, and walk hand in hand with you, and grow with you through the years. So that, when autumn comes for us, we will keep the warmth and glory of this summertime.



"most likely to succeed"

Comes the joyful month of June and things suddenly burst into a happy frenzy of activity. Graduation, parties, dances, new jobs, vacations, showers, weddings—enough to leave you breathless for the whole summer! If you're in school, one of the most pleasant events before vacation is the appearance of your yearbook.

This year, we decided to publish a yearbook, too, to bring back for you the new faces and personalities of the past year. They've made a big impression in movies, TV and on records and are now ready to graduate to the next niche of their careers. Here are the faces we (and you, by your letters) have chosen "Most Likely to Succeed."

What do *you* think it takes to succeed? Have fun, and fill in our Senior Poll after (*Continued on page* 84)

THE SENIOR POLL

Who wins *your* vote for the star senior poll? Fill in your choices!

	GIRL	BOY
BEST LOOKING	_____	_____
BEST DRESSED	_____	_____
BEST DANCERS	_____	_____
WITTIEST	_____	_____
BEST ATHLETES	_____	_____
LONE WOLVES	_____	_____
BEST MIXERS	_____	_____
MOST POPULAR	_____	_____
PEPPIEST	_____	_____
BEST ACTORS/ SINGERS	_____	_____
BRAINIEST	_____	_____
SHIEST	_____	_____



MOLLY BEE

Born Aug. 18, Oklahoma City, Okla. Cute gal who loves casual life—riding, Levis, hay rides, guitars—most of all, singing. Admits other interests flighty



BARRY COE

Born Nov. 26, Los Angeles, Calif. Lives alone but doesn't like it. Hi-fi-bug, gadgeteer, sports and health-food addict, camera fiend and philosopher



YVONNE CRAIG

Born May 16, Taylorville, Ill. Shy-impulsive; graceful; loves strenuous exercise, lots of food; prefers casual clothes, sewing; aspiring ballerina



SANDRA DEE

Born April 23, Bayonne, N. J. Chatter-box with brains; smart dresser; self-critical, worry wart; loner; shy with boys; witty with girls; cuddly



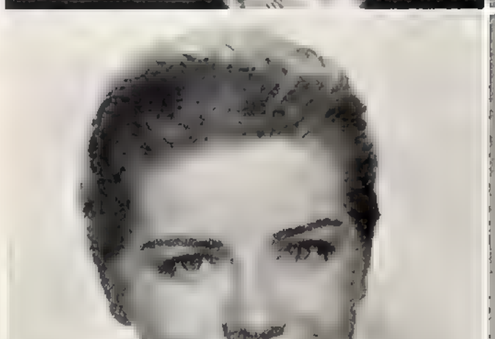
ROBERT EVANS

Born June 29, New York City. Boyish charm with a provocative grin; ex-DJ; likes home-cooked steaks, "feminine," shy girls, soft music, hard tennis



CONNIE FRANCIS

Born Dec. 12, Newark, N. J. Tiny and bright; NYU scholarship winner; likes cha cha, salami sandwiches in a.m., hit disc, "Who's Sorry Now?"



DOLORES HART

Born Oct. 20, Chicago, Ill. Sweet; ready to please; thoughtful; grownup; neat dresser; quiet-extrovert; promising actress; religious



EARL HOLLIMAN

Born Sept. 11, Delhi, La. Known for comic antics, tall, long-legged Earl's always good for a laugh. Roles from killers to cowboys. Good mixer, date



DENNIS HOPPER

Born May 17, Dodge City, Kans. Often moody, shuts himself up days painting, reading; opinionated; likes New York, quiet girls; big popcorn eater



WILL HUTCHINS

Born May 5, Los Angeles, Calif. Stranger-shy but chatty about acting, boxing, Dixieland; droll humorist; plays dating field, dislikes sophisticated "dames"



ROBERT IVERS

Born Dec. 11, Seattle, Wash. Confesses once moody and lonely, now friendlier, lacks inhibitions; good athlete; teased for being "hand-talker"



YVONNE LIME

Born April 14, Glendale, Calif. Bubbly as champagne; open, honest. Collects records, stray animals. Church worker, riding-singing-dance lesson-taker

(Continued)

CAROL LYNLEY

Born Feb. 13, New York, N. Y. Model-turned-star; natural goldilocks; weight worrier; flip date bait; home sewer; likes straw hats, blue anything





JAMES MacARTHUR

Born Dec. 7, Los Angeles, Calif. To know Jim is to like him. Unspoiled, with a terrific sense of humor, he's on cloud eight when acting and/or traveling

RICK NELSON

Born May 8, Teaneck, N. J. Teens' delight; quiet, poised; loves his guitar, sneakers, cars, hamburgers, rock 'n' roll, but not vegetables, word teenager





LESLIE NIELSEN

Born Feb. 11, Regina, Canada. Six-feet-two with eyes of blue; strong, silent type; athletic, artistic, music lover; expert chef and avid reader on art

SUSAN OLIVER

Born Feb. 13, New York, N. Y. Outgoing green-eyed blond, socially at-ease anywhere; likes parties, people, poetry, talking; dislikes nightclubs



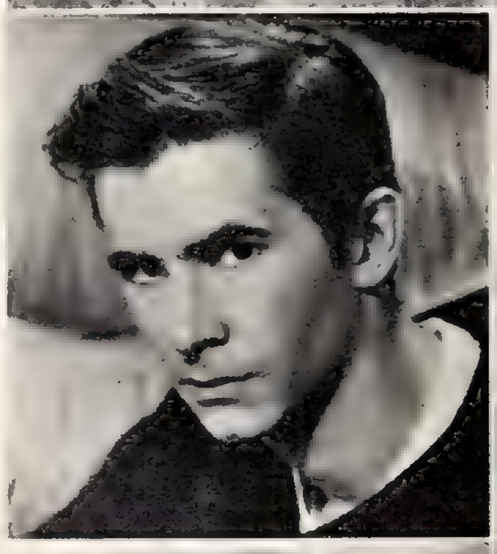


LUANA PATTEN

Born July 6, Long Beach, Calif. Wary of strangers but warm with friends. Digs water and snow skiing, cooking, sewing, listening to be-bop the most

TONY PERKINS

Born April 4, New York, N. Y. Sensitive, shy-dynamic; boyish intellectual; music, book, dog, outdoor lover; prefers sneakers, casual dress, living alone





INGER STEVENS

Born Oct. 18, Stockholm, Sweden. Great talker, from philosophy to flying saucers; subtle humorist; prefers older men, "brains," independence

VENETIA STEVENSON

Born March 10, London, England. Quiet with men, chatty with girls, popular with both. Heart belongs to Battlin' Bim, her horse. Digs psych, sewing





DEAN STOCKWELL

Born March 5, N. Hollywood, Calif. Serious worker, actor, thinker; dark, quiet type; loner; music and book lover; prefers to dress casually

NATALIE TRUNDY

Born Aug. 5, Boston, Mass. Freckle-faced beauty, bubbling personality; outdoor girl (swimming, boating, riding, tennis); record and book worm





PAT WAYNE

Born July 15, Los Angeles, Calif. A great chess player, the family calls him "The Brain." Quiet, soft-spoken; football, baseball, swimming whiz

the honeymoon is over



"Who am I to talk about marriage?" Paul Newman bristled. "No, I'm not your man. Anyway, I refuse to talk about my marriage for what I consider a very good reason. I have hurt my first wife enough already. I don't want to hurt her any more!" And with this resounding blast, Paul brought down his own iron curtain around the Woodward-Newman merger. Nobody could blame him. At the former Newman home in Long Island, his ex-wife, Jackie, is tackling the double task of rebuilding her own life and raising the three Newman children—Scott, seven, Susan, five, and Stephanie, three. Paul's stand was the right thing, the gentlemanly thing to do.

Unfortunately for Mr. Newman's good intentions, his present wife, Joanne Woodward, walked off with an Academy Award for her performance in "Three Faces of Eve." And on top of that, he and Joanne scored a joint triumph in 20th's "The Long, Hot Summer." All of which has created a public consumed with curiosity about the couple, whether they like it or not. And fortunately for that public, a number of peepholes have developed in the Newman iron curtain—a good many of them made, unwittingly, by Joanne and Paul themselves. Enough of them to form a fascinating picture of what happens when two handsome newlyweds, showered with fame and fortune, come down off Cloud Nine with a thud when they realize the honeymoon is over.

When Joanne was a little girl in Georgia, she says, "I was a great, fat hulk of a thing. I was so self-conscious about it, I couldn't even speak to boys. So I'd sit in my room, gorging with fudge, and taking refuge in two dreams. (*Continued*)

by ALEX JOYCE



← a Newman family portrait







(Continued)

In one, I was a beautiful actress in a dazzling gown, sweeping up to the stage with applause ringing in my ears, to be presented with the Academy Award. In the other, I met a handsome man who fell madly in love with me, and we were married."

The odds against either of those dreams, let alone both, coming true were so overwhelming that when it actually happened, Joanne still couldn't quite believe it.

Almost up to the day when, trembling in her new beige chiffon with matching gloves, she sped to Las Vegas to meet and marry Paul Newman, it was a dream that she had fought against, and never dared to hope would become reality. (*Continued on page* 71)







have fun, *be mad,*



Wear your favorite star's
autograph, hand and footprints
on your beach clothes! Make your own
Grauman's Chinese Theatre Col-
lection with our *Free* patterns!



"Is sewing my handprint on your towel as easy as it looks?" "No, Sal. It's easier!"
DESIGNS SEWED ON A NECCHI SUPERNOVA

join Hollywood's newest Sewing fad!

It's the latest around Hollywood," Carol Lynley explained to us and Sal Mineo. Carol had just returned from making her first picture, Walt Disney's "The Light in the Forest." "All the kids are doing it . . . sewing their favorite star's autograph on summer beach togs." Pencil autographs blur and ink smears—but stitches stay put after laundering."

"Madness," teased Sal.

"Then some of the kids got the idea of copying the hand and footprints out at Grauman's. Some of us who knew some stars went one step further. We started to collect our own—Tab Hunter's, Nick Adams', Dean Stockwell's, Jimmie Rodgers' . . ."

"Not mine," laughed Sal, pretending to run. "I'm off to Columbia—for 'Tubie's Monument.' "

(*Continued*)



◀ *(Opposite page) "I'm mad for your original Mineo Mural," Sal laughs as he admires the colorful beach towel Carol Lynley decorated with his autograph and handprints*

Nick's name for bathing suit topper: ▶ "handy *outfit" because his hand's on Carol's hat; Jimmie Rodgers' is on her shortie*
SEE NICK IN WARNERS' "NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS"; JIMMIE IN M-G-M'S "SNOB HILL"

Sewing *Hollywood's newest fad!*

(continued)

"What girl's collection would be complete without your big feet?" flipped Carol. Sal laughingly agreed to give her outlines and autograph. She showed him how she stitched on his own John Hancock!

"How about sharing your collection with our readers?" we asked. And, surprisingly, Carol said, "Sure." They're all yours for the asking. For Free!



Dean Stockwell says: "She'll never walk alone." Neither will you with his footsteps following behind. Carol's beach chemise is made from two towels. It's so easy to make and wear!

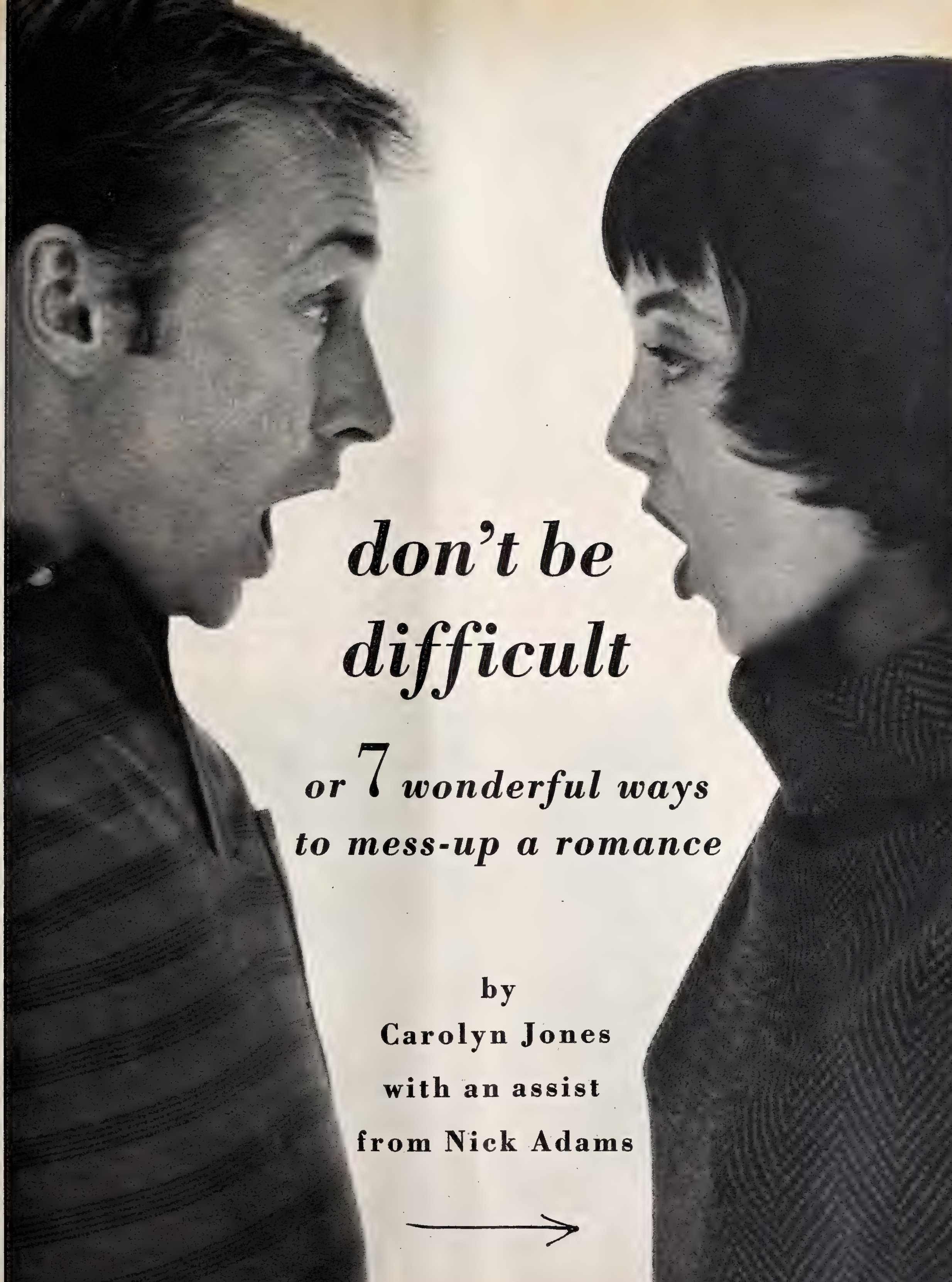


Tab said: "Make a poncho with punch!" Carol did by decorating one with Tab's own hand and autograph. "It's my favorite mad-fad fashion," Tab said, proud of his fashion idea

SEE TAB IN WARNERS' "DAMN YANKEES"

FOR FREE PATTERNS AND INSTRUCTIONS

Which star's feet, hand and autograph patterns do you want? Want directions for making the terry topper, beach poncho, beach chemise? And how 'bout instructions for making your *own* boyfriend's hand, foot and signature outlines? Just state your choice of star and other free directions, and send them *plus* a long, business envelope (stamped with at least 6¢), self-addressed to: Photoplay, Dept. NE, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



don't be difficult

or 7 wonderful ways to mess-up a romance

by

Carolyn Jones

with an assist

from Nick Adams

You think Nick and I are kidding in the pictures on these pages? Well, we were —but if you've never been caught in similar poses yourself, you're a rare female," said Carolyn Jones between picture takes. "If you've got time, I've lots of opinions on how to and how not to treat the man in your life. Okay?

"I believe in basics and, thank heavens, so does my husband Aaron Spelling. We feel you have to strip all the long-winded jazz off living and come right back to basics. But please," she added with a wave of her hand, "don't get the idea we hit on a 'philosophy of love' right at the start. We hated each other immediately (possibly because when I met him, I couldn't believe he was the grand and glamorous drama teacher and director I'd been hearing about and promptly introduced myself to the wrong man!). Anyway, as you can see, it wasn't love at first sight—which was lucky, in a way, because we discovered one an- (*Continued on page* 76)



HE: *(puffing his cigarette) So there I was on the green of the 18th hole (puff, puff) ready to sink a putt when Johnny (puff) says to me, "Nick . . ."*

SHE: *Must you blow cigarette smoke in my face? The air's so thick, I think I'm going to faint!*

MORAL: *Be sure he knows you know all his habits—and what's more, that you disapprove!*



SHE: *I am* not *finished with my story, yet!*

MORAL: *Positively see that he never gets a chance to talk—that's a woman's prerogative.*



SHE: *How can you leave little old me absolutely* stranded *tonight! You know how I hate to be alone.*

HE: *But honey . . .*

SHE: *Do you* have *to go to the fights with the boys? Those mean old fights are* always *taking you away!*

HE: *But honey . . .*

MORAL: *Go right ahead. Be the helpless female—be a clinging vine and you'll soon have nothing to cling to but your scrapbook and some old memories.*



HE: *I mean, I don't want to burden you with my problems, but do you think my agent's right—a location trip to Outer Mongolia might be dangerous?*

SHE: *I must have been out of my mind to buy this shade of lipstick! Makes me look like a corpse.*

HE: *If it was August, I wouldn't mind—but January!*

SHE: *It looks pink but the label says "Vampire Red."*

MORAL: *Never listen to his troubles, just concentrate on your own—they're more important anyway!*



SHE: *What did Em do when Sy hit the cop?*

HE: *Come on, we're an hour late already.*

MORAL: *Don't hang up! Give him the idea he's going to spend his life with your friends.*



HE: *But honey, everybody says the "My Fair Lady" album is the greatest. I'm not the only one, really!*

SHE: *Once and for all—I don't like rock 'n' roll!!*

MORAL: *Stay dumb! Avoid all his interests.*



HE: *Wait'll you hear the joke Bob Wagner told me yesterday! It all started when . . .*

SHE: *If you think that's good, wait till you hear what Nat told me* today! *It seems . . .*

MORAL: *Always top his jokes and stomp on his witty remarks. Remember—anything he can do, you can do better—much better.*



by JOHN GRAYSON

OUR LITTLE HAM

That was what Alan Ladd called his son, David, in fun—until he was faced with a big decision

Alan Ladd winked at his wife sitting on the sofa beside him and looked poker-faced out through the wide-opened glass doors to the patio. A smile flickered at the corners of Sue's mouth but she suppressed it and looked directly ahead, too. Outside in the bright sunlight the shrubbery to their right quivered and occasionally they could see a bare foot moving behind it. The family boxer, Brindy, and three brown dachshunds frisked at the bare feet, stopping occasionally to strike head-cocking poses, deeply interested in what went on behind the greenery.

Presently a tow-headed boy, wearing one of his father's coats which swallowed his arms and legs, stepped from behind the bushes, walked gravely to the middle of the "stage" and bowed. Behind him the family swimming pool shimmered in (*Continued on page* 97)

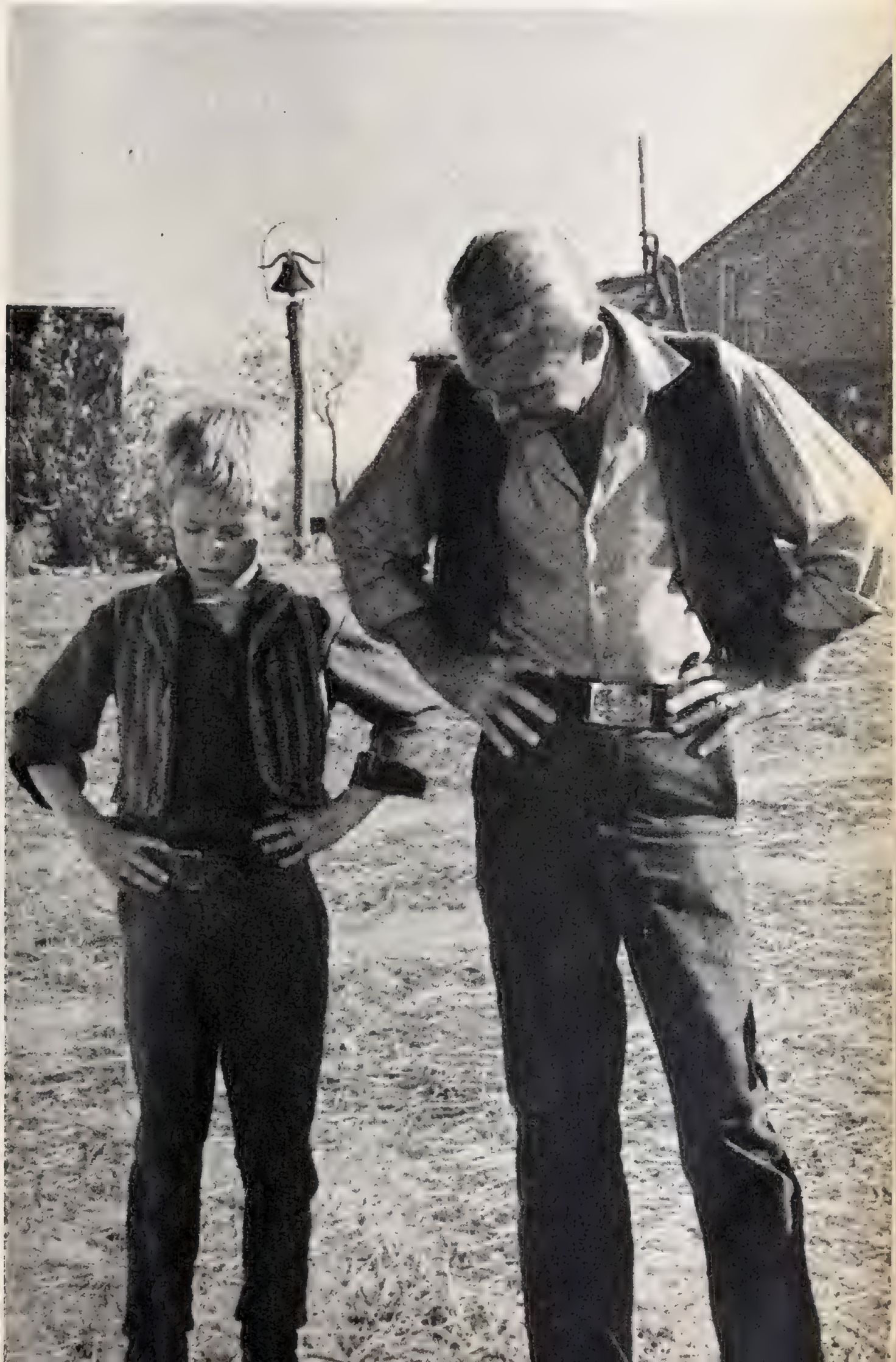




This is good acting! David, in reality, hasn't a qualm about horses, having been thoroughly schooled in riding for years at the Ladd ranch by an expert—Alan. Role as mute boy calls for difficult, sensitive work



Like father, like son. David idolizes Alan, often amuses him by taking off his acting roles to a T. He won his part in "The Proud Rebel" without any assistance from his dad, who didn't agree to star in the film until he became interested in the role of the father while helping David rehearse his lines!



Him: I just thought I'd surprise you...

Her: Mmm...you have, dear!

Him: Cute, huh?

Her: Well, it's certainly... un-usual.
You don't think with all these feathers
it's a bit... mmm... extreme for me?

Him: It's feathers, feathers, feathers
this season. That's what Pierre said.

Her: Pierre? THE Pierre? That's the
most expensive hat shop in town!

Him: Oh, so that's what's bothering you.
Relax, honey. I got it for a song.

Her: What's the tune?

Him: Uh-uh. But I'll tell you what the
tag said. It said sixty-five dollars.

Her: SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS?

Him: Now, wait—I didn't pay nearly that—

Her: (ECSTATIC) Sixty-five dollars...
oh, darling... IT'S GORGEOUS!



It's **THE COUPLE NEXT DOOR**... radio's laughable, loveable, new daytime show... a complete story each weekday, starring Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**
Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

Continued from page 61

Ever since they met in 1953, when both were struggling hopefuls on Broadway, getting their first breaks as understudies in "Picnic," she and Paul had been running away from each other. Subconsciously, from their first long talks that filled the long, heavy hours while they waited backstage. they knew that there was a strong attraction between them. But Paul had a wife and children, and being nice, decent people, they could not take that fact lightly.

When the play closed, there was one mad cross-country chase after another to escape from a force that they feared might become too strong to handle. Joanne rushed to Hollywood, to work in TV shows. But no sooner was Paul signed by Warners for "The Silver Chalice" than she rushed back to New York. But the inevitable happened. Joanne's performance in a TV show so impressed 20th Century-Fox executives that they signed her to a contract. From then on, with both working in pictures, their paths were bound to cross. Still, they tried to avoid each other —until both were cast by 20th in "The Long, Hot Summer," and they couldn't help it.

By that time, Paul and his wife had reached the conclusion that, despite all their efforts, there was no way to save their marriage, and a divorce was quietly arranged. Still, both he and Joanne wanted to be absolutely sure. When the picture was finished, they parted once more, Joanne returning to her apartment in New York, Paul going to Mexico.

The separation only proved to them what, deep in their hearts, they had known all along—that they were in love, they would always be in love, and they might as well accept the inevitable. So, on January 29th in Las Vegas, one of Joanne's dreams came true. But no wonder that, even as Paul slipped the platinum-and-diamond wedding—and engagement—rings on her finger and kissed her, she still couldn't quite believe it.

And the fulfillment of her second dream seemed just as unreal. She hadn't even wanted to make "Three Faces of Eve." She'd accepted the part without reading the script, out of desperation after seeing her career languish through many months when the studio was unable to come up with anything suitable for her. She didn't look at it until she was on her way to Hollywood—and then, she says, "My first reaction was to jump right off that train and go back to New York. It's hard enough to play one leading role well—but *three!* It was too much. Then I decided, 'I'll go out there and just tell them I refuse to do it.'"

Reluctantly, she took the part after much persuasion on the part of the studio, and in spite of—or perhaps because of—one discouraging fact. "I wondered why they asked an unknown like me to play it," Joanne says drily. "I found out it was because they couldn't get anybody else they wanted."

Even after she was nominated for the Oscar, Joanne couldn't believe she would get it, and stoutly declared, "I don't care, one way or the other." A thrifty girl who remembers the days of struggle in New York, when she lived on $60 a month ("It can be done, but I don't recommend it"), she wasn't about to invest a lot of money in a gown for the occasion. She made her own, fashioning yards of green satin into a dress as pretty as any "store bought" creation.

Then, there she was on the night of nights, sitting beside the man she calls "my beautiful husband," watching them open the white envelope, hearing her name, walking to the stage with applause ringing in her ears to receive the Oscar. Dream No. 2 came true—for the girl who had tried so hard to run away from both her dreams.

"What's next, Joanne?" asked a good friend jokingly, at the party after the awards ceremony.

Looking levelly with her big green eyes, at the man who had questioned her, Joanne didn't hesitate a moment in giving her answer: "A baby."

The newlywed actress who gushes, "I want lots of babies" has become a Hollywood cliché. But coming from Joanne, it's a different story. In the first place, she does not indulge in Hollywood clichés. She's a nonconformist who says exactly what she thinks, let the sacred cows fall where they may. "I know it gets me into a lot of hot water," she admits, "but how can I have any integrity if I can't be honest?"

In the second place, a close friend, actress Gaby Rodgers, confides, "Joanne always talked about wanting children." And another dear friend, playwright Meade Roberts, says, "Joanne has a very maternal nature—to children, to her friends. To Paul? Extremely so."

This being the case, Joanne's desire to put motherhood first in her future is unquestionably genuine. It also effectively squelches the dire predictions some people made. "Of course, Paul's happy that she got the Oscar," they said. "But don't be surprised if it causes some friction later. After all, he's a good actor, too, and he could feel resentful at Joanne's winning before he did."

Paul, the Silent One, is undoubtedly laughing up his sleeve at this. When he knows the only role Joanne really wants to play is that of mother, family competition is the last thing he's worrying about.

But the Newmans do realize that the problem of two careers is one they have to face, now that the honeymoon is over. And they have come to the firm decision: "We will make no more pictures together," they say.

Their friend, Meade Roberts, explains, "I'm quite sure Joanne and Paul feel that two people who act together are competing with each other, and this isn't good for a successful marriage. Even in a picture or play, where both were shown to equal advantage, they know that one performance always comes off better than another, and they don't want that."

Would Joanne give up acting if Paul wanted her to?

"I doubt if Paul would ever ask her to give it up," says Meade. "But if it were really jeopardizing their marriage, she wouldn't hesitate a minute. Marriage to Paul means more to her than a career. She's madly in love with him. She absolutely adores him."

But what about Joanne, who a short time ago confided in an exclusive interview to Photoplay that she really didn't want to be an actress, because acting had only been a means of solving her childhood problems, and what she really wanted was to become a child psychologist?

"I don't doubt that Joanne was sincere," says Meade thoughtfully. "She's no scatterbrain. In fact, Joanne is one of the most intelligent people I know. Not because she's my friend and I like her, but because she really is. But I can't see her giving up the business entirely, because she has an artistic impulse that must be expressed."

Paul undoubtedly goes along with this. He's a great one for free artistic expression, and both he and Joanne have made it evident that they want more of the same in the future. They've made it no secret that they are chafing under the bonds of their studio contracts, and want out, regardless of the financial security those contracts have provided, and still provide. "I realize things like money and fame have their place," Paul maintains, "but there are other things more important."

As soon as Paul finishes "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" at M-G-M, they plan to shake the dust of Hollywood from their feet and return to their true love, New York. They hope to find suitable plays—*separate* plays —to star in this fall.

They've kept an apartment in New York, but, Joanne says, "We're going to look for a nice, big apartment, with lots of bedrooms, in a quiet section. It has to be near a park, because we want *four* children!"

Anyone who has seen Paul with the children of his former marriage realizes that his feeling for little ones is just as strong as Joanne's. He lavishes attention and tenderness on Stephanie, Susan and Scotty—named for his idol, F. Scott Fitzgerald—and he and Joanne can hardly wait until the children come to Hollywood to visit them this summer.

With the two big questions of children and careers hurdled, any other problems they have in adjusting to married life will be very minor. As inconsequential as the incident of Joanne and the hats.

"I don't think Paul had ever seen me in a hat," Joanne says, "but when we were going on our honeymoon trip to London, I thought I ought to get some, so I went out and bought three. Well, when I got home and put on the first one for Paul, he howled. So I put on the second one—and he went into hysterics. By the time I got to the third one, he was holding his sides, rolling on the floor! But," she adds with a wicked grin, "I wore them anyway!"

Actually, they have so much in common that it would be hard to see how this marriage could go wrong. Says Meade Roberts, "They're basically homebodies. They're both terribly interested in the theater. They have mutual interests in books and music. Paul loves horses, and Joanne now does, too. But, like any two people in love, it's an emotional thing. Joanne is very emotional. Paul isn't. He has to lean on somebody. On the other hand, Paul has a rare magnetic quality that draws people to him. Not that Joanne hasn't, but she loves this quality."

It is this strong, emotional, outgoing quality in Joanne that may prove to be the marriage's strongest bond. The same way she brings home small, helpless puppies, the same way she has always been the understanding link that made relationships with her own divorced parents smooth, so she can step in to ease the hurts of Paul's broken marriage and heal his wounds.

Both she and Paul have turned to analysis to help them, and they are the first to admit that it has. They feel that they have gained a maturity and an insight into themselves they didn't have before.

"I know now," Joanne says, "that all my big mistakes were of my own making. The wonderful things just happened."

She confesses that she's made a lot of high-sounding statements about marriage, which, in the light of experience, are subject to change. There's one point, however, on which she and Paul stand firm: They believe that when the honeymoon is over, that's good. Because for them, it isn't an end, but a beginning. THE END

JOANNE'S IN 20TH'S "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING."

Pat Boone

Paris, France

April 7, 1958

Bonjour, mesdames and messieurs!

This is just a quick note to tell you about Shirl's and my European adventure that's nearly over and almost didn't happen! It began one short week ago in our living room.

"But Pat," moaned Shirley, "what will happen to the girls if I leave?"

"It's not like you're being deported from the country forever," I kept reassuring her. "It's just a little old weekend in London and Paris." I mentioned the two appearances I had to make—at the Trocadero and the Palladium TV show in London—and how it would be a terrific time for us, a real second honeymoon. She was very sweet about it, but no dice.

Well, we argued back and forth Tuesday and Wednesday, and things really came to a head with the stubborn Boones Thursday when I hit home wearing the natty houndstooth Inverness cape I'd just bought at Saks Fifth Avenue.

"Where's Doctor Watson?" Shirl giggled.

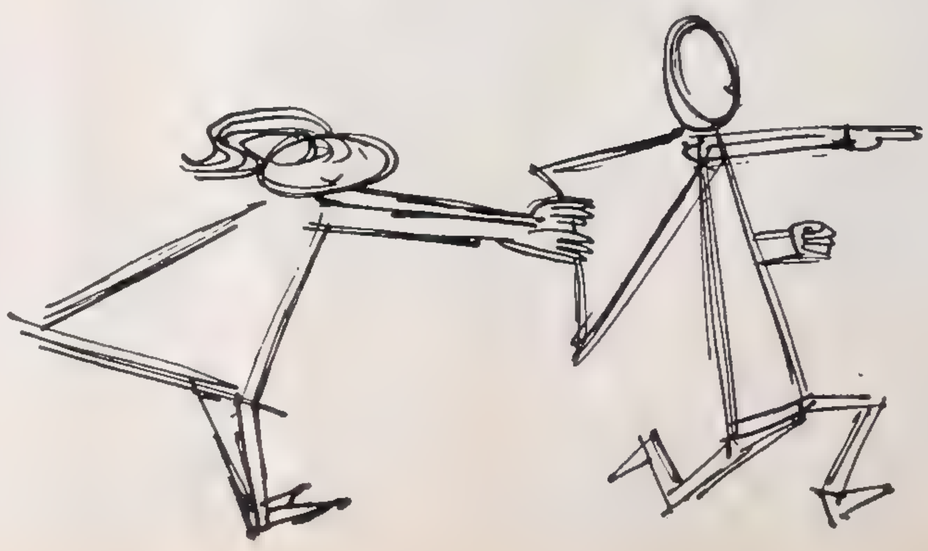
That riled me. (Continued on page 87)



1 box camera plus 2 happy Boones add up to our runaway honeymoon



Paris is the city of lovers. How do you like Pat in his Sherlock cape?





"Follow me, proud beauty—
or off with your head!"





Souvenir-hunting!!



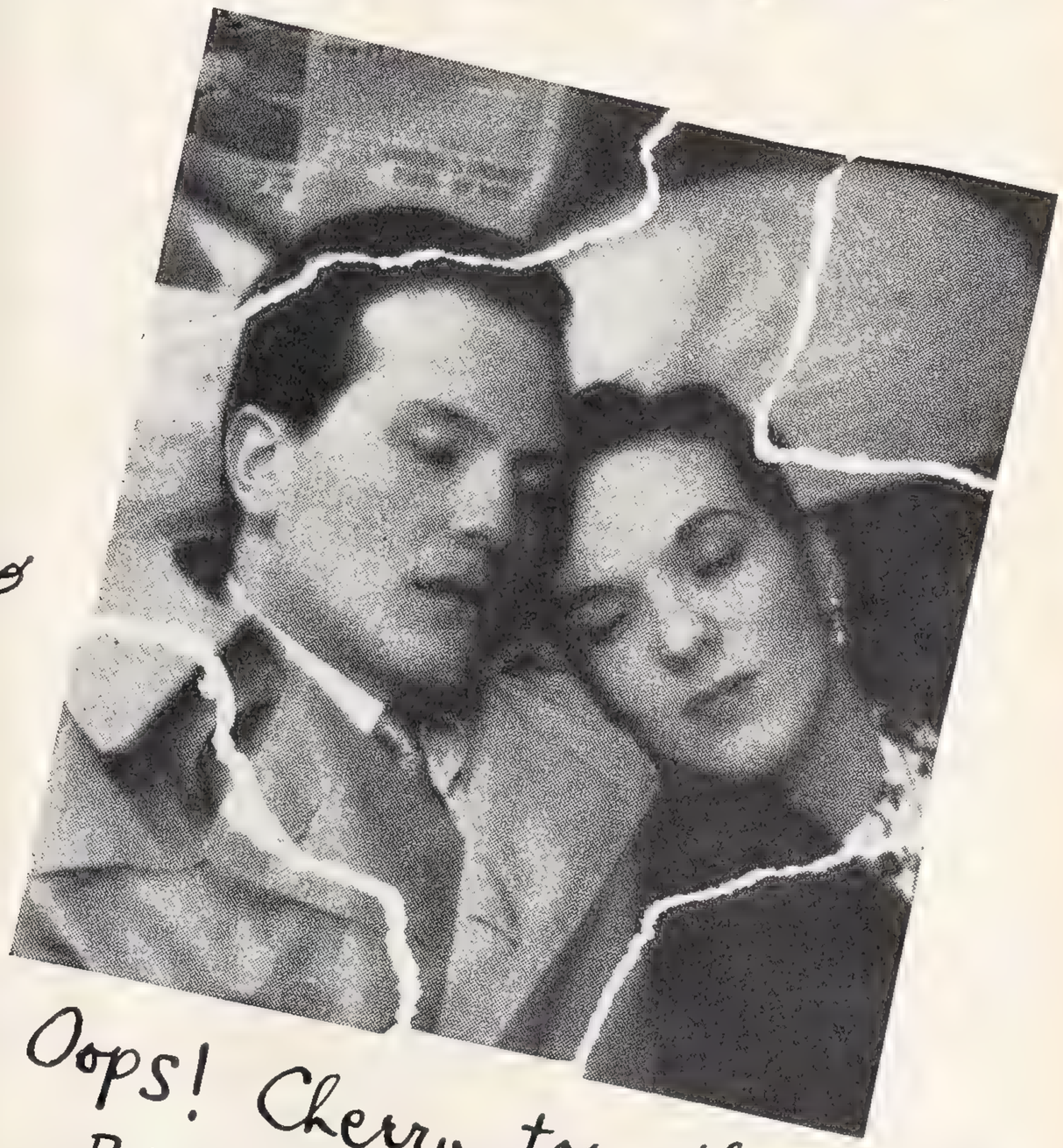
Real hicks — we gape
out at Montmartre



On stage at Londons Trocadero



The girls loved their Parisian scarfs



Oops! Cherry tore this one!
BOAC brought us home—

ARE YOU THE GIRL . . . ?

Continued from page 43

people who are honest and I can't stand phonies . . . I like fried pork chops and creamed corn and ice cream sundaes at Wil Wright's . . . and I hate turnips. I don't like weight-lifting, but I do it (it's good for me).

There are a few things I could improve on, like learning to temper my words with tact, but there'd be no point in fooling you. After marriage, I'm likely to wind up being the same person I was before we'd met. I don't think I'm likely to change much. I don't change my mind quickly. I kind of think things through and sleep on them. It takes me a long time to make up my mind, but when I do, it stays made up.

Even way back in high school I had the feeling I wanted to be a producer-director. It's something a corner of my mind still wants, but right now 99.9 per cent of my attention is devoted to acting, and that's what I'll stick to until I get the chance to branch out. But the point is: It's all still there, way back in a corner of my mind. I got my first chance to act at Occidental College, which I got to by design, and not accidentally (pardon the pun!). I was pledging for a fraternity, and one of my duties, in order to be voted into it, was to act as a murderer in a play written by one of my fraternity brothers. I've always said that "In the play, I murdered two actors, and every line I had to speak." Nevertheless, from there on in, I knew I had to be an actor. Before I was graduated, I was elected President of the Dramatic Society.

I like people and like to have them around. People like the Bob Stacks and Rory Calhouns and Rock Hudson. Spending an evening with them, is, I think, the best possible way to spend an evening. How about you?

My first big picture was made in Bombay, India. (My leading lady was Ursula Thiess, who is now Robert Taylor's leading lady in real life.) I did "Memory of Love," in Sweden, and then "Carnival Story," with Anne Baxter, which was filmed in Munich. So you see I covered a lot of mileage before I ever got my first real Hollywood movie break. But after that offers came fast and furiously.

Doing all that location-hopping taught me to appreciate travel, and I enjoy making pictures abroad. When Universal-International and I came to the parting of the ways last winter, I took assignments in London and Italy to make two pictures. I'm in Italy now, where (after hours) I'm pecking out this story on a typewriter.

Being a star has brought me lots of good things. For one, it's given me a beautiful home in Sherman Oaks. It's a hilltop place that you have to be a corkscrew-turn driver to be able to get to and I do my own cooking and cleaning—but not because I like it best that way. It would be fun to come home evenings to someone who was waiting there for me, with a fire going in the fireplace and dinner waiting on the table. I could get used to *that* very easily.

I think you would like my house. It's a place where we can hoe the garden on Saturday mornings and cool off with a swim in my pool whenever we've a mind to. It also has (I'm sorry!) a bedroom that's the messiest place in the house. That's where I have a desk set up where I answer my fan mail personally and set aside those letters which are sent out by my secretary. That room always looks as though it's in the process of being papered with postage stamps.

But the house has a lovely kitchen, all neat and efficient. I recognize that all it needs is a cheerful you in it, wearing a fluffy white organdy apron. (I'm partial to frilly aprons, no matter how impractical they are.) Very often I'll take a couple of peanut butter sandwiches from home, so I can run through my paces at rehearsal and not waste time. (Hope you like making peanut butter sandwiches.) You see, I like my work and I get keyed-up when I'm working. At a TV rehearsal, for instance, I'm nervous as heck about whether I'll be able to make my costume changes on time; whether I'll be at the spot marked "X" when the camera shifts to there; whether I'll be there for the longshots when the longshots are in order, and for the closeups when the closeups are needed. When I come home at night, maybe I'd like to spend an hour talking with you about *me*, but I'd hope you'd be interested —and I'd love you for being interested.

I'll have to be honest. Stardom hasn't given me a sense of financial security by any means. Right now I'm free-lancing, which means that I take a job when I like it, and when the picture appeals to me. It gives me a lot of personal freedom, and a sense of being my own man, but it isn't exactly the most secure life in the world for an actor. And financial security is what I'd like to be able to offer my wife —if I had one. All of which brings me back to the subject of love.

A while back, the jukeboxes explained to us that love and marriage went together like a horse and carriage. They do? Does that mean like two objects, one living and the other inanimate, harnessed together for the purpose of going some place? That can't be right. And is it really true that you can't have one without the other? I doubt it, judging from the way so many people act in real life.

Now wait a minute—don't get me wrong, I'm not making fun of marriage. And I'm not making fun of religion or of anyone's church. But I *am* making fun of the jerks (a word, by the way, one can't use on film—I wonder why, since it's so descriptive) who are phony enough to say they believe in a set of values and then every day prove by their actions that they don't.

What I mean is that a lot of people use the word "love" when they're only talking about "sex," and that's what I object to. Love should imply a lot more than just sex drive.

You don't just "fall in love with" or "fall for" someone and then start talking about getting married—not unless you're merely thinking of what is only one part of the relationship. For sex is about as much related to love—to real love—as beets are to horseradish. It's part of it, all right, but it takes on a completely different character.

To me, the main component of love is *giving*. No, I don't mean "giving up" or "being deprived of" or "sacrificing" something. I mean that two people are giving of their joy, their understanding, knowledge, interest, humor and sadness, all the qualities that are alive in them—the qualities which set them apart from that dumb animal hitched to the cart we were talking about a while back.

I don't claim these thoughts to be original. People far wiser and more experienced than I have written books about it. Dr. Erich Fromm wrote "The Art of Loving," and I think it can clarify the subject for all of us. It costs only three dollars but to me it was worth a million—for it put into words all the things I'd been thinking about for years.

I *do* think about things, and you'd have to put up with some very definite views, if you were my girl. Because I love to argue, as you'd soon find out. If you'd hear some loud grumblings from the end of a dinner table, chances are it'd be your George, embroiled in a "discussion." It might be about CinemaScope or misconceptions about love or about the fact that I hate people who sit around moaning, "There'll never be another Jimmy Dean." If you ever hear anybody say that around me, you might as well know my answer will be a rather heated, "That's right, there will never be another Jimmy Dean—just as there will never be another Carole Lombard, another Jean Harlow, a Clark Gable, a Marlon Brando or a Marilyn Monroe—but why weep? There are still lots of fresh faces with real talent—newcomers who aren't trying to be carbon copies. I know they exist." I might not convince anyone, but I *do* believe in having my say . . . and I'd like you to put up with it!

I'm a movie fan myself, and I hope you'll like the movies, too. It'd be fun to go together. But maybe, I hope, once in a while, you wouldn't mind leaving before the end of a picture if it's CinemaScope because I can't stand CinemaScope—or at least, pictures which have nothing to offer aside from a wide screen. I think I'm fed up with being sold a bunch of mechanical processes which spread the picture far and wide across the screen. I think I'd rather be sold a batch of good pictures. For what makes a picture *good* isn't CinemaScope or stereophonic sound or VistaVision or Todd A-O. A good picture starts with good writers, a good producer, a talented director, and competent actors. If you have that, then CinemaScope can help make it even better—but no picture ought to be asked to stand on CinemaScope alone. (I told you I'd be opinionated!)

Another thing: I don't think pictures should be made "for everybody," for I think we've learned the lesson that when pictures try to please everyone, they wind up not pleasing anyone. Different pictures can and should be made to have different kinds of appeal. The only thing they need have in common is the striving for quality. And you get "quality" from the talent that goes into the making of a picture.

Speaking of talent, I was recently one of the judges in a nation-wide talent search. The four finalists, all of whom were eighteen or under, were excellent: full of natural talent, original in their approach to acting, each one a distinct personality and no one pretending to be someone else. It was clear that they hadn't wasted their time perfecting another actor's mannerisms or patterns of speech. They'd spent their energies on something worthwhile and important: developing themselves as individuals.

That's something I'm a "bug" on. I don't think that many of us take the chance to develop as individuals. TV, movies and all of our means of mass communications seem intent on getting us to dress a certain way, live a certain way and act a certain way. We're developing into a country where "conforming" is the thing to do.

And I think it will hurt us as a nation.

To make a point, (people call me a "quote"), I'd like to quote Cameron Hawley on what his grandmother said in describing how the world had changed. I think it will bring home what I mean to say:

"I'll tell you the one (change) I most regret. There used to be so many men

who stood out as individuals. Now there are so few. More and more, all the time, it seems, men are yielding to some terrible compulsion to conform, to think alike and talk alike—yes, even to look alike.

"In those (older) days you could recognize any man who was worth knowing as far away as you could see him or hear the sound of his voice. Believe me, no one ever mistook your grandfather for someone else. He was always his own man, thinking with his own mind, standing on his own feet. He knew that a man finds happiness only by walking his own path across the earth."

This makes sense to me—except for, perhaps, that last sentence. It would be nice, I think, to have a pleasant companion while you were "walking your own path across the earth."

When I find the right girl, I hope she'll respect the fact that I have my own ideas on a good many subjects, and that I like to express them. I hope she'll have them too, and that she'll want to share them with me.

For instance, if you were my girl, I'd like you to read some of the authors I've read: Philip Wylie, Erich Fromm, Vance Packard. And to be able to think things through, and decide whether you agree with what you read, or whether you don't. What fun it would be to have someone to share and argue a book through with. My girl, I cross my fingers, would be that kind of person.

My ideal girl would *like* to think things through and decide what, in her opinion, made sense. And if she happened to agree with me—why so much the better. I'd get a kick out of that. But whether we agreed or not, I'd know that she'd come to her own conclusion, just as I had, and that she wasn't just trying to say "Me-too" just to please me. We'd both be *individuals*.

If you were my dream girl, you'd have a sense of humor. You'd have the ability to look at the bright side of things, and when something went wrong, you'd be able to laugh your way out of trouble. I don't mean you'd have to be a joke-teller or life-of-the-party. Nope—because I'm not. I'd just like to know you're getting fun out of life.

I'm no great shakes, no Apollo, so if you were my girl, you wouldn't have to be a beauty to look at (you'd be sweet and neat and good to look at: something like Ingrid Goude), but I would know that if you were all these things, you'd be beautiful within.

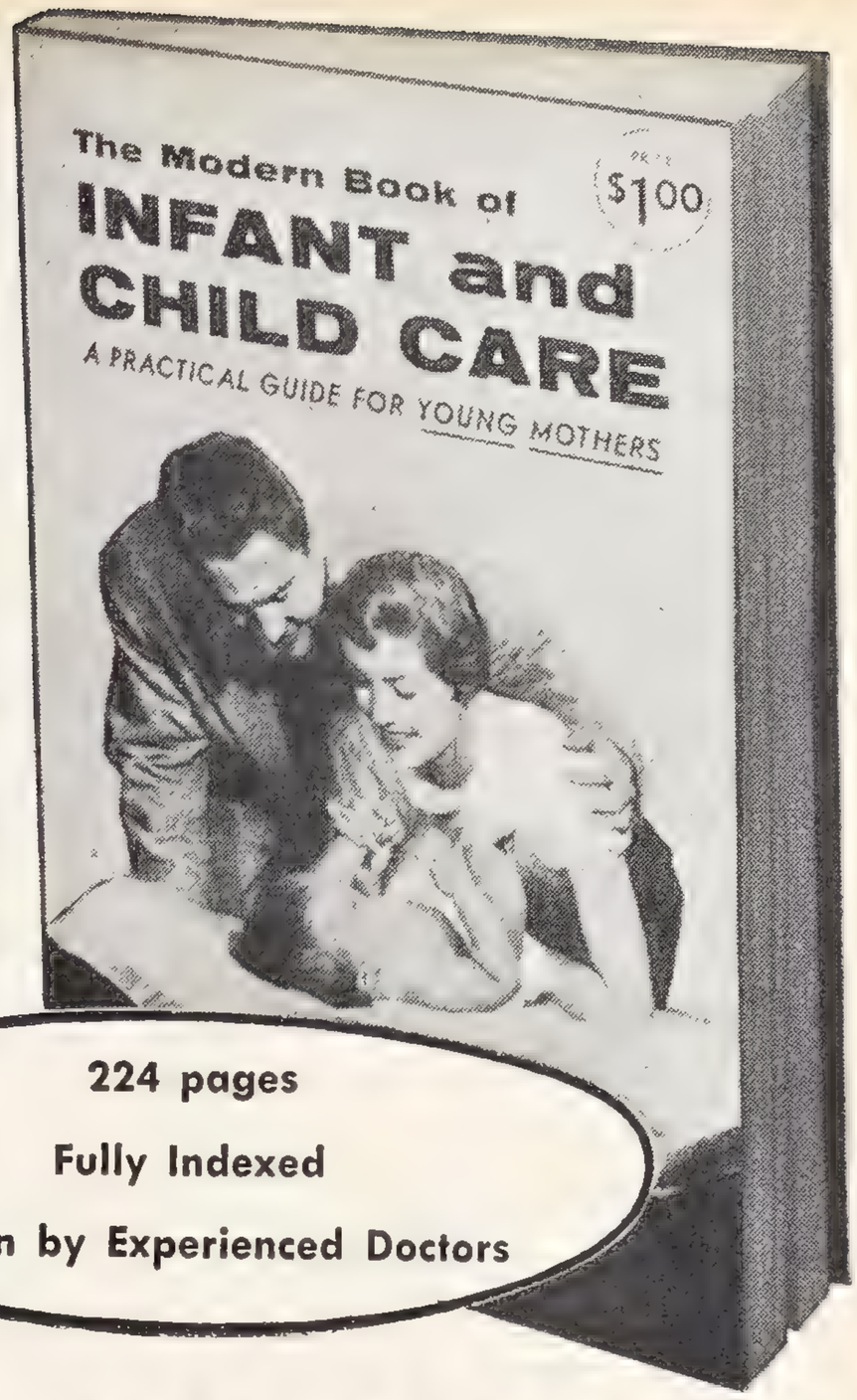
If you were my girl, you'd be an individual, and what I'd love about you would be the very things which set you apart from every other girl. And you'd like those things about me which make me different from every other man: those things which make me George Nader.

It wouldn't matter to me whether you were older than I am, or a lot, lot younger than I. What would matter to me is that you'd want to understand things, and would want to know what is going on in the world around you. My girl will be *interesting* because she is *interested*.

We'll have things we'll want to share: like walking in the rain, and Irish stew, and building a fire in the fireplace and sitting around it and talking till the shadows lengthen and the firelight flickers. We'll like books and music, and ideas and art. But most of all, we'll like each other. For when you *like* the person you respect and love—well, then you've got something that dreams are made of. That's *true* love, and if you feel as I do about some of the things I've talked about, you'd be more than just my girl—you'd be my wife.

THE END

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DON'T BE DIFFICULT

Continued from page 66

other's faults at the beginning—before we saw the virtues. But one thing I think I always knew—if the male isn't the stronger, it's the female's fault!"

She tucked her feet under her, "Sitting Bull" fashion and went on. "You know, we females have mixed up the right to vote with the demand that, if wifey works, her husband should be glad to do the dishes and clean the birdcage while she flops in the living room and watches TV. This kind of attitude does not lead to keeping the male strong.

"Which brings me to one of the ways women strip that male ego. Working. When I was at Amarillo High, I had a disc-jockey show on radio. It was corny, but I earned some money. Most girls today, in the summer, or after school earn money. To me, that taste of money gave me a feeling of independence and security within myself. By the time we marry we're in one of two boats. Either we want to quit working or we have made a career and want to keep on working for economic reasons and to fulfill ourselves. Now the catch. How do we think about working? What attitude do we take toward our males because of it?

"When Aaron and I married in April of '53 we were both flat broke. But we believed in ourselves and each other. We had to go to Dallas. Aaron's father was very ill and I was supposed to be there on a personal appearance for 'House of Wax.' We had $1.92 between us. Aaron was morose and apologizing for not being a success. And I told him what I think any girl who plans to work after marriage should tell her male. 'I didn't marry you for a meal ticket, I didn't marry you for money or so I could quit work.'

"Working doesn't have to wreck a marriage by destroying a man's ego. Working wives can make better companions, if their attitude is right. After all, companionship is the basis for marriage. A working wife can be interesting if she lets herself be, instead of growling about her tiredness.

"Don't try to change your man. Women are notorious for choosing the wrong man and trying to change him. It hardly ever works out that way so, decide before you marry—either you like him the way he is or *you* change. Particularly, in early dating stages, we seem to reach out to the wrong male, mostly because of our background, I guess. I know," Carolyn said, "because this is my second marriage. I was very young. Nothing is as blind as an adolescent's need for love. Other teenage girls needn't have a broken marriage if they can be smarter than I was. When you're sure *this is it*, ask yourself these questions: Will we have a fuller life together than separately? Do we have mutual respect for our individual personalities? Do our personalities complement each other? Is he your closest friend? Even if you work, can you come home and be wife, friend and companion?

"I'm grateful to my first husband." Her unseeing eyes stared into the late afternoon gloom. Her restless fingers were still. "He taught me what to look for and what I needed for a happy marriage. He made me ready for Aaron. I never fitted as an equal, or even near it, with my first husband. We didn't share all the little things that go into living. We weren't really friends.

"The cruel thing is my experience was not unusual. In fact, it's too usual. It's easy in searching for understanding to mistake it for friendship and love. That's why both my roles in 'Bachelor Party' and 'Marjorie Morningstar' brought identification and reaction. Which brings up the all-important point, I think. Backgrounds certainly don't have to be exactly alike, but they must be similar enough to blend for lasting understanding and marriage. For instance, my background. I never had a normal childhood, which has made me very aware in some areas and very blind in others." She sat deep in remembering watching the smoke from her cigarette spiral lazily. . . .

The doctor placed the oxygen mask over the thin, tiny face. She lay fighting for breath, gasping, wheezing, choking. She was seven. Her mother, grandmother and stepgrandfather stood outside the hospital room, waiting. The oxygen coursed through her lungs and the small body stopped struggling and relaxed. Another asthma attack had been allayed. The place, Des Moines, Iowa. After her father died in Amarillo—while her younger sister, Betty, was on the way—her mother went home to Des Moines to live. C. H. Baker, Carolyn's stepgrandfather, became Dad to her. He deserved the name. Because of him, the scrawny, sickly little girl lived. A victim of colds, pneumonia and emergency trips to the hospital for asthma attacks, Carolyn's only security was in Dad. She was in and out of school so much she never felt she belonged. She never could enter into games and didn't have time to make friends. Sensitive and shy, she felt others didn't like her. She retreated. She started reading with a vengeance. She devoured books. Her love for acting, developed as with each new book she secretly became its heroine. Deeply sensitive to things and people, she would get angry, sit and hold a grudge. Adults called her precocious. She learned to elbow her way into an adult group and show off her reading ability. At nine, she informed Dad that she would be an actress. He agreed. After she finished high school.

When Carolyn was nine, her stepgrandfather was offered the district manager job of his company, either in Chicago or Amarillo. The Chicago job paid a lot more money. But the doctors had said Carolyn wouldn't live till fifteen in that climate, so he took his family back to Texas. Because of her vast reading she flipped through high school and graduated at fifteen. She had no relations with the other kids. She was bent on Pasadena Playhouse. So at fifteen, she lied about her age and was accepted at the Playhouse. Just before graduation, Paramount saw her in "Summer and Smoke" and promptly signed her to a long-term contract. She did "The Turning Point," "Military Policeman" and the "Road to Bali" before movie production nose-dived in 1952. Along with top stars, Carolyn found herself on the outside looking in.

"Actually it was this mixed-up background that sparked Aaron's interest in me," admitted Carolyn with typical frankness. "One evening in the Playhouse, despite the director in Aaron, he asked me to do a play. I accepted. After rehearsal, we all went out for for hamburgers and we happened to sit next to one another. He suggested we play a game. He threw a line from a play and we were to tell him what play it was from. The rest of the kids didn't know, but I sat there throwing all the plays I'd read as a child right back at him with a vengeance. He looked at me with dawning respect. Both our attitudes changed that night.

"I believe that love—at least for a woman—begins with mental, not physical attraction. If interest in a person starts this way, then all other things follow naturally.

"Being a creator, Aaron is a nervous set of strings. He has insecurities that stem from childhood. He's a worry wart and though he's becoming a top name in writing, working on four scripts at a time is not enough. He feels he should do more. We're both emotional, but I feel it's his prerogative to let go, have a snit. It's good for him. And as I like him, I'd like to have him around for a while. So most of the time I exude confidence and a 'don't be silly' attitude, to reassure him. He's wanted. He's needed. He is and I let him know it. All men, in various ways, need that same assurance. You have to know your man, to feed his ego. Sometimes the blusterers and the braggarts need it most. Fortunately, Aaron is not devious.

"A girl should remember that all men deep down are afraid of life too. When they offer their trust and innermost thoughts to a girl they love, they have a right to have that trust treated tenderly and with loving care, not to be used to strip their ego in anger or ignorance. It's part of a woman's job to protect her man's ego."

Carolyn grinned and admitted, "Understanding is not a one-way street. When I flip, I go all the way. As long as I'm healthy, I feel strong and secure. But the minute I'm sick, I become a quivering mass of hysterical neuroses. When that happens, Aaron immediately takes over; assumes all responsibilities and becomes my strength. And that's the way it should be—balancing strength and weakness for each other. But remember, don't take advantage of your female prerogatives—clinging vines are as bad as the domineering wife.

"Understanding and accepting faults, even learning to live with them is important. For instance, Aaron drives me mad by digging his sharp elbow into my ribs in the middle of the night and saying, 'Honey, I've got a great idea.' Then he spends half the night telling me about it. This fault I have accepted, but I am considering getting a foam rubber chemise for sleeping. He also never hangs up his clothes. At first I just watched the bedroom chair pile higher and higher. Finally, I decided it would be easier to do the hanging myself. I believe a man has a right to some faults and obsessions. I've got a few I'd like to keep, too.

"We disagree sometimes. We've been coldly infuriated with one another. But I never use it to strip his ego. We've had to learn to live with each other. He had a jolly little habit when we first got married. He'd wait till we were out with people and then open up on my foibles. And I looked like a schmo. I told him he'd regret it, but he kept it up. One time at a party he did it again. Making the cracks and getting in his licks. I went right on laughing and talking. The fellow that took us home knew me well. He said, 'Boy, Aaron, you're in trouble.' I waited until we hit the house alone, and then I really let him have it. I can't argue in front of people, but I can sure hold my own in private. And, I'm proud to say, Aaron can, too, when his rights need preserving.

"I hope he's living proof that I believe in not stripping the male ego," Carolyn said happily. "I believe any girl who thinks right can make a man happy. By asking herself strong questions when she thinks she's in love, always putting her man first and letting the idea of women's rights go to blazes. Kids just dating may want to remember my four basics: Love, security, health and ego. If love is a sweet, natural, precious thing of giving and receiving, then the others should follow. But when a woman messes around with any of these, she's in trouble."

THE END

CAROLYN'S IN PARAMOUNT'S "KING CREOLE."

THREE AGAINST A STORM

Continued from page 38

a desert island, but in the world of show business, where separations are necessary and one or the other is left, it is another story. They both discovered at an early age that being in the public eye invites adulation which is not always sincere, and it has made them wary. Rather than separate the wheat from the chaff, weed out the people who want to know them for who they are rather than for what they are, and select carefully some good friends to enlarge their horizons, they live solely for each other, their baby and their careers.

Were the Damones farmers instead of famous, their chances for happiness might be greater. Then Vic would not have the demon fears about the possibility of losing his Anna. He would not anticipate the probability of having her wooed away by some outside force, such as a movie studio or some unknown bugaboo —at least, a bugaboo in his mind. But even on a farm it wouldn't be surprising if some smart scout discovered Pier Angeli. Beauty such as hers would not be left to blush unseen, except by Vic. He would like to be the sole observer.

The reason he wants her all to himself is that he loves her so much. But such an all-consuming love can become stifling. Not that Pier Angeli thinks so. Vic is everything she wants in a man. She told me so.

"Vic is a gentleman, to begin with," she has said. "He is thoughtful, generous, handsome. He is generous in thought as well as with the money. For example, we have a housekeeper, Mrs. Agres, who is with the baby when I have to be away. Vic takes her in like part of the family. If we have some occasion to celebrate and we open a bottle of champagne, he calls her in, asks her to bring an extra glass and sit down to join us. He noticed the gardener was smoking a pipe. Right away he went and bought him a beautiful lighter . . . Little things like that Vic does. He is a good man . . . The best."

The Damones do not have friends. They do not entertain. Theirs is a self-contained home, a paradise for three, if you like. With this they are content, even happy, except for the specters which Vic cannot dispel, the real and sometimes imaginary spooks that haunt him and often make him miserable.

What are these worries? A man endowed with such a wife, a fine baby and a six-digit annual income has little to worry about. But Vic thinks differently.

When I called about this interview, he seemed skeptical, although he knew I had talked at length with Anna earlier in the week. I realized he was busy, and probably unhappy because Anna had left.

Also, there had been some discussion in the columns about a recent article in a magazine in which he felt he had bared his soul. Maybe he didn't want to be misunderstood again.

"What is the story to be called?" he asked. Rather reluctantly he agreed to see me, and when he actually got into the spirit of the interview he talked at considerable length.

When I arrived, there were two callers in the room and the TV was on. Presently the phone rang, and it was Vic's manager, Milt Ebbins. Vic asked him to join us. I had the sneaking suspicion Vic wanted him there in case I asked embarrassing questions concerning some of the things he had said in the article. Mr. Ebbins didn't look forbidding. Vic sensed the difficulty. He turned off the TV set and had the telephone cut off. It had been ringing almost constantly.

I asked him what the baby calls him, and, as might be expected he calls him Daddy. Sometimes he calls his mother Anna. I also was told that one of the big moments for Vic was the time when he arrived home after an extended tour and the baby announced: "I love you, Daddy." And once, probably because a tooth was coming in, little Perry only cried over the telephone when Vic called him and wouldn't say a word. Perhaps he has inherited some of his father's mercurial disposition.

Vic attributes many of his own traits to the fact that he was born in June, the twelfth to be exact. Astrologers do say that people born under the sign of Gemini have dual personalities. Gemini means The Twins.

I asked Vic why he was so wary of people. His answer was revealing. "In show business you meet so many people who want to use you—phonies, hangers-on. They are the people who love you —until you need them. They don't love you. They love the spotlight.

"One time I asked some so-called friends to lend me money. They found various excuses for not coming through. I think I did it just to test them. I thought I would be disappointed, but I wanted to be sure. But—and here's a refreshing twist—there was another man I knew, who heard about this and was furious that I hadn't asked him. One friend among the lot! Not very encouraging.



"I think a test of friendship is this: You wouldn't ask a friend to do anything for you that you wouldn't be willing to do for him. But how many people can you feel that way about? Giving, either materially or of yourself, is a two-way thing. Oh, I have acquaintances, many of them. But friends? I could count them on the fingers of one hand and still have plenty of fingers left over. Sooner or later people let you down."

Granted that Vic was pretty successful before he was mature enough to judge people well, and did get taken in by the "phonies" he mentions, there are many youngsters these days who gain success who don't go about feeling disillusioned about people. But because Vic perhaps is too sensitive for his own good, he is quick to take offense. He recalls a relative who used to belittle him in his childhood. Many boys have an uncle or an aunt like that. They may bridle under the teasing at the time, but they don't retain the resentment when they mature. Vic still cringes at the memory, and he's easy prey to worry and fear.

Pier rationalizes this in her own wifely and protective way. I asked her why Vic had said in an interview that when he left home he was always afraid that the house would burn down or that he would be killed in a plane crash.

"But the house nearly did burn down," she championed. "There was this big fire in the neighborhood. Why shouldn't he worry about such a thing?"

Vic's fears extend even further. He fears he might lose his Anna. "Suppose," he said, "she goes abroad to make a picture for six months. There are many handsome and charming men abroad."

I interrupted. Certainly this was unjustified fear. "Anna has talked to me many starry-eyed times about her great love for you," I said. "Such a possibility certainly seems out of the question."

"It isn't that I distrust her love," he hurried to explain. "But those men. One could take her away from me. It has happened before. Look at Ingrid Bergman."

The ringing of the phone interrupted, because Vic had put in a call to his wife in California. When he had completed the call he smiled.

"I think I am getting better, because I am letting Anna go to the premiere of her picture, 'Merry Andrew,' tonight by herself. Six months ago, I wouldn't have allowed it."

"Now who is going to gobble her up going from her home to the theater?" I chided him. Vic shrugged, twisted his handsome features boyishly.

This couple comes from such different backgrounds. If their love were not so great, they probably would have separated long since. Vic's father was a workingman, and the family lived on his ninety dollars a week. Vic would like his present home to be like the one he was brought up in: the wife to be at home all the time; the husband to be the breadwinner.

This is a laudable ambition—a typical American man's desire—but when the wife is a beautiful and talented actress, it is difficult for her to be a full-time housewife, especially in Anna's case, for she has been brought up not to be one.

Life in a well-to-do family in Italy and life in a workingman's family in Brooklyn are miles apart in more ways than one.

Pier explains one misunderstood remark made in a magazine article by Vic; something to the effect that "Anna was not brought up to be a wife and mother . . . or anything else but an actress."

"What he *meant*," she says, "was I was not trained to bake the bread, scrub the floor, do the ironing." Of course, Vic wouldn't want her to do all the household chores. He can afford help, and probably he'd be delighted to let Anna just sit there on a pinnacle all day while he worshipped her. But would this be a complete life for her?

It wouldn't necessarily mean being with Vic. According to his own calculations, his work takes him away from home the better part of the year, to many places far from California. "You know," Pier told me, "in the three years we've been married, last Christmas was the first we had together in our own home. And last November twenty-fourth was the first wedding anniversary we could spend together."

Christmas of 1956 stands out in her mind. She was barely out of bed after the loss of her expected second child. Vic was in New York. As Pier and baby Perry spent a sad day together, a friend brought them a little Christmas tree. "But I didn't want it," Pier remembered.

"It was so lonely," she went on. "It's always lonely when Vic is away." Then her face brightened. "When he's home we always laugh, have music, talk talk talk, make little things important, make the big decisions. We have the day with Perry. We have the beautiful dinner—candlelight, wine, lovely food. Just for us to eat together is so wonderful. Then we watch the television or go to the movies. We are both mad for the movies. We will go to the neighborhood double feature and we eat the popcorn. When we come out, maybe it is one o'clock. If we see another movie somewhere, we will go to that, too—still eating popcorn. We come home full of film and popcorn. We are content. Our life is so filled, we don't need other people. We don't need to go socializing."

She wasn't merely parroting her husband's opinion. In one respect, Anna's experiences have duplicated Vic's. When she and Marisa and their mother first came to Hollywood, the girls preferred to have their dates at home. Mama cooked and loved to see people eat. Since all three loved people, their home became a happy haven for many. But slowly it dawned on them that no one reciprocated. They were not asked to the homes of their guests. Finally, they were forced to acknowledge—just as Vic was—that many of their "friends" were the phonies and hangers-on of Hollywood.

Pier never forgot that lesson. Today, when someone runs up to her gushing about a performance she's given, she is polite but noticeably withdrawn. And, talking to a real friend, she can call the turn on a phony. Startled, the friend will protest. Pier's quiet "Wait and see" is invariably justified. "People disappoint us," she told me wistfully. "I feel sorry for them. A little while ago, I was very sick in the hospital, and Vic was on tour, and the only person who offered to take me home was a friend from M-G-M Publicity."

Slow to form friendships, she can't depend on constant company to fill her spare time or keep her from being lonely while Vic is away. "Just lately," she said, "I *have* found a friend. She is Anna Kashfi. We talk. We confide. We are like sisters. I like this very much." She prizes such an association all the more because for her it is so rare.

Seeing only one solution—to spend more time with Vic—Pier recently asked to be released from her M-G-M contract. She is not giving up her acting career; no one, including Vic, would expect her to. When she finds a role she likes—such as the heroine in "Merry Andrew"—she will take it. But, without a regular studio commitment, she will be free to go with Vic sometimes on his engagements.

Even so, the Damones won't always be able to avoid certain dangers created by columnists' hunger for hot items. There was the time Vic was playing Las Vegas. It was reported that he was gambling like a fiend and that Pier had flown in suddenly to give him what-for. Here's what actually happened. At the moment when Pier was supposed to be telling Vic off, she was in a doctor's office. She had planned to go to Las Vegas with Vic, taking Perry. But she had two impacted wisdom teeth, so she promised to make the trip as soon as the painful dentist chore was finished. Then Perry fell on the patio and hit his head on a rock. As Pier stood by in the office the doctor was taking eight stitches in the baby's face. When she returned home, white and shaken, she learned of the gossip item. She called Vic, and they commiserated with each other. Then Pier and stitched-up Perry boarded a plane for Las Vegas. There the Damones gave the lie to the rumor by simply being themselves.

True, when Vic is alone in Vegas, he spends part of his time on the phone to Pier, part wandering miserably around

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the hotel. Being alone, he gambles, but certainly never for amounts that would hit the headlines or cause his wife to scream at him. The insidious effectiveness of that rumor lay in the fact that it was based on a grain of truth.

Realizing that such confusion may threaten her again, Pier still clung to a decision about her own travels. "I will stay home more now," she said. "It is good for a marriage."

"My mother was always at home," Vic explained—indicating Anna's decision must have been influenced by him. "She was the first woman in my life always. Then when I met and fell in love with Anna, my mother said: 'When you marry, then I must no longer be first. Your wife becomes that. It is the way it should be.'"

A good deal has been written about mother-in-law trouble as far as Anna's mother and her son-in-law are concerned. Enough has been said. But since it is a part of the whole picture and Vic has gone into detail about his lack of rapport with his mother-in-law, and has told things in print about his feelings, it cannot be completely ignored.

It is a wonder Anna has not been emotionally torn apart, being in the middle, wanting to please her husband, wanting to be thoughtful of her mother.

Pier's twin sister, Marisa Pavan, and her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, spend considerable time abroad, so there is only Pier to shoulder the responsibility of her widowed mother's now lonely life.

It has been reported that Vic has come to many an impasse with his mother-in-law. He wrote that at one time he had requested her to leave his house. Anna has never said how she felt about this. Nor did I ask her. I felt it was a personal matter and in the past. From Mrs. Pierangeli's point of view, she had brought her girls up, hovered over them in the very strict and close manner only a devoted European mother would think proper. She was a zealous chaperone. She called the curfew hour. She held the keys.

I recall meeting Pier Angeli one time for lunch in London when she was in her late teens. I went to the Savoy Hotel, where she and her mother were staying. She emerged from the elevator triumphantly dangling the apartment-door key around her finger.

"See this?" she said jubilantly. "This is the first time my mother lets me have the key. I can come and go when I like. I am a big girl, eh?"

I imagine even this small privilege was a considerable concession for Mrs. Pierangeli. With two beautiful young daughters to guard and guide, perhaps she was overly cautious. Maybe the mental scissors with which she was trying to cut the apron strings were not sharp enough.

Then when both girls left home to marry, a large slice of her interest in life was cut off.

It has been said that Mrs. Pierangeli wanted to be a great actress and transferred this ambition to her daughters. If this is true, it is sad. One cannot successfully mold another's life to the requirements of a lost cause. It is doubtful if Mrs. Pierangeli wanted to do this. But there are others who believe this is true and feel Mrs. Pierangeli resented Anna's marriage and from the beginning was a dominant force.

It is understandable that Vic, wanting to be head of his house, did not welcome ideas from his mother-in-law about Anna.

Maybe if he and his mother-in-law had learned to compromise, they would have saved Anna, whom they both love so much, many a heartache.

Vic said, "I want the challenge to take care of *my* wife and *my* baby."

"Why not say 'our' baby?" I suggested.

He gave me a startled look.

"Our baby," he consented, after an uncomfortable pause.

"You are a lucky man to have Anna for a wife," I said finally.

"She is lucky to have me for a husband." His eyes were black and stormy for a moment.

I dared to ask why. He replied immediately, the words hurtling from his lips. "Because I am able to understand her. Because I am able to give her the love she deserves. Because I would never hurt her."

He went on: "I enjoy being able to give her a beautiful house, beautiful clothes—anything she wants. I want to work for one reason, so I can do everything for her. I think of her so much when we are separated. I *am* a good husband." He was sincere.

Anna told me that sometimes when they have a problem, they pray together. "Only last night," she said, "something happened which disturbed Vic, and when he came back from the Club, he told me. We went to bed and prayed together. The next morning the trouble seemed to have disappeared. When we got up, we pulled the drapes and found the sun pouring in. We danced around the floor."

Now, do we have an answer here? I hope so. Vic told me that once he had consulted a psychiatrist. "My life was involved, mixed up. I hated myself," he said. "So I went to that doctor. But only once. I did not think I could be helped that way."

Perhaps they have found the answer. Perhaps Vic will find that Somebody Up There does like him. THE END

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GETTING PERSONAL . . .

Continued from page 48

As he started on the first section of his bacon and eggs he talked about himself. The fact is that he's the eldest of three children and that his interest in music started "'way back as a kid. Lots of people think I only sing. But I can play a little piano and love to fool around with the ukulele." Paul wrote his first song about three years ago when he was attending Fisher Park High School in Ottawa. It was about this same time that he and two friends formed a trio and began playing weekend dates in and around their home town. All fun at first, the boys began taking themselves and their jobs a little more seriously when engagements began coming in. They started rehearsing more frequently and were soon looking for a style that would make them stand out in front of their audiences.

Paul felt that the material they were using wasn't showing them off to best advantage, and being unable to pay an established writer to do songs for the group, Paul started writing the material for the act himself. His efforts were rewarded with a certain amount of local success.

About this time opportunity knocked in the form of an invitation, and Paul was there to open the door. He talked his parents into letting him take a vacation trip to Hollywood with an aunt and, while in Hollywood, persuaded his uncle, who is an actor, to talk to some recording people he knew to get Paul an audition. As a result of one of these meetings he recorded his first two sides for a small label in California.

"The record sold about twenty-five copies in the United States," Paul says, "but it did much better in Canada—about 25,000.

"I was not sixteen yet. I talked my parents—after many weeks of coaxing—into allowing me to make a trip to New York alone. They finally said 'yes,' provided—if nothing happened after one month—I'd return home."

Paul knew nothing about New York, or anyone in New York but, through a chance meeting in Ottawa with a group called the Rover Boys, who were at that time recording for ABC-Paramount, he learned of the name Don Costa.

"I arrived in New York on a Tuesday in March of last year and went to the offices of ABC-Paramount. When I asked the receptionist for Mr. Costa, she said he was out but she told me to come back the next day. She seemed kind of surprised when I turned up bright and early the next day. I wasn't thinking so much of talking to Mr. Costa about singing as I was about songwriting. But when I got to him there wasn't anybody around to demonstrate the songs, so I had to sing them myself. The next thing I knew Mr. Costa called Sam Clarke (president of ABC-Paramount) and they decided I should record four of my own songs!

"While we were getting the arrangements ready for the session," Paul continued, "Mr. Costa told me that he wanted to use one of the four songs for another artist who would be recording before I was, so this left me one song short. I had begun writing a new song just a few days before this happened and I mentioned this to Mr. Costa. It wasn't finished but he liked it and told me to complete it. The name of the song was 'Diana.'"

The rest, of course, is now recording history. "Diana" was an immediate success and Paul Anka was established as one of the new stars on the recording horizon. The disc sold over one million copies not only in the United States but in Canada, England, and Australia as well. *Four gold records!*

"You see this," Paul said suddenly. He removed a gold watch from his wrist. "I'm very proud of this watch. The face of the watch is in the shape of a gold record (symbol of a million seller) and on the back is the inscription 'Thanks (for) a million'—and it's signed Sam Clarke."

With Paul's success as a recording artist there came personal appearances on TV shows, including "The Ed Sullivan Show," and his first cross-country tour with a show called "The Biggest Show of '57" playing the leading cities—and some of the smaller ones too—throughout the United States and Canada. Paul told us a funny story about the windup of the trip.

"We had been playing one-nighters and the tour was to end up in a place called Moscow, Idaho. Fats Domino, LaVerne Baker, The Everly Brothers, The Crickets and Frankie Lymon were some of the talent in the troupe. During the trip, they good-naturedly kidded me—you gotta expect this when you're a kid and green at the business. But I was kind of surprised when after the last performance, I suddenly was surrounded by everyone in the company. 'Hey, what's up?' I asked. Nobody answered. The next thing I knew Fats was tearing off my shirt, a couple of guys—by this time I was too confused—picked me up and carried me over to a barrel of gook. 'What're you doin?' was all I could say. 'What are you tarrin' and featherin' me for?' It wasn't until I was just about covered that I realized—this was my initiation! After a first trip, everyone gets the business. Later, Frankie Lymon laughingly told me that he'd been thrown into a bathtub full of ice water after his first tour. . . .

"After this tour I was invited to perform in England and Scotland.

"In Glasgow just before I went on, 1,000 kids in the audience got up and started chanting my name. I had been feeling kind of lonely—being so far from home—but when I heard them calling my name it really made me feel great. You know, I think it was one of the greatest things that ever happened to me."

After England and Scotland came tours of Australia and Hawaii and back to the United States for more recordings and more appearances.

Paul spoke with a great deal of pleasure in describing the reactions of the audiences Down Under.

"The Australian audiences are among the best in the world," Paul said, "especially the young people."

Back in the United States, Paul's next release turned out to be another big favorite. "You Are My Destiny" has been collecting coins in all the jukeboxes and sales across the record counters all over the country are so good that it looks like this one, too, could pass that golden million mark. And Paul wrote it! (More royalty checks to worry about!)

Just recently Paul chalked up another first for himself. He finished making his first movie with Julius La Rosa and such other outstanding recording artists as Danny and the Juniors, Della Reese and Roy Hamilton. "The movie was shot in New York," Paul explained. "It's called 'Let's Rock.'" The song Paul sings is a little ditty entitled "I'm Still Waiting Here for You" and, of course, this will be his next release for ABC-Paramount.

What does Paul do when he isn't performing or writing songs?

"Well, I love to swim, for one thing. That's my favorite form of exercise and relaxation. I used to play hockey back home in Ottawa, and the other kids always wanted me to be goalie. But after getting hit a couple of times in the face by the puck, I decided to give that up. I'm a good ice skater and enjoy that very much, but then, everyone in Canada is a pretty good skater. I just bought a new car, but I guess I won't get to drive it for a while—not till I get back from my next tour in Europe.

"It's not a sports car. A Plymouth. I didn't want to get a sports car. I don't think I'm the sports-car type."

How about the folks back home—his family and friends—how did they feel about his quick success?

"My father owns a restaurant in Ottawa (It is, incidentally, in case you're ever in Ottawa, called 'The Locanda') and business has been very good lately," Paul said. "When people ask about me, this pleases my father very much. But one of my uncles, who is a lawyer, was very funny about the whole thing. The last time I was home he said he didn't mind people stopping him on the street to ask about me and he didn't mind his clients discussing my records with him, but he did resent the fact that they were taking up so much extra time that he was getting home every night to dinner later and later."

Paul has a younger sister who is just fourteen "but she doesn't care much for this kind of thing." However, his younger brother, age eight, "is a real ham" and "he'll perform at the drop of a hat," Paul laughed.

Paul was asked if he had a special girl back home or if he's met anyone he's particularly interested in. He smiled, "There's plenty of time before I start thinking about getting serious with any girl . . . although I do have some favorites, like Natalie Wood and Debbie Reynolds. And that French girl—what's her name? Brigitte Bardot?"

(Well, he's got good taste, anyway.)

Is there anything he wants to do? Any special goal he's aiming for? Any particular ambition he hopes to realize?

"If I can continue to make records that will please the public, if I can continue to be a part of this new and wonderful business I'm learning, I think that will make me happy for a while. Don't think I don't know what a lucky guy I am to have had all of this happen so fast—to be able to see and do what I've done in just one year—so don't believe that rumor about my wanting to retire by the time I'm eighteen—I just want to keep going for a long time to come!" THE END

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. . . LANA TURNER'S SHAME

Continued from page 44

of this murder." He was quickly dismissed.

Clinton H. Anderson, Chief of Police of Los Angeles County, testified: "The first person I talked to after a briefing with officers was Miss Turner. She was quite hysterical and weeping and she said, 'Can't I take the blame for the horrible thing?' I said, 'No, unless you have committed the act and we will find out all of the facts, so you might as well start off with the premise that we are to learn all of the facts . . .'" He went on to recount how Lana had told him that Cheryl had rushed in to defend her when Stompanato had threatened her with bodily harm, and threatened to kill her.

That left Lana. The star witness, in a courtroom scene that for sheer tragic drama far surpassed any of the many she had played in her twenty years as a top star of the screen. Even as she played this, her greatest scene, with her daughter's future and freedom at stake, she was being seen all over the country as the mother of a teenage daughter in "Peyton Place," playing another courtroom scene in a role that had marked the highest peak of her career—a nomination for the Academy Award.

She faced a battery of radio and TV microphones, cameras and newsmen—and, directly opposite, sober and pale, Cheryl's father, her second husband, Stephen Crane. She began to speak in a clear, though halting voice. But as the sixty-two minute ordeal went on, tears coursed down her grief-stricken face unrestrained. Her dainty white handkerchief was soon soaked, and she sat, twisting it helplessly in her hands. When she came to the moment of the fatal stabbing she almost collapsed, then rallied.

The next day, newspapers from coast to coast carried full accounts of her testimony under screaming headlines. They did not tell the real story—the story hidden behind Lana's words.

Early on that terrible day, Lana told how she and Johnny returned to her house, where two friends were waiting for her. "My friends asked me if I would be able to perhaps have dinner with them, and I said no, I didn't think so, because it was very late notice and my maid does not live in, and if I was going to go out I would have to arrange with my mother so that she could either come to the house or my daughter could go to her, because she's never been left alone . . . So Mr. Stompanato was upset that I had even considered the idea . . ."

"She's never been left alone" . . . No, Cheryl had not been left alone. She had been turned over to grandmother, or a nurse, or a governess, or an exclusive girls' school whenever her mother was working, or getting married, or engaged with some current romance, or merely living it up at some pleasure resort. Could Lana honestly believe that her daughter had never been left alone? Could she think—had she ever thought—that the mere physical presence of someone to watch over Cheryl was enough to prevent the psychological ravages of loneliness in a young girl's life?

And all the more appalling is the thought of a girl who, at fourteen, is kept under constant vigilance. What other normal teenage girl at that age could not be left to spend an evening alone at home? But then, what normal teenage girl would be subject to the threats and dangers of a wealthy movie star's child?

Poor Cheryl. Poor little rich girl, spending her Easter vacation, dressed in a robe and slippers that cost any other girl a year's clothing allowance, curled up in an expensive chair in an expensively furnished room in an expensive mansion (rented last Tuesday), watching her own TV set. Poor, lonely Cheryl.

How did she come there? To understand that, you have to go back—far back—many years ago, to a little girl named Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner.

She was born in Wallace, Idaho, on February 8, 1920. Her family history is vague, and lowly. Her mother, Mildred, was an ex-hairdresser. Her father, Virgil, was reputed—at least in the minds of fanciful press agents—to be a smalltime vaudevillian. Be that as it may, he was a man of wit and gaiety and his small daughter loved him dearly. And she, his only child, was the apple of his eye.

When Virgil Turner's ne'er-do-well existence as an itinerant miner took him and his family to San Francisco, he prospered briefly. Then one pay day he stopped off, as was his wont, to increase the family fortunes in a hot crap game. The next morning, his body, with his coat pulled over the face, was found propped against a wall in an alley. His left shoe was missing. That was the shoe where he kept his pay.

Since the age of ten, his daughter has lived with that terrible memory of the one man she loved torn away from her forever in cruel violence. And the searing memories of the years that followed.

The day when her mother, struggling to make a living for them on a pittance as a hairdresser, took her to a family in Modesto who promised to give her a good



home. The days of horror that followed, when she was forced to become a slavey to the household, scrubbing floors, preparing meals and washing clothes until she was ready to drop, beaten until she bled for the slightest mistake. "I was a Cinderella," she said years later, "but without any hope of a magic pumpkin."

Then, at last, her mother came, took one look at the welts on her body, and whisked her back to San Francisco. But it was only the beginning of another kind of hardship—spending long hours alone while her mother worked, for ten dollars a week, going for days without food because there was no money to buy it.

To her, the security of money, food, clothing was more than enough. The pleasant, commonplace companionship of anybody—any human being—a treat.

So that, when she had a daughter, and was able to give her all those things, she *thought* it was sufficient. Constant care by capable, kindly people, mink coats at the age of six, delicate, handmade dresses, birthday parties catered by the most famous restaurateurs, with a complete show of clowns and animals to entertain—Cheryl had them all. All the things her mother never had.

She was never left alone . . . what a picture of panic is here! The panic of a mother who, from the age of ten, had never forgotten the terror of loneliness.

But, she had never been able to escape from it. Why?

At some time after eight o'clock, John Stompanato returned to Lana Turner's home . . . "Mr. Stompanato . . . was very, very violent, and I went upstairs, and he was right behind me, and I walked into my daughter's room, and she was watching TV, and Mr. Stompanato was behind me all the time . . . The threats weren't then, but the language was bad, swearing, and I turned to Mr. Stompanato . . . About that time I happened to glance at the TV and I remembered that it was the Phil Silvers show, and I had been out of the country for a number of months working and I had not seen TV, so I was hoping that I would be able to watch it for a moment . . ."

To think of watching a TV comedy show when a man, an outsider, has walked into her daughter's room, using language not fit for her ears to hear! How could she?

She could, because, when she was only fifteen, she went to the unreal world of Hollywood—and from then on knew only that.

She had moved to Los Angeles with her mother just a few months earlier. Her mother had a lung condition, and hoped the climate would help. She went to Hollywood High, but she didn't care for it much, and wasn't a good student. Like most of the other youngsters, she was movie-crazy, and she often cut classes to see a show.

On one particular day, she cut an eleven o'clock typing class. She didn't like typing. And she went to a drugstore opposite the school, at Highland and Sunset, and ordered a drink which has since gone down in history variously as a chocolate soda or a strawberry malt. Actually, it was a Coke, and, she later candidly confessed, "a cigarette."

When the well-dressed man with the thin black mustache walked over and asked her, "Would you like to be in pictures?" she eyed him coldly. She knew *that* line. But it turned out that he was Billy Wilkerson, prominent publisher of a movie trade paper. He was on the level. And Lana was on her way to stardom. Wilkerson introduced her to agent Zeppo Marx, the businessman among the Marx Brothers, who took her to director Mervyn LeRoy. LeRoy was looking for a sexy, unknown teenager for a part in "They Won't Forget." He took one look at her and signed her to a personal contract. She chose the name Lana herself—"Nobody had ever heard of it, but I liked the sound." Movie audiences took one look at her in the film, walking down a street in a clinging sweater, and never got over it.

Neither did Lana. At the preview, when she heard the gasps, she cringed, and when the picture ended, fled from the theater without speaking to anyone. Ever after, she was overly self-conscious about her figure, and, Sweater Girl or not, avoided that knitted garment like the plague. In later years, she always stoutly maintained, "I don't dress to please men, or women, either. I dress to please myself."

Lana was plunged into the headlines of stardom, at an age when she was hardly more than a child. Greedily, heedlessly, as any uneducated girl from her drab background would, she grasped eagerly at all the things that had been denied her, like a child let loose in a candy shop—a swank apartment for her and her mother, a car, fire-engine red, furs, jewels, clothes, perfumes. She went nightclubbing every night with a different escort—dancing, laughing, clapping her hands in glee at the entertainers.

And all her life, these pleasures were to become for her the one real thing, the welcome escape from the confusion of being a sex symbol that she did not understand, and the bewildering longings and loneliness that haunted her ever since her father was killed. And so, years later, she ran away from the ugliness of the scene with Stompanato with a foolish, feeble attempt to watch TV . . .

She went downstairs, and back upstairs to her bedroom while he followed, quarreling violently all the while. "All I kept saying was, 'There's no use discussing it any further,' that 'I can't go on like this, and I want you to leave me alone.'"

Men, so many men, had come and gone in her life. Sometimes they left her, sometimes she spurned them, but always, they left. "Men are playthings to Lana Turner," a critic once said. "Each man is like a new doll, to be tired of and discarded just as quickly."

It wasn't always true. It wasn't true when, as a giddy starlet, she fell in love with mature, sophisticated lawyer Greg Bautzer. It was no secret that Lana wanted to marry him, but something went wrong. The same "Something" that was to plague her through all her men and all her marriages.

Pampered by a doting studio, she had already become a girl who got whatever she wanted, did whatever she wanted. Her mother soon lost what little discipline she had been able to wield over her reckless, headstrong daughter, who shrewdly realized that, no matter what hot water her escapades got her into, the studio would always rush to cover up and defend her. It was a matter of simple arithmetic—she was worth millions, and they had to protect their investment.

Nobody thought about protecting Lana from a power as dangerous as putting matches into the hands of a six-year-old. Nobody thought about the terrible price it would certainly cost her . . .

When Bautzer suggested certain concessions, such as giving up her career in favor of marriage, she turned a deaf ear. She could always have her cake and eat it, too. But she was badly hurt when Bautzer backed out.

On the rebound, she eloped to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw, for whom only a few weeks before she had expressed actual dislike, after a date during which he gave her a lengthy recital of his needs, his fears, his frustrations, and his longing for a home and the love of a good woman. Said nineteen-year-old Lana, "Let's go."

Artie gave her lectures on wifely deportment, thick books to improve her mind, and his dirty shirts to wash. Four months later, she was posing sweetly with Artie when a reporter asked if it was true that they were divorcing. "Yes," said Lana suddenly. "We are." With that, she disengaged Artie's arms and sped away in her car—remembering to call him back to tell him about the suits at the cleaner's and fixing the lock on the bathroom door. A typical Turner gesture. No matter how mixed-up her emotions, she can shove them aside and go about the details of working and living with well-ordered efficiency. This may be another form of escape from bigger problems, but her friends and doctors believe that it is a strength that has saved her from many a crackup—and may save her now.

After Artie, there was Tony Martin. Tommy Dorsey. Other musicians, other men, some famous, some not. For a while, it looked as if she was going to capture Howard Hughes. Lana thought so—even went so far as to have her linen embroidered with an "H" and prepare for a wedding. But Hughes suddenly found himself engaged in urgent business matters. And never came back.

"Welcome back," said the judge in Las Vegas, when, out of the blue, she appeared to marry a young broker, Stephen Crane. She had known him for some time, but the wedding was a complete surprise.

Probably, in Crane, far less wealthy and famous than her other suitors, she saw security. What she got was anything but.

Shortly after they had settled down in Crane's apartment, Lana announced jubilantly that she was expecting. Shortly after that, it developed that she was not legally married, because Mr. Crane, who had miscalculated, was still married to his former wife. Lana got an annulment. When Crane's divorce became final, he begged her to remarry him. She refused. In despair, he tried to drive his car off a cliff, then took an overdose of sleeping tablets. A weeping Lana collapsed at his bedside and was hospitalized. Such was the start in life of little Cheryl Crane.

For the sake of the coming child, Lana and Steve remarried, but Lana divorced him four months after she was born, asking custody. Crane countered with a suit of his own, and a bitter custody fight followed, with Lana emerging the winner.

Turhan Bey (with whom Crane had a slugfest at a party over a ring he had given Lana) was next. Followed by many others. Then Tyrone Power. She threw a magnificent farewell party for Ty when he went to Europe—and into the arms of Linda Christian. It was a blow that hurt Lana much more than she ever pretended.

Off and on, between beaux and location trips, she smothered little Cheryl with attention and affection. She was conscientious about being a "good" mother—at least, as she could see it. But often as she said, "I'll never marry again," she could not stifle the hunger in her heart. The need, all-consuming, for the love she never had. And didn't know how to give. She showered her man-of-the-moment with expensive gifts—gold cigarette lighters with endearing inscriptions, gold cuff links. But she never knew how to give of herself, because the appalling fact is that she never had a chance to learn what that kind of giving meant.

When she wed millionaire Henry J. (Bob) Topping in 1948, it was with a pathetic effort to have a "real" wedding and a "real" marriage. But the fabulous ceremony, complete with a cake and gallons of champagne and Cheryl as flower

girl, was turned into a carnival, with crowds trampling the lawns.

She made two heart-breaking attempts to have a baby, although she has an RH blood factor that makes bearing children difficult and dangerous. A miscarriage of the first child almost cost her life. When the second was tragically lost after a fall down a flight of steps, her hopes were blasted. In 1952, she was divorced from Topping, left with only a mortgaged mansion.

In a feverish romance with fiery Fernando Lamas, she tried to forget, but it ended in a brawl at a Hollywood party—Fernando walking out on her and turning to Arlene Dahl; Lana turning to Arlene's ex, Lex Barker.

They were married in Italy in 1953. Again, Lana tried to save the marriage by having a baby, but suffered a third miscarriage.

Through it all, little Cheryl was growing up fast. She had to. "My little Mommy," she called Lana, protectively.

But inside, she was hurt and disturbed. "My mother and father fight all the time," she confessed to Miguel Acosta, the kindly man who found her wandering in Skid Row a year ago because she "hated school" and turned her over to the police. Lana's solution was another school for Cheryl—and a divorce from Lex.

"I think men are exciting," Lana said recently. "The gal who denies that men are exciting is either a lady with no red corpuscles, or a saint." Johnny Stompanato called her up. She found him exciting.

Friends warned her, but how could she listen? The men she loved had always left her; those she didn't, she had left. Why would this be different?

It was horribly different . . . "I was walking toward the bedroom door and he was right behind me, and I opened it, and my daughter came in, and I swear it was so fast I truthfully thought she had hit him in the stomach . . ."

For Johnny Stompanato, it ended near her bed, on a pink carpet.

For Cheryl, it ended with a verdict of justifiable homicide, and the protection of the court, which placed her in two months' temporary custody of her grandmother, Mildred Turner.

For Lana, it has not ended. Her career was not damaged, apparently. Her first independent production for her own company, "Another Time, Another Place," was immediately booked into 800 theaters, and will net her a fortune. Producers have stated that they would not hesitate to use her, and Jerry Wald is seeking her for "The Sound and The Fury."

But—she, Cheryl and Steve Crane have been slapped with a $750,000 suit on behalf of Stompanato's son. Johnny's relatives charge that the whole story has not been told, and ask why, if Stompanato was struck in the stomach, he landed on his back?

She and her lawyer, Jerry Giesler, have received mysterious phone threats, alarming enough to call for twenty-four-hour police protection.

Worst of all is the fear that she will lose her daughter. Cheryl was reported to have told a psychiatrist, "I love both my parents, but I would prefer to live with my father," as lawyers on both sides prepared for battle. But Karl Holt, director of the County Probation Dept. said, "She thought perhaps she would not be allowed to go back to her mother," and that being in the middle had "upset her completely."

No, Lana Turner's troubles haven't ended. They have just begun.

But is she guilty? Or is she the victim of a life she never sought? Here are the facts. Judge for yourself. THE END



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"MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED"

Continued from page 56

you've finished reading our graduates' thumbnail sketches on pages 57-58. Then, if you're curious to know what *they* think it takes to be the most likely to succeed, read on and find out what they had to say when we asked them.

BEST-LOOKING: "Being the best-looking doesn't necessarily mean being the most beautiful," said Earl Holliman. "To me, beauty is a lot more than facial perfection. It's whether a gal's hair is brushed until it's shiny and whether she looks as neat as the girl in the fashion magazine. I couldn't care less if she has freckles, or if one or two features aren't quite ideal. These imperfections make her all the more interesting to me."

To Dennis Hopper, best-looking has a very different meaning: "I like a girl to be attractive, but then what is attractive, except in the eyes of the beholder? I want a girl to have a participating interest in life, such as acting or writing—something other than just being female." And vitality in life is certainly reflected in one's looks.

Surprisingly, most of our male panel agreed: Being best-looking—or just good-looking—comes as a result of health, with an emphasis on good diet and a de-emphasis on the "empty" non-health-giving calories. Good-looking is being neat, pleasant and fun—and wearing a smile. Don't forget that.

BEST-DRESSED: Must a girl or boy dress expensively to be considered well-dressed? When we asked our most-likely-to-succeeders, their answers were emphatically no. First and most important qualification, all agreed, was simplicity and neatness with a de-emphasis on jewelry for girls and sharp accessories for boys. But every rule has exceptions, and sometimes a sharp fashion fad can catch a boy's eye—so use your best judgment.

Sandra Dee, a smart dresser from 'way back to her modeling days, told us, "I think it's smarter for a girl to have two or three outfits she loves and knows look well on her, than a closetful of clothes that she rarely wears."

Is it necessary to be in high fashion to be well dressed? Some panelists said yes; others felt a simple, separates look more appropriate for teenagers. But on one point, they all agreed. To be well-dressed, one must watch the basic grooming musts: shoes in good repair and stockings straight and neat, clothes crisp and laundered, and —since a hasty, overdone makeup job can ruin the whole effect—makeup soft and natural-looking.

BEST DANCER: Our panel agreed that to have fun and be popular, it's not absolutely necessary to be the *best* dancer in your group, but it's certainly important to know how, and to be willing to try new steps.

"Before a big dance, invite your date over and have a practice session, if either of you is not sure of the latest steps," suggests Molly Bee. "You'll be surprised how this will improve your sense of rhythm."

"And boost your confidence," added Barry Coe.

WITTIEST: Unfortunately, we weren't all blessed with a keen sense of humor, and although everyone would like to have that envious knack of cracking just the apropos comeback at the opportune moment, more often than not, most of us think of it hours later—if at all. So, warns songstress Connie Francis, and the others agreed, "Don't try to be the live wire of the crowd if it's just not your nature. You'll probably make everyone else feel uncomfortable, because the jokes just won't come out right. You'll put people at ease much more readily if you're just yourself."

"Of course, sense of humor also means being a good listener and appreciative audience for others," added Dean Stockwell, "and this we can all be." No one disagreed.

BEST ATHLETE: You don't have to be the best athlete, but it's pretty much agreed that concentrating on one or two sports and, becoming adept at them, is one sure way of getting a lot of fun out of life. If you have an eye on a boy who's buggy over tennis like Bob Evans, or skiing like Barry Coe, learn, too. Take some lessons, and you'll immediately have something in common with your man of the hour. The next time he stops to chat with you, casually mention your tennis lessons. Two to one, within a few weeks he'll be giving you the lessons, with after-hour dates as a bonus. Then, even if the score's just "love," who's complaining?

LONE WOLF OR WOLFESS: Once upon a time it was fashionable to be like a sheep and move, dress, think and act like the crowd. Not today, with most of Hollywood's young set, and probably your own, too. "Loners" like Dean Stockwell, Tony Perkins, Venetia Stevenson, Sandra Dee, Bob Evans, and Dennis Hopper have such definite viewpoints and so many diverse interests that they'd rather go it alone more often—or at least as often—as run with the crowd. More important, they are not afraid to be individuals and prefer not to waste energy trying to conform.

Venetia, for example, talking about her good friend, Tony Perkins, says, "Writers make much of the 'odd' way Tony dresses. He almost always wears tennis shoes. He wears them because they're comfortable. Is this 'odd'? I think his is a marvelous talent and I think part of the reason is because he doesn't conform."

Natalie Trundy, on the other hand, voiced the opinion that too many teenagers go out of their way to be different just for the sake of being different. "So many young people I know feel they have to rebel in order to prove they're grown up," she said, "and that's sort of foolish. So many people my age say they can't wait till they're twenty so they can move away from home and get an apartment of their own. Right now, I can't see it. I like my family, and I like being with them."

Dolores Hart tells of an interesting experience she had in high school. It taught her the importance of standing on her own:

"When I was in high school, I noticed that everyone was inclined to play 'Follow the Leader,'" she says. "One or two girls with strong personalities would decide to dress a certain way—and that was it. Everyone in the class would figure that *that* was the way to look that term. It took me a long time to learn that I'd be happier if I'd develop my own personality and do the things I really *wanted* to do, instead of what someone else thought I *ought* to do. It was a hard lesson to learn."

BEST MIXER: On the other hand, our graduates agreed, a boy or girl should not go out of his or her way to avoid meeting new people and gaining new experiences. "Find friends who have the same interests you do," suggests James MacArthur, "and then share those interests." If you can't find someone who enjoys archaeology, then pursue this by yourself. You'll find people who'll find your conversation different and interesting."

Part of being a good mixer is being able to put others at ease as Molly Bee does. Basically, Molly's quite shy, but she's honest and sincere. "Such a friendly honesty and sincere interest that you can forget yourself and find yourself seriously explaining to someone at a party where he can buy an oversized sweater like the one you're wearing!" laughs Susan Oliver in agreement. And Susan's social calendar's as full as a summer garden to show for it.

Being a good mixer often comes with growing up and acquiring more poise (although stars like Rick Nelson and Connie Francis seem to have always had it). Dolores Hart and Bob Evans make it a point never to forget a name, a wonderful social asset (and you can bone up on this, too). And, girls, it's a good idea to extend your hand to a boy or girl when introduced. "A warm way to greet someone," agrees Bob.

You can train yourself in conversation-openers, too. Start a chat on records, books, food, sports, clothes with an emphasis on what the other person likes, and you'll be surprised how quickly he'll take it from there. "The good mixer plays herself down and the other person up," says Leslie Nielsen. And we think Leslie hit the nail right on the head, for this is the very magnet which sparks the other person's interest in her.

BRAINIEST: You can be the brainiest in the class (with books), the brainiest out of classes (with hobbies and other interests) or the brainiest with people. It's easy to be a brain, and a brain has lots more fun than a non-brain. He gets a great kick out of life. A brain like Tony Perkins can make just going for a walk on a spring day "a big important trip, because he is so curious about—well, almost everything. And as a result, he sees so much," says Venetia Stevenson. Being the brainiest doesn't only mean pulling straight A's for the honor roll or dean's list. It means imagination, it means sharing your date's new-found interest in art or music or religion or history or psychology (like Venetia or Dennis Hopper, who are bugs on it). It means being interested. And it means being interesting to others.

PEPPIEST AND SHIEST: Whether you're bouncing with untold reserves of energy—physical or verbal—or feel a bit more timid and retiring was determined many, many years before you were born, genealogists tell us. And therefore, whether we're innately the gregarious, outgoing type (like Susan Oliver, Yvonne Lime and Molly Bee) or the quieter one (like Leslie Nielsen, Will Hutchins, Sandra Dee, Inger Stevens or Bob Ivers) is pretty much out of our control. But what *isn't* out of our control is what we make of these qualities.

Being imbued with practically no inhibitions can be delightful—if not carried too far. "I don't like to be bowled over by a peppy girl," says Barry Coe. "Too many girls are out to impress with an overpowering personality. Whether the subject of conversation is sports or books, they're always one up with a better, funnier or more impressive story to tell. I'd much rather discover what makes a girl tick than to have her tell *me* everything."

On the other hand, being enthusiastic and peppy can be a wonderful social asset if it's really you. Everyone loves the warm, outgoing fun-loving boy or girl who mixes well and appreciates others, like Susan Oliver or Earl Holliman.

Shyness, at the same time, can be an asset or a liability, depending on how it is handled. If a girl is inhibited to the point of making others exhausted trying to draw her out, she must realize she's probably thinking of herself too much and too hard. Sandra Dee, for example, is a bit timid with people—but only until the right conversation opener is made.

If like Sandra, Yvonne Craig and Luana Patten, your shyness means you're naturally quiet but really have something worthwhile and interesting to say when you do say it—if it means you're retiring but still pleasant and good company—hold on, girl, you're just what most boys are looking for!

BEST ACTOR/SINGER: We've picked the twenty-four young personalities pictured on pages 57 and 58 because as a result of what they have achieved in their roles during the past year, plus your letters and interest, we feel they are among the most promising actors in Hollywood. So watch them. We think they're the stars most likely to succeed.

"But everyone can be a good actor," grins handsome Will Hutchins. "Take it on the chin if your date shows up a little bit late; be a good sport even if you feel slightly ruffled, instead of making with the snide comments." If you're wearing a dress you've had for ages on a date, and you receive a compliment, smile and say "Thank you" in a friendly way, even though you may feel more like saying, "This old thing? It's five years old!" A polite and warm "thank you," incidentally is worth its weight in more gold than a five-minute explanation. THE END

MOLLY BEE'S IN COLUMBIA'S "GOING STEADY"; BARRY COE IN 20TH'S "THE BRAVADOS"; YVONNE CRAIG, DENNIS HOPPER AND PAT WAYNE IN BUENA VISTA'S "THE YOUNG LAND" (DENNIS IS ALSO IN 20TH'S "FROM HELL TO TEXAS"); SANDRA DEE IN M-G-M'S "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE"; BOB EVANS IN 20TH'S "THE HELL BENT KID"; ROBERT IVERS IN PARAMOUNT'S "I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE"; YVONNE LIME IN NICHOLSON-ARKOFF'S "HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS." CONNIE FRANCIS' NEWEST RECORD IS M-G-M'S "I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY," AND RICK NELSON'S, "BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAY," FOR IMPERIAL. SEE DOLORES HART IN PARAMOUNT'S "KING CREOLE"; EARL HOLLIMAN IN PARAMOUNT'S "HOT SPELL." WILL HUTCHINS STARS IN ABC-TV'S "SUGARFOOT." SEE CAROL LYNLEY AND JIM MACARTHUR IN BUENA VISTA'S "THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST"; LESLIE NIELSEN IN M-G-M'S "THE SHEEPMAN"; LUANA PATTEN IN U-I'S "THE WONDERFUL YEARS"; TONY PERKINS IN COLUMBIA'S "THIS ANGRY AGE"; INGER STEVENS IN M-G-M'S "CRY TERROR"; VENETIA STEVENSON IN WARNERS' "ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN."

BLACKOUT

Continued from page 37

words, that has development. I realize that's what I must try to do. Hard as it is, it's the only way.

There's a poster in my bedroom from the stage play "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," by Tennessee Williams. The illustration of the girl in the poster vividly depicts this black mood I'm talking about. From the way her head hangs as she's leaning against the bed in the picture, you can sense the trouble and torment she is suffering. She's lost and disturbed, in the depths of despair. I keep that poster as a reminder that when you're on the bottom, the only way you can go is up. Remember that. Because that's one important thing I learned from all my miserable months of anguish.

How did I get into such a state? Looking back, I realize that it must have been building up for a long time, and the roots went deep. But when the big blowup came, it was set off by a simple thing, the way a fuse, harmless in itself, can set off a keg of dynamite. In my case, it was the ordinary, routine matter of choosing the movie roles I was to play.

Now I'm not saying every actor should have the right to choose his scripts. Lots of times actors might not be able to visualize themselves in certain roles, and, as a result, miss out completely on developing their careers. For instance, if Tony Perkins hadn't been asked to do

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"The Matchmaker" he might have missed out on revealing his comedy talent.

But with me it was different. I was getting script after script that called for the same, easy-does-it kind of character, a nice and simple good-time Charley with an occasional dramatic moment thrown in.

I went along with it. I figured it was good training. I tried to learn all I could about cameras and film technique for actors. But like someone who's fed pablum all day long for months and months, it was getting nauseating.

Then, one day, it happened. I had enough. It was like having an upset stomach and feeling pain all over you, and you realize you've been unfair to yourself, that you have been on the wrong diet for a long time.

But there are good ways and bad ways of treating an upset stomach.

Maybe I took the bad way. I don't know. I haven't been able to decide that yet. At any rate, I rebelled!

I've been trying to figure it out, and I can't pin down exactly what it was that made me yell out like that.

Being a child of divorce, I wonder if this had anything to do with my rebellious outbreak. It's possible. As a child, I felt that life had short-changed me. My father deserted us when I was two, and my mother had to work very hard to support my brother Walt and me. Because of that, we moved around a lot and never had any steady friends. Mother had to put us in a military school part of the time, to be sure we were looked after properly. Lots of times we had to wait in a lonely apartment for Mother to come home—when the other kids were going off to baseball games with their dads. Maybe, when things started going badly with my career, I felt that life was giving me a raw deal again, and this was my way of lashing out at fate.

There was another aspect of it, too. I doubt if anybody remembers me in a picture called "Island of Desire"—I was that bad—but I'll never forget it! By a fluke of luck, I got the leading role in that picture—they were looking for an unknown, and brother, was I unknown! I was nineteen, and green as they come. The inevitable happened—instead of being my big break, it was a colossal flop. What really hurt was that it ruined my chances for a long time afterward. In a way, it was good, because when I finally got another good break in "Battle Cry" I was ready for it. But I think this experience made me all the more wary—and scary—because it taught me that the *right* part at the *right* time can make you—and the wrong part can finish you, but good.

Whatever the deep-rooted reasons, I was burning. My temper's a pretty hot one when I let go, and brother, I gave it free rein. I told my studio executives I was in agony playing those goody-goody roles. I wanted something challenging for a change, something that would give me a chance to act. Wouldn't they give me a break?

Well, I was offered "Darby's Rangers" which, for my money, after all the rah-rah roles I played, was as challenging as jumping off a one-foot ledge.

So, I took the stopper off again. I really let go with the temper this time. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was boiling inside and I blew my lid. I said if that was the kind of stuff I was going to play in the movies for the rest of my life, then to blazes with it all. I'm embarrassed now just thinking about it, but when something's been troubling you for a long while, you forget about shame and disgrace. Especially if you have a temper that's a lulu.

But that was wrong. I've learned that much, at least. It was completely wrong to blast out like that emotionally, to let myself go and say all kinds of things which I now regret. That's why we have minds to control our feelings. Otherwise, this would be one wild, wild world.

While I was rehearsing for the TV production of "Hans Brinker," I went to the theater one night to see Ralph Bellamy act in "Sunrise at Campobello," the Broadway hit play concerning President Roosevelt's crippling attack of infantile paralysis, which could have been the sunset of his career. Instead, being the great man he was, F. D. R. turned the crisis into a sunrise.

Now, those people, the Roosevelts, had a lot of times when they could have sounded off and let their tempers fly. But each time they showed tremendous control and understanding.

I'm not saying we're all able to do that. But we can certainly learn from these people. They offer us an example.

When I lost control with my big studio executives, I thought I was a pretty smart guy. I was going to run off and make records. Hah! The laugh was on me. The studio, I found out, controlled my recording contract, and although there was nothing in this world which prevented me from making records, they couldn't be released without the studio's permission.

Of course they were mad at me, the studio bigwigs, so they wouldn't give Dot Records the okay to release an album I recorded. I had had such a big hit with "Young Love" (it sold over two million discs), and the Dot people were anxious to follow it up with an album right away. But Warner Brothers said no dice.

Tough? You bet! But it was a punishment. And when you do something you know in your heart is wrong, you expect to pay for it. And I was paying.

Brother, I sat around for a long time. They suspended me. There was no money coming in for almost a year, and, believe me, that's depressing.

I composed a song during that lean period with an assist from Gwen Davis. When Photoplay printed it, it made me feel better. After that sales picked up, and Gwen and I were happy with the results.

Finally I filled in as a guest on Dinah Shore's TV show. Matter of fact, Dinah gave me confidence in myself during those dog days. She insisted I sing harmony with her on her Sunday night program, and I said "Nothing doing." But she was adamant. I told her most of my singing belonged in the bathtub, but she wasn't one to be put off. She said if I got nervous and forgot the harmony, she'd signal the orchestra to play the music louder, and no one would know I was off.

What a gal! She practiced with me and kept giving me the encouragement I needed during our rehearsal sessions.

That's what you need when you're down and out. Someone who believes in you, someone who won't allow you to stop believing in yourself. Dinah gave me that strength then. She kept pushing me and prodding me and telling me what a lot I had on the ball. And she made me feel so at ease with myself.

But, besides a human being who can give you encouragement, you have to have a belief in the workings of God. You have to believe that God is testing you, trying you out so that you'll become stronger as a spiritual person.

Everyone knows what a fast and frantic business film-making is. Everything has to be done in a hurry; otherwise the expenses keep mounting. I've always found, though, that if I take the time (sometimes I'll even go twice a day—once during lunch, once in the evening) to visit a church, I'm all the more content because of the peace that comes through me.

And during the preparations for "Hans Brinker," I took an apartment off Fifth Avenue in New York and there was a church literally around the corner (there always is—all you have to do is *look* for it!). We had plenty of trials and tribulations on that show. The costumes weren't ready until the last minute, and we hadn't ice-skated with them on. And there was enormous trouble getting the freezing apparatus to freeze the water for the ice-skating scenes.

When I was in the midst of all that hubbub and confusion, I went to church—even if it was only for fifteen minutes. I entered a world of calm, of quiet, and I could communicate on a spiritual level—which is the most rewarding of all.

And my faith was rewarded. I got my answer from God—not in some sudden revelation or dazzling miracle—but in the inner peace that came to me, and helped me, for the first time, to see my problems calmly and objectively.

First, I considered my suspension. Dinah was a help, yes, but, let's face it, she wasn't my studio. She couldn't press a magic button that made everything hunky-dory.

How was I going to start the ball rolling with *them*, with the studio executives? A friend of mine told me he had heard a studio vice president complain bitterly about me. The executive said I was the most ungrateful person they had ever worked with.

This upset me. Since the studio wouldn't budge an inch, I wouldn't budge. But you can't let things stay at a standstill forever. I weighed everything in my mind a hundred times—a look-at-yourself-now-you-fool sort of thing.

I looked at what I had done to myself, and I didn't like it. I was unemployed, unable to work because of my contract. I told myself I had been a jerk. I feel like a jerk even now when I think about it.

So I swallowed that mad thing we call pride. I wrote a letter to my studio bosses, apologizing for my past behavior and asking if I could see them for a few minutes. We arranged an appointment.

Only this time I didn't sound off like a blast furnace. I had learned *that* didn't pay off. I talked to them in a low voice about why I had been unhappy in the kind of roles I'd been playing, and I wished they'd give me some consideration for different scripts.

They listened. They, too, were very polite. We behaved like gentlemen. And not long afterward they asked me to play in "Gunman's Walk" for Columbia Pictures. I wanted to do it. It was my first loanout and a great part. Then they gave me permission to do "Portrait of a Murderer" on "Playhouse 90." Then, the biggest news of all came when they offered me the leading role in the film production of "Damn Yankees," the big Broadway musical hit.

So what did I learn from all that?

Patience. Clap a hand over your mouth when you want to shoot it off. Write a letter if you're good and mad, and put it away for a day or two; then read it and you'll see what a jackass you could have made of yourself.

You know, if we all learned to control our lousy tempers we'd be happier people. I'm convinced of this. Certainly there are times when a person has to sound off or else he'll burst. But let it out on the walls of your house or to the open countryside. Don't sound off to the people that matter to you because you're bound to regret it. And regret can eat away at your insides until it leaves you without any decent perspective.

THE END

PAT BOONE

Continued from page 72

"I'll tell you one thing," I answered in a loud, clear voice. "Your Sherlock Holmes is going to pass up both his club dates and cause an awful ruckus if you don't go to Europe with him!"

"You're joking," said my wife.

"I am not," I answered with dignity. That did it.

Twenty-four hours later, Shirl, I and my friend Don Henley (who took the pictures) were on a BOAC plane touching down at London airport. What happened next is just one great big unbelievable blur. Before we even registered at the dignified Dorchester Hotel, we "motored" (very English) out to Windsor Castle, a place set in acres and acres of well-manicured lawns and hedges. It put us in the perfect mood for dinner at the Society, the Royal box at the Palladium; a midnight ride through all the most famous Squares in London—and so to bed.

Five hours later we were up with the chirping wrens and off through a downpour to do some shopping—mostly for woolens and scarfs and raincoats. Very wise as we spent the rest of the afternoon outside seeing London Bridge, Buckingham Palace, Downing Street and Scotland Yard. ("Good thing you didn't wear your Inverness cape," said Don as we were going through the Yard, "They might put you on a case." Very funny.)

The Trocadero show was Saturday night and I whipped into the theater just a couple of minutes before curtain time. Wow! Those British fans are great.

Yesterday, after church services at Westminster Abbey and the Palladium's TV show, we flew to Paris, arriving at 4 a.m. What a city! The night life goes on till dawn when the lights wink out and the markets open again for business. At 4 a.m. We were too excited to sleep, so we went over to the Left Bank where teenagers were still whooping it up.

Today, we went shopping, managed to pick up some paintings, some fancy chocolate eggs and egg cups for the girls and some scarfs with Paris scenes on them. Shirley thinks Paris is artistic, romantic —in a word—the greatest. When we were leaning over the railing at the top of the Eiffel Tower, Paris spread out before us, she suddenly said, "This trip is the most wonderfully exciting thing we've ever done together. To think I almost missed it!"

After eating at the swank Lido, somebody urged, "You've got to see Versailles." So we said "sure," not realizing it meant a drive into the country. We both fell asleep on the way and they had to shake us awake when we got there as well as when we drove around to see Luxembourg Castle. Unforgettable sights—but we were just too bushed to totter out.

A little while ago we finished dinner at Maxim's—like it says in "The Merry Widow" ". . . the restaurant of my dreams. . . ." and now we're back at the George V. Shirl's in the other room putting a call through to home to tell the kids their folks are starting back and between throwing things into suitcases and writing this, I'm making plans for our next trip. We're going to Italy and Germany to see two very special people—Giuseppe, six, and Franz, nine, whom we've adopted through the Foster Parents Plan. It can't come too soon for me.

Somebody's at the door now—must be the porter for the bags. Goodbye Paris! Goodbye, Photoplay!

Best,
Pat

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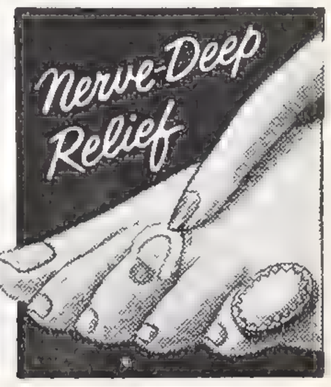
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I USED TO BE . . .

Continued from page 34

way of life. Multimillionaire Aly Khan, who is noted for his charm but not his dependability. And Mac Krim, her ever-present help in time of need, her best friend.

"Specifically, what about the men in your life?

"Have they helped, as well as hurt?" she was asked.

"Yes, in many ways," she answered hesitantly, drawing her gaze back from the sea. "Like helping me to grow up and understand what life is all about, like teaching me some of the male virtues of courage and forthrightness and being competitive in an all-competitive world.

"My father was one of them," she said. "He is a gentle, quiet man with definite personal convictions and beliefs. He taught me the immense importance of strong family ties and family unity. When I was a little girl, he used to tell my sister and me the Aesop fables, each with its particular moral. One of his favorites was 'The Four Oxen and the Lion,' and I like it, too, because it was all about courage in the face of danger. He always stressed the moral here, which was United we stand, Divided we fall. 'That's the way it is with us,' Father said. 'Whenever you have troubles bring them here, into the family. We will help you. Together we can meet any problem, big or small. Always remember that.'

"Another thing I learned from my father was to love nature and animals. He used to take me for long walks in the woods and tell me wonderful stories about all the creatures there and how they grew up and lived. And also why. One day we were walking together and I kicked at a clod of earth and there was a big, fat earthworm wriggling indignantly because I had disturbed it. I lifted my foot to step on it, but Father stopped me. Then he explained how worms aerate the soil and open up passages for irrigation. He said this is of vast importance to all kinds of agriculture. 'All of God's creatures are good, honey,' Father said. 'And all of them are to be loved.' And so I learned a basic fact. That everything in this world has a special job, even an earthworm."

Kim walked across the room, moving lithely, sleekly, like a mannequin. She sat down, curling one foot around the chair leg. She leaned her chin on the knuckles of one hand and smiled.

She thought for a moment. "Then, there was a boy in school," she said. "His name was Ted. The teacher assigned him to help me with my handwriting and my math. We stayed after school together nearly every day. On Saturdays when I worked at the dime store he came to see me and stayed to buy phonograph records. We were together a lot—too much, my mother said—and I guess we had a crush on each other. I don't think my math or handwriting improved very much during those months, but I did learn an important lesson from Ted: Prayer and a pious spirit are not a sign of weakness but of strength.

"You see, I had grown up in the Catholic Church. I had studied all the religious tenets, but I didn't understand them very well. I was a little confused and so I sort of lost interest and drifted away. And then I met Ted and he brought me back again. Not by preaching or urging me. Just by setting an example and living it and believing it.

"Ted was a very strong boy. Strong in body—he was an excellent athlete—and strong in principle. He was quite religious and went to church every day. And after a while I began going, too. At first I must admit that I went just to be there with Ted. But then, in time I began to feel about it just as he did. He showed me that a strong man need not be ashamed of prayer, for this is not a confession of weakness but only a privileged communion with God.

"Some people were kind. Some weren't," she continued. "Hollywood is a pretty big place, you know. Some of it looks like a small town, but I guess you could say it's a metropolis. So I did meet some phonies. And some wolves too, the way any girl does. But most everyone was nice to me, and friendly. One night I took a cab to a business appointment and asked the driver to wait. When I got back, he handed me a gardenia corsage. There was a florist nearby and he had walked over there and bought it.

"'What's this for?' I asked him in surprise.

"'No special reason,' he said, grinning at me. 'I just wanted you to have it.'"

Kim sipped her tea drink. "I met lots of people like that. People who were kind and helpful. Just good human beings.

"Take my agent, Louis Shurr, for example. You've heard that long and untrue story about how he was supposed to pluck me off my bicycle on a Beverly Hills riding path, and I won't bore you with any more about that. But I would like to mention one piece of good advice he gave me. One time I asked him about a gown I was planning to wear to a premiere, whether it was too low cut.

"'Kim,' he said, 'in this town only one thing is important. That's talent. When you have it, you can wear a burlap sack and get away with it. But when you don't have it, going to a premiere like Lady Godiva on a white horse wouldn't help you to get a job. So just concentrate on improving your acting talent, and don't worry about anything else.'

"And since I learned that lesson, I've been able to save a lot of energy by not fretting over unimportant trifles.

"But of course that's only part of the story," she went on. "It's one thing to discover that talent is the main ingredient, but it's something else to be sure that you have it. I needed lots of self-confidence, but it just wasn't there at first. All I could feel was complete inadequacy. Then Max Arnow at the studio helped me with this. Here was a man who had handled some of the greatest star talents in Hollywood, and he had confidence in me. Me! Marilyn Novak from Chicago! He believed in me implicitly! 'Take my word for it,' Max told me, 'you've got the spark. It's there! Now just work on it.' And that meant everything to me. It didn't produce an immediate miracle, but it certainly did a lot for my morale.

"Benno Schneider taught me the fundamentals of dramatic action and reaction. 'Acting is not putting on an act,' he drilled into me. 'It is bringing out, on cue, the emotions that lie within you.' That was a basic fact I had to learn.

"From Dick Quine, who directed my first picture, 'Pushover,' I had my early lessons in theatrical timing. Dick also convinced me that an actress must not become too self-sufficient. She must be willing to accept help from others when they are capable of giving it.

"On this same picture," Kim said, "Fred MacMurray was an object lesson in how to avoid stress. He was so carefree and relaxed. This had a definite influence on me. I think he did it deliberately. Fred is such a kind, considerate, thoughtful, intelligent man. He could see that I was very tense. And I believe he set the opposite example in a deliberate effort to give me a helping hand. He was wonderful."

She gave a short laugh. "I was petrified making these first pictures! The whole thing was just too fantastic. It was like walking through the Looking Glass or a trip to the moon. I couldn't get it through my head that I was really being starred in movies opposite fine actors like Frank Sinatra, Tyrone Power and Bill Holden. I kept waiting for the time when I'd wake up and stop dreaming. I kept looking over my shoulder for the man who would tap me on the arm and say, 'The joke's over, girl. Now you can pack up your bags and go home.'"

She brought one foot up, clasping her arms around her knee. "Everything was pretty complex, at first," she said musingly. "Hollywood isn't a simple, straight-line proposition. It's a big mixed-up jungle of a place, and sometimes the sweetness and light gets pushed aside by the dog-eat-dog policy.

"On every movie set there are maybe a hundred people, and from them you constantly get a dozen different reactions. Some of them like you, and root for you and help you. And some of them resent you, and you know they're hoping you'll fall on your face. There are the blasé who have seen stars come and go, and the cynics who don't believe in anything. And there are quite a few who just have jobs and don't give much of a hoot one way or the other. So in the midst of all that you've just got to be scared, if you have any feelings at all.

"So it wasn't always fun and games," she said, looking out of the corner of her eye and smiling a little wryly. "Every time I did a scene I was scared right down to my toes. I could feel it tugging at the nerve ends across my shoulders. It was right there in the pit of my stomach until I thought I'd have to be sick. And was on some occasions.

"I never got over being scared. I learned to live with it. I grew up a little and began to know my trade. I found out that acting is a craft as well as an art. And I had some help . . . especially from my directors and other actors.

"Otto Preminger was an example. Before I went to work in 'The Man with the Golden Arm,' I had been warned about him. 'Otto's a very impatient man,' they said. 'Be careful of him. He'll be tough to work with.' And then I was even more scared.

"But I needn't have been. Otto was just the opposite of what had been said. He had great patience with me. We had flare-ups, yes, but he was good for me. I came to admire his daring and his sense of adventure. He was willing to experiment, take chances. And he taught me to have the courage of my own convictions. When our picture was finished I knew that I had moved a step ahead through my association with Otto. And after that I tried to learn something from everyone I worked with.

"But I never got over being scared," she went on. "For a long while I worried about this. It didn't seem right to me. Then I talked to some of our top actors and read about others. I learned that they all got that feeling at the pit of their stomachs before a performance, every last one of them. And I recalled the remark of James Cagney as he watched a couple of newcomers on the set: 'They don't have sense enough to be scared. Because they just don't realize how tough this business is.'"

Kim shrugged. "So now I know I'll always be scared. But it doesn't bother me any more. Because I have learned that being scared is just part of being a good actress.

"My personal life—and the men in my personal life . . . Mac Krim, Frank Sinatra

and Mario Bandini? I've learned from them too."

Her eyes grew thoughtful. "When I speak of Mac, I am inclined to paraphrase Elizabeth Barrett Browning," she said. "How has he helped me? Let me count the ways. Then where do I begin? He has been like the Rock of Gibraltar. I don't know what I would have done without him. He has given me kindness and sympathy and deep understanding. I have been able to take my troubles to him at any hour of the day or night, and he has given me courage. He's still trying to teach me patience. 'How do you learn this?' I have asked him many times. 'Help me. Teach it to me, please.'

"And he has said, 'The only way to learn patience is to practice it. So relax. Take it easy. Forget your troubles and let them drift away from you. Don't worry about anything.'"

She smiled. "Which of course is easier said than done. But I try. And since Mac is a very patient man, the type who will never have an ulcer, perhaps someday I shall learn."

She sat motionless, concentrating her thoughts. "I admire Frank Sinatra very much," she went on. "And I learned many things from him. It was exciting to watch him work in 'The Man with the Golden Arm.' He was so quick, so intense. On the set they used to call him One-Take Sinatra. He worked very hard and I admire people who do this. Then I had some dates with him and I saw his other side—the gay, fun-loving Frankie. And he urged me to let down a little and enjoy life. He firmly believes that living should be fun, and he loves to see others have a good time too. And after a while I think some of this—not much, but a little—rubbed off on me.

"One night Frank took me to a premiere. I was scared of all the noise and the crowds. I wanted to turn back. Frankie took my arm and said, 'Relax, honey. All these people are your friends. You're beautiful and they'll love you. So hold up your head and go in like a pillar of fire.'

"And that's when I began to learn that stardom carries with it some obligations as well as privileges. The obligation to live up to what people expect of you. To act like a star always, offscreen as well as on. And to do this no matter what."

She grinned wryly, tilting her head back. "Do you know about being a star?" she asked. And then answered her own question. "A star must be gay, quick-witted, tireless, even-tempered, adaptable, charming and well-groomed at all times. She must never have a cold or a stomach ache. She must never get tired or lose her sense of humor. She must never display a temper. And she must never—heaven forbid!—speak harshly of anyone no matter what the provocation. If she does . . . voom!" Kim brought her hand down in a quick chopping motion. "Off comes her head!

"Of course I had read a lot about Frank. Who hasn't? And some of it wasn't very nice. Well, that had happened to me, too—the not-so-nice things in newspapers and magazines. And so we talked. And Frankie gave me some big-brother advice. 'Shrug it off. Roll with the punches,' he said. 'When you're on your way up there's always somebody who'll try to knock you down. And like the man said, you can't please all the people all the time. So don't worry about it. Just do your work and be honest with yourself, that's the important thing.'"

Kim sat down again. "Well, that was good advice. And I've tried to live by it ever since. But it hasn't always been easy.

"Before I started 'Jeanne Eagels,' some people said I couldn't do it. They said I wasn't right for it, or ready for it; that it was too big for me. And that baffled me for a while. Because this was the big challenge, the main chance. This was really a starring role in every sense of the word. And I wanted to do it, you've got to understand that. But for a while I wasn't sure.

"Then I found out that a lot of people believed in me and had confidence in my ability. And that made me want to be worthy of that confidence. One of these was George Sidney, who directed 'Jeanne Eagels.' We had worked together before in 'The Eddy Duchin Story.' He understood me and I knew I could depend on him."

Then, hesitantly, "I still feel, in spite of the not-so-nice reviews that I did a better job in that than in my other movies up to that time." Then her face brightened. "I've just completed 'Vertigo' for Alfred Hitchcock. It's by the same writer who did the French chiller 'Diabolique.' I won't tell you what it's about because that would spoil it for you. But it was a challenging experience, working for such a distinguished director as Mr. Hitchcock."

But first things first, she was reminded; what about her current picture, the one she's working on now?

"'Bell, Book and Candle'?" She smiled a Mona Lisa smile, and then, in her husky contralto—"I play a witch who casts spells and things. Dick Quine is my director. Jimmy Stewart, Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs are in the cast. They're such fun to work with. If I ever learn to relax and enjoy myself during the actual filming of a picture, maybe it will be through their good influence."

"There's one subject we haven't talked about, Kim," she was reminded, "Mario Bandini."

She smiled and sighed. "So much has been printed in the papers. Too much, perhaps. But I will tell you this. Mario introduced me to a way of life I had never known before. In my world you worked hard and went from one picture right into another. This was Hollywood for me and I guess you might say my horizons were—limited. When I first went to Europe I found out how exciting other places could be. I saw Rome and Paris and Venice through Mario's eyes. He is a man of great knowledge and refinement and he sensed how eager I was to understand these things. I think I do now, a little, and I'll always be grateful."

Suddenly she laughed. "I was just thinking," she said, "how simple love used to be when I was young. Then, I used to fall into it regularly and out of it reluctantly. I fell in love with dark-haired men, and some with light hair, too. Usually it was music that turned the magic key. I'd hear the sound of flutes or the melody of the night wind or maybe a popular song and there I'd be—up to my elbows in love."

She brushed a hand through her short, bright hair. "And there was always a special tune that was *our* song. With a boy named Pete it was 'Make Believe' and with Tim it was 'I Kiss Your Hand, Madame.' And there were several others. Of course it wasn't the real thing, it was just being in love with love. But it was wonderful just the same. My grandmother used to worry that I was overdoing it. 'There are only so many boys,' she'd say to me. 'Don't use them up too fast, honey.'"

Again she turned to the window and the view of the sea, deep green in the late afternoon sun. "Can love ever be that simple again? I wish I knew." THE END

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. . . DEBRA'S RUSHED MARRIAGE . . .

Continued from page 31

Only a few weeks ago, "All the Way" was their song. Their paths had crossed and recrossed in the glittering bistros of Las Vegas. Debra Paget was an attentive listener when David Street caressed the microphone in the El Cortez Hotel with

"When somebody loves you,
"It's no good unless she loves you
"All the way . . ."

And at the Flamingo Hotel David was an appreciative audience for the beautiful girl in the white gown, singing the same song.

But they'd only come a few weeks of the way together when Debra called David from the Hotel Bamer in Mexico City, where she was on location for a picture, and told him she wanted a divorce. "I realize I rushed into it, and I shouldn't have, and I'm sorry," she said.

"According to the papers," David was saying now, "our marriage broke up after ten weeks." He was silent for a moment. Then: "We didn't have anywhere near ten weeks! Not together. It would be nearer ten days. We went on a honeymoon for two days, then I had to leave for New York for a TV show and Debbie had to come back to Hollywood to do a TV film for 'Wagon Train.' I was gone ten days. When I came back we were together a few days—and she went to Mexico.

"But Debbie felt she couldn't go on. She told me, 'I feel like I'm tied. I can't move and think the way I'd like to think. I can't even get to know you this way! Little things that shouldn't bother me at all. I know something is affecting my thinking. Perhaps if . . .'"

Perhaps. The sad post-mortem of a marriage. Perhaps, if they should meet all over again brand-new. Perhaps, if they'd known one another better. Perhaps, if they had not rushed into marriage so hastily. Perhaps, if there had not been so much publicity. Perhaps . . .

One thing sure, nobody who knows Debra Paget could imagine her repeating solemn wedding vows without believing in her own heart she was in love with her bridegroom.

"There were tears in her eyes when she was married," David Street was saying slowly now. "After the ceremony we walked back into another room. Debbie still had tears in her eyes, and she stayed very close to me. There was one reason Debbie married me. She was in love."

It had happened much the way Debra had always dreamed it would, but it wasn't love at first sight. David was remembering now, "I first met Debbie when she was about twelve years old. Her mother was doing 'Rain' at the Biltmore Theater here, and I went backstage. I was married to Mary Beth Hughes then, and Mary Beth's former mother-in-law, Mike North's mother, was in the same production. So we went back after the performance to say hello to Mary North, and I met Maggie and Debbie, who was with her. Debbie later joined 20th Century-Fox, about the time I left the studio, but I saw her there, too. Over a period of years I'd run into her at parties or premieres. But I never got to really know her until we met again in Las Vegas, in December of last year."

Debra was playing the Flamingo Hotel, and David was nearing the end of a twenty-week engagement at El Cortez. When he performed at a benefit for the Variety Club in Vegas, one of the owners of the Flamingo was there and later that evening suggested to Debra and her mother that they catch the singer at El Cortez—David Street.

"David Street?" Maggie said. "We know him."

As she'd told me, "We took the dancers—the two boys who were working in the act with Debbie—and went over to the hotel to hear David sing." He sang all the pop tunes, including a fine rendition of "All the Way," and Debbie and her mother were very impressed with his phrasing and his voice.

Debbie wasn't satisfied with the way she was performing the songs in her show. "I caught your opening," David told her. "There are a few things you do when you sing that you don't know you're doing. I can help you correct them, if you'd like me to."

As he recalled this, he added quickly, "Debbie's a great dancer, and she's a heck of a fine actress, and actually she's a good singer. She just didn't know how to eliminate these few little flaws. It was mainly a matter of working on one simple exercise."

It was natural for David to go back to the Flamingo and watch Debra perform, and for Debra and her mother to bring a group and come to El Cortez to hear him again. Debbie finished her engagement first, and David Street saw her and her mother off at the airport. "That's the first I knew I was beginning to care for her," he remembered. "When I stood there watching her plane leave, I felt a tremendous longing.

"To me, there was an aura about Debbie. I don't know quite how to put it into words. She's a nice person, and she has a great deal of charm. She has a way when she talks with someone—she listens to them. She has a way of walking—with so much grace."

But David was then waiting for the annulment of his marriage to actress Sharon Lee. "Sharon and I had gone together for about three years, and we'd planned to get married," David says, telling the story the headlines didn't tell. "We had been delayed because of a settlement with Mary Beth that dragged on. At the last Sharon and I weren't getting along at all, but we figured, after going together that long, we owed it to each other to try, to see if we could make it. The day we got married, right after the ceremony, we had a big argument, and Sharon left for L.A. The marriage was never consummated. We both realized it was a mistake. There should have been an annulment, and there would have been, except that it would have involved more paper work than the divorce that was finally gotten, in short order."

Debra and her mother returned from Las Vegas ten days ahead of him. Her mother has said, "I could tell there was something there—with Debra—but I don't think even she knew what. When David closed in Vegas, he called up and asked if he could come out to the house, and that's how it all started."

One evening David stopped by the house on Crescent Drive, and when he left he and Debbie were engaged. "It wasn't a date with Debbie really. I just went out to see the family," David said. "Debbie and I watched television and we talked. When I got up to leave, she walked to the door with me. I touched her hand—and we both knew. It happened that fast!

"I said, 'Debbie, I'm very much in love with you. There are several things I must accomplish before I can actually ask you to marry me, but I'm close to accomplishing them. When I have, will you consider it?'"

"Yes," she said. Debra wasn't surprised. She had always known it would happen just this way.

David and Debra had a long talk then. "There's something I want to tell you," he said. "There are people I've been married to . . ." He talked and Debra listened. Her reaction? "That was history—yesterday," David Street said to me, summing up her thought.

"This happened on Friday. I was with Debbie on Saturday, and again on Sunday. But then she was very quiet. I felt she'd pulled away from me, that she was hurt about something, and I didn't know what it was. I didn't know her well enough to just ask 'What is it?'"

For Debra the practical aspects of marriage, the business aspects, were not as important. Perhaps if they had to wait and wait . . .

"I told Debbie, 'I think we ought to wait.' I explained I was in the middle of a deal with Neale Sowers, a friend of mine, involving television and movie production in reference to foreign countries, but until I knew where we stood, I felt Debbie and I should wait.

"I'm not interested in remaining a singer. I've been moving towards production for a while. I co-produced the Arthur Murray TV show, and I'd produced my own. But in order to get there, you have to sacrifice a certain amount of performing and income. So I felt we should wait."

Perhaps Debra Paget feared complications that could delay or prevent their marriage. Perhaps she was even more sensitive to them because of her earlier experience. Perhaps, knowing her own emotional makeup, she felt it would be better to marry then—or she might not marry at all. A friend of Debra's, asked later why he didn't advise her to wait, said, "A woman driven by her emotions is a woman who can't be stopped."

From the day the engagement was announced, complications compounded. Life with a capital "L" closed in on Debra Paget's dreams of love and marriage. "All sorts of things happened," David Street was saying wearily now. "A few things nobody knows—a few things the papers *didn't* print. All that publicity hit us very hard, but what nobody knows is that it was the result of a well-planned and executed campaign, engineered with the help of a public-relations expert."

The headlines descended, nightmare headlines, maudlin stories. "When a person says something of a sensational nature, whether it's true or not, it gets front-page space," David said tensely. "Among other pretty amazing things, I was charged with owing Sharon a great deal of money. Actually, it's the other way around—and I have the cancelled checks to show for it. But this I didn't want to go into."

On the wedding day David was served with "non-support" papers from his first wife (Debra was his fifth). As he was saying now, "Arrangements in this case had all been worked out. That was another part of the 'saturation campaign.' I found out later my first wife had been called and fed a whole raft of stories.

"There are many things I can't go into here, but the only time I ever had any kind of marriage was with Mary Beth. We were married seven years, we had a home in the Valley, bought a lot of furniture, put in lawns and gardens, and meant to settle there. I tried a thousand percent. Mary Beth finally divorced me for reasons of her own that had nothing to do with me."

In spite of all the harsh words and barbed items, a beautiful wedding took place in the living room of Debra's home, with Debbie, a misty-eyed bride in ivory, solemnly repeating her vows.

There was time for only a brief honeymoon, two days in the honeymoon cottage at the Apple Valley Inn. Those very first days together seemed happy. David put

his love for her into a melody he called "Debra." There are still no lyrics. He told me softly, "My feeling comes out in music, not in words. Debbie loved to hear it." And David is sure Debra was in love with him—in her way.

"Love is an indefinable word, really," David Street said. "To one person love means owning, to another love means giving." To Debra? "To Debbie, love means romance," David said quietly. "We had a long talk about this in the beginning. I told her, 'There's more than love in a marriage, Debbie. There's knowing each other. And —very important—if a little thing bothers you about me, you must tell me. Just like I must tell you. We must never go on doing little things that aggravate each other. They may seem little, but they can grow big. Marriage is complete understanding and complete friendship—more even than love, almost.'

"But it's hard for Debbie to say such things. She can't tell you. And sometimes I felt there was an invisible wall between us." One day soon after their marriage, Debbie seemed withdrawn and far away from him, and David was concerned. "I felt there was something wrong, and I asked her mother what it was.

"Her mother said, 'She's very quiet and unto herself, and she always has been. Give her time to loosen up.' I wish I had known what was bothering her. Perhaps I could have . . ."

But there was so little time together, during the important first weeks when two people are adjusting to living as one. While Debra made the "Wagon Train" film, David flew to New York to keep his TV date. "An unfortunate thing happened there. I moved from the hotel to a friend's place, and I left my new address and phone number—but they misplaced the note or threw it away. For two days Debbie couldn't reach me at all. She was hurt, and it was just an unfortunate thing." On the other hand David hesitated to call her because "I was working on some other things in New York I wanted to accomplish before we talked. I wanted to have something happy to tell before I called her."

By that time, it didn't matter. "I was supposed to have done 'Today' and we were working on my doing 'The Jack Paar Show.' But I noticed something in Debbie's voice. I found out she was planning to go to Mexico City for five weeks—and I came straight home."

Debra Paget had no sooner gotten to Mexico City to star in Benedict Bogeaus' space epic "From the Earth to the Moon," than a columnist rumored that for Debra and David it was the other way around—they'd come from the moon down to earth again.

Torn emotionally, Debbie seemed to welcome being back before the cameras. And one night she called David in Hollywood saying she wanted a divorce. "I couldn't understand it, just couldn't understand it," David Street was saying now.

"Debbie, we've been together a total of nine or ten days," he reminded her. "To make a decision of this sort based on being together ten days is pretty rash. We ought to know each other. We ought to *try* before we make this decision. It can't be based on you independently. It has to be based on us."

But during the weeks that followed, Debra decided, "I want to go through with it."

David said he was coming to Mexico to see her. "We've got to have some time together," he said.

There was little opportunity even there. Debra was working from early morning until late at night at the studio, outside Mexico City. Her sisters and the children were visiting her. And Debra was making plans to go to Europe for one and possibly two pictures that would keep her abroad from one to six months.

She still wanted a divorce, and she seemed anxious for David to sign the papers there. "Debbie, if this is the thing that worries you," he said, "if you feel pressure about this—if you feel I'm keeping you from getting a divorce down here—I'll sign the papers now." And he did. "Now you're free," he said. "There's nothing holding you to me—except an honest try." And he asked her to give them a little more time together, before taking this final step.

"When I left Mexico City, Debbie said she'd wait, that we would have a little more time together after she got back. And we did have a little, but the pressure from publicity was still there. Otherwise, she might have been able to look at it differently," David Street told me.

Sadness and tension filled the big Mediterranean-style house on Crescent Drive, where they'd promised to take each other from that day forward. "They're trying to make a go of it," Maggie said. "I don't know whether they will or not. I don't know from one minute to the next what's happening. I don't think it's either of their faults—they're both nice people. David's a fine person," Debra's mother said, "and he has a lot of talent. One of these days David's going to be 'way up on top, because he really has what it takes. That's one thing I am sure of."

But as for the success of the marriage, Debra's mother was just standing by, concerned for both of them and for their happiness. She, too, blamed much of the difficulty on publicity and rumors.

"The phone rang—until we had to leave it off the hook," David was saying now. "Debbie wouldn't go out anywhere because she didn't want to bump into anyone. She can't tell a lie—she just can't. If we'd just been left alone, so we didn't have people on our backs all the time. Not just columnists, but our friends, too, constantly calling, curious to find out what was happening, even offering 'help' where none was needed. Just *talking* us farther and farther apart.

"Then one columnist came out and printed flatly that we were thinking of getting a divorce. And then the phone *really* rang. If he hadn't printed this, we would have had more time to try. But Debbie said, 'I won't go through it! I won't go through it any more. I won't have all this happening!'"

And Debbie took a plane for Mexico. This was the end. "At least for now," David said.

Who knows why a marriage really ends? Or when? Especially one that never really began.

"It's just that everything happened that could possibly happen—and there was no time. Debbie says she just fell out of love with me. She doesn't know why. She just did.

"But she said something else—and this is a girl who speaks her mind. 'If we were divorced and I saw you afterward and we saw each other more and more and I wouldn't feel responsibility to you as a wife—I can't feel that way now—maybe I would feel the same way I did before. Or maybe there would never be anything there. But if there's ever going to be anything, it would have to happen that way.'

"I'm still in love with her," David Street said slowly. "And I still have hope of our being back together. It won't work right now. But perhaps . . ." THE END

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. . . LITTLE SUSIE

Continued from page 50

an artist or an actress. Today, I'm constantly worried about my performances."

And yet, Susan Strasberg needn't be such a worry wart. She now has her third film hit, "Stage Struck," showing across the country, plus her second smash Broadway play, "Time Remembered," selling to standing room only.

But somehow, Susie still isn't convinced that talent and success are really hers to have and to keep. "There's a line in 'Time Remembered,'" she tells you, "which I'm always repeating to myself. It's 'Prick me with a pin to make sure I'm not dreaming.' Well, that's just the way I feel. Everything that's happening seems unreal."

To understand what Susie means you have to remember that she's the daughter of famous theatrical parents. Her father is Lee Strasberg, director of the famed Actors Studio; and her mother, a former actress, coaches stars like Marilyn Monroe. Theater greats were constantly guests in the Strasberg home, and Susie's ambition to act was kindled early. But she didn't dare dream that she ever could perform on a par with her parents and their celebrated cronies. When Susie, at thirteen, finally announced she'd like to try the acting game herself, the Strasbergs threw up their hands in horror. "They didn't want an actress in the family," Susie recalls, "particularly a child prodigy."

So it took nerve and plenty of it for tiny Miss Susan Strasberg to strike out on her own and prove her mettle by landing her first role in an off-Broadway play—and at the age most girls are entering high school. She followed up the stage role with television appearances, was satisfied with her moderate success and never once thought of becoming a movie actress.

Then when Susie was sixteen, she accompanied her mother out to California and happened to tag along the day Mrs. Strasberg had a luncheon with an M-G-M producer. In the middle of the meal, the producer took a long look at Susie and exclaimed, "Say, you'd be just right for the girl in 'Cobweb'!" As a result, Susie's sensitive performance in "Cobweb" won her wide acclaim and a bigger role in "Picnic."

It happened almost the same miraculous way in the theater, too. Susie had auditioned, along with at least 100 other aspiring young actresses, for the name part in "The Diary of Anne Frank." She didn't hear a word from the producers for months afterwards and gloomily decided she wasn't experienced enough for the role. Then, out of the blue, she suddenly was summoned to go into rehearsals. "Anne Frank" opened on Broadway October, 1955. Susan Strasberg was such a huge success that her name soon was put up in lights on the marquee beside the great Joseph Schildkraut.

However, "Stage Struck" had a different beginning. A year or so ago, Susie was asked if she'd like the part of the young actress in the picture, and she said yes. When she heard Henry Fonda and Herbert Marshall were going to be in the cast, she grew more excited, and when it was decided "Stage Struck" would be filmed entirely in New York, her home town, Susie was ecstatic.

"We started shooting right in the middle of winter with ice on the streets and snow flying all around," she recalls. "Often we started to work at four or five in the morning. Times Square was deserted. It was beautiful! One scene was shot right on the same street where 'Time Remembered' opened later. But," adds Susie with a smile, "the stage struck girl in the picture is *not* me! The only thing we have in common is that we both love to act."

No, the real Susan Strasberg is very different—in a dozen unexpected ways.

"Oh, I do a lot of terrible things!" Susie gaily admits. "Last summer, I decided to put a rinse on my hair so I'd look glamorous. The rinse worked out fine, but I started getting itchy bumps all over me. I went to the doctor and he said I had an allergy, and every day I had to cut out something from my diet. Still, I kept having the bumps. One morning, I washed out the rinse and the bumps went away!"

And then there was the case of the Dior hat Susie bought to wear in "Time Remembered." It was an elegant thing, a mass of soft, white feathers. But the first night she wore it on stage, the feathers waved so much in the air, the director told her the hat was definitely out. "So I kept it for myself," says Susie. "And when we were trying out the play in Washington, Helen Hayes invited me to accompany her to the White House to watch Queen Elizabeth's arrival. I wanted desperately to wear my lovely hat, but it was raining. So I bought a white umbrella. I can still remember standing on the steps of the White House in the crowd, with my umbrella over the hat, wondering if the hat was going to go 'sop' like a soufflé as the queen walked by."

Susie declares she has always loved hats, but was embarrassed to wear them—"except to cover up pin curls." However, when people complimented her on the Dior creation, she went right out and splurged on three more expensive bonnets. "Then," she grins, "I was sorry I was so extravagant and I've begun a practice of wearing anything I've ever bought, whether I like it or not."

But it wasn't always that way. "I used to go on wild spending sprees, not even looking at the price tags," she confesses. "But now I'm very good. I have my own bank account and charge accounts. And I keep precise records—or at least, *records!*" she adds with a smirk. "Today, there's only one thing I *do* have to buy—shoes. My feet have grown a half-size. But that's all of me that's grown. I still wear a size five dress—*taken in!* Somebody should start making size threes for small girls like me." (For the statistics, Susie is five foot one, weighs 95 pounds.)

"I don't diet," says Susie, "and my eating habits are dreadful! When we were with the play in Washington, I gained four pounds. I was in a hotel, and the very thought of being able to pick up the phone and order anything you wanted was entirely too tempting. I used to order four or five complete meals a day just so they'd bring them up on a tray, so elegant in all the silver dishes."

Susie eats breakfast late—and we *do* mean *late.* Recently, a reporter made a date to interview the phenomenal Miss Strasberg at a restaurant at one p.m. "I think the man got sick," Susie laughs. "It was breakfast time for me and I ate three pieces of toast with butter and marmalade and then I had tea and scrambled eggs and finished it all off with cherry pie and gobs of whipped cream. It was the pie, I suspect, that finished the reporter, too!"

Another time, Susie accompanied friends after the theater for a midnight snack. It was a swanky place and Susie ordered caviar and tea. Then halfway through the caviar, she shocked her companions by asking for a double portion of ice cream. "But I adore ice cream," she explains. "Any flavor."

There are, however, two sides to Susie—her girlish, impulsive side and her serious, objective side. "I think I've changed a lot in the last two years since I made 'Picnic,'" she reflects soberly. "I'm more on my own now, although I'm still just as shy. I know I've always had a bad habit of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, then talking fast to cover up. But that's the old Susan Strasberg. Today, I see these faults; only I try to accept myself as I am. If I feel shy and really have nothing to say, I just say nothing at all. Covering up isn't good. The best thing is to accept yourself as you really are."

Like many timid girls, Susie constantly feels ill-at-ease when she walks into a large gathering. "When you meet people you don't know," she says, "they expect a certain behavior from you just because you look like you should act and talk a certain way. My advice to timid girls is: Be yourself! If everybody tried to be the life of the party, it'd be a monotonous crowd."

Near-sightedness is another of Susie's problems. "Often, when I'm not wearing my glasses," she remarks, "I fail to recognize friends on the street and they think I'm snubbing them. I'm always getting into hot water that way! And then there's the predicament about getting a driver's license. I can drive a car, but I can't get a license. I've tried twice, but I couldn't

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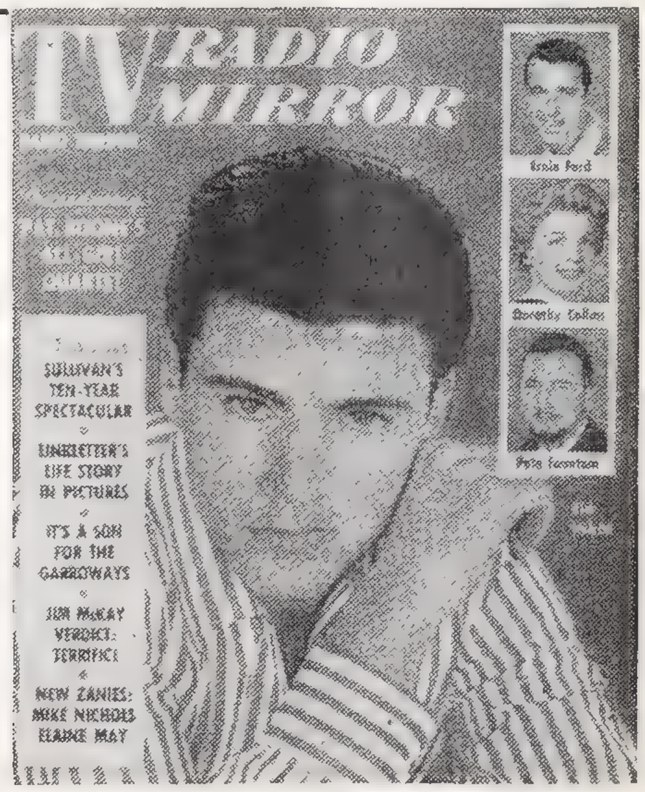
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pass the eye test—even with my glasses. Somehow, I get very nervous with eye tests. I've had a block about them since I was twelve. But I have stronger glasses now and I'm going back to try again. I think I'll make it this time. You see, I want a car of my own in the worst way!"

Failure is one thing Susie simply can't stand. When she didn't receive her high-school diploma from Professional School in New York, she was distressed for months. Actually, it wasn't her fault. Susie had become ill during that last semester and by the time she was well enough to go back to classes, she was busy with Hollywood and the theater. "I used to worry about it," she admits. "In fact, I still do. I wonder if some day my children will say, 'Well, *you* didn't get a diploma, why should we?'"

But Susie is also a great one for rationalizing. "On the other hand," she says, "it doesn't always work out that way. I don't think my father ever graduated from high school, and look at him—he's taught in colleges! But then again, there's my young brother, John, who's studying to become a doctor. He really needs a diploma. Maybe I should have gotten one, too. It's important for young people to follow through, to complete things, or they get a feeling of irresponsibility. My only excuse is that I've found life is an education. I've learned so much from books, museums, people. And besides, if I'd gone to college I would have studied drama. And where can you learn drama better than in making movies and acting on the stage?"

Her opening night on Broadway in "Time Remembered" was an unforgettable nightmare for Susie. Nervous over the big event, she consequently got herself locked in the bathroom five minutes before show time. While the stagehands were trying to pry open the door, the play's star, Helen Hayes, kept asking, "Where's Susie, where's Susie?" Susie shouted back timidly: "Oh, I'll be out in time to take the final curtain call!" Stagehands worked desperately at the door, grumbling that they didn't think they could possibly get it open. Susie kept repeating, "Prick me with a pin to make sure I'm not dreaming!" But finally, the door obliged and Susie dashed breathlessly out on the stage, just in the nick of time.

"A funny thing happened to me that opening night," she recalls. "All of my emotions were going, but I was like an automobile with bolts too tight. My voice and my face were tense. Nothing came out right. There was a party after the show, but I was so ashamed of my performance, I took two hours to get there."

Says Helen Hayes, who adores her, "I do wish Susie weren't quite so earnest so soon. As a mother, I'd like to urge her not to give up all the wonderful experiences that come only when you're young."

Miss Hayes remembers attending a performance of "Anne Frank" when Susie determinedly went on in spite of severe laryngitis and a 101 temperature. "I went backstage," says the immortal Helen Hayes, "and saw Susie with a rosy, feverish face, hardly able to talk. I was so touched, I sent her a letter the next day, telling her, 'Please, please don't be so dedicated. The show does *not* always have to go on.'"

"Susie lives, breathes, eats the theater," said her mother. "Even the walls of her living room are covered with photographs of great actors and actresses." Susie now has her very own apartment, consisting of two rooms and a bathroom, within her parents' spacious apartment on New York's Central Park West. The living room is decorated daintily in period furniture. The bedroom has white, wall-to-wall carpeting. The bathroom sports a large purple rug and a surprising, ostentatious, crystal chandelier—a splurge, Susie admits

And she has her own private telephone, which she shyly admits is used quite frequently to talk to her boyfriends. "I have a lot of dates," she says. "I love going out. What girl twenty doesn't? I have more variety now than I had a year or two ago. Variety in ages, I mean. When you're eighteen, a man thirty seems too old. But when you're twenty, it's different. I don't have any favorite places. I can go almost anywhere with good company and enjoy myself, or I can go some place I love with someone I don't like so much and be miserable."

Dancing is Susie's favorite pastime and she confesses she really gets herself decked out for the occasions. Sometimes, she wears a long train on her dress and it gets stepped on. "But I don't care," she laughs. "I'm going to dance, anyway. Except the other night. I wanted to do the Charleston, but the floor was so crowded, there was no room to kick!"

Wolves? "I don't try to handle them," she contends, "I ignore them. Trying to handle people means trying not to hurt their feelings, and if they're wolves you only get more involved. My method is just to expect every man to be a gentleman. Sounds like I really know! But honestly, I haven't met that many wolves!"

Like any other young girl, thoughts of marriage have entered Susie's mind. She's already had a goodly share of proposals, but claims she thought more about a wedding ring when she was seventeen than she does now. "Some of my girlfriends are married and having babies already. It makes me feel so old!" she moans. "I guess I'll get married eventually, but there's no rush."

In the meantime, Susie is trying to organize her busy life. Things are coming fast and there's so much to do. She had to fly out to Hollywood to make publicity pictures for "Stage Struck," then hurry back east for the play. Now, at last, she has time to fulfill a long-cherished desire—to be a "watcher" at Actors Studio. She'd like to become a regular student, but explains one can't be enrolled without passing an audition. "And I haven't the nerve to take an audition!" Then there's lots and lots of reading to catch up with. Particularly poetry. "I hunger for the words," says Susie, "as I would for food."

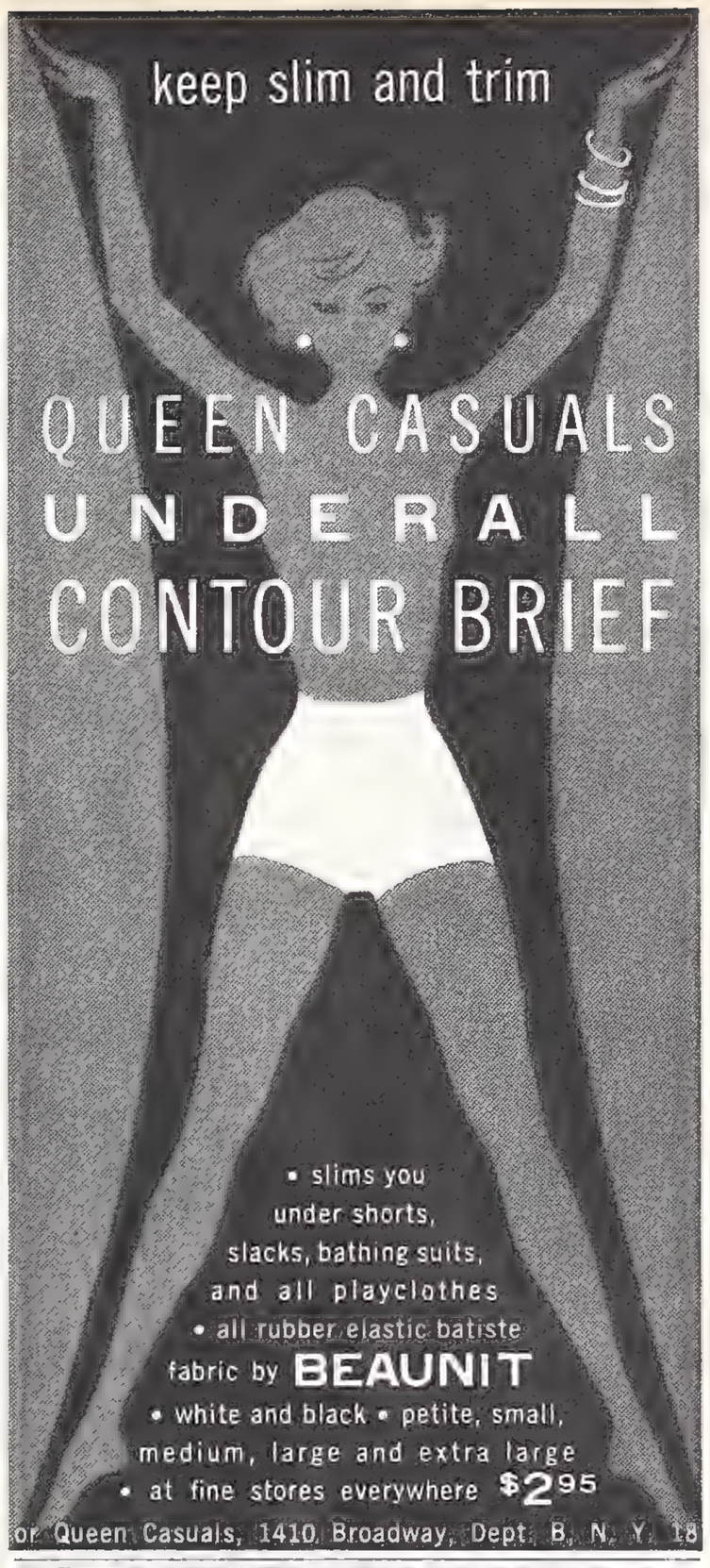
Summers, if possible, are spent at her parents' cottage on Fire Island, where Susie wears big, floppy hats and dark glasses to protect her face from becoming freckled. She took up chess last summer, found it fascinating, but quit because it robbed her of precious time for reading.

Susie's looking ahead, too. She's very much aware of the fact that she has changed considerably since the movie public saw her last. "But if I didn't change," she contends, "people would say, 'What's Susan Strasberg trying to do—still look like a kid?'" Today, Susie says she's no longer a teenager. She has her first fur coat, wears high heels and makeup and dresses like any other smart, young career woman. "I've been going through the adolescent-into-womanhood stage," she remarks. "And I hope I've made it. There's another movie I want to do soon. It's a romantic part. I want to be ready for it."

And after that? "More of everything!" says Susie. "I'm in love with the world at large, so anything that comes my way will be perfectly all right with me! I'm ready!" This little Susie is all woke up.

THE END

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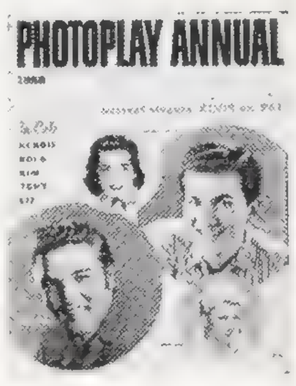
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OOH, WHAT SHE SAID! . . .

Continued from page 53

the Thursday before the show and we have been working awfully hard and there's nothing but more work ahead for the next two days. But I feel good! Maybe it's because you mentioned Phil. He always peps me up. Gee, I'll never forget the recent sitting. Gee, I feel good!"

And the blue-eyed, brown-haired, pert Polly went into a soft-shoe routine that was anything but routine. She strutted a little, shuffled along, bucked-and-winged, did some of that stroll that is the big craze these days, threw in a quick little mambo step, went back to the soft shoe and wound it up in a statuesque and thoroughly convincing tango (she still claims she can't dance) with an imaginary partner throwing her out into the final turn so that she ended against a pillar, limp yet oh so glamorous. Yes, even in those working clothes, glamorous!

"Bravo, Helen!" called a stagehand from the other side of the room. "Bravissimo! Helen want a cracker?"

Polly wrinkled her nose at him in mock disdain and sat down in the chair, still turned around, with her arms crossed over the back. She smiled and said, "Ever since I played Helen Morgan on TV, I've been kidded when I do something the least bit dramatic or torchy. The joke about the cracker comes from the fact that Helen Morgan, back before she became a star, once worked at NBC—only this was the National Biscuit Company and not the broadcasting company. Of course, what is supposed to make the joke funny is that my name is Polly and the usual line is 'Polly wanna cracker?' Well, I suppose it isn't really funny, but that's life, around here at least."

She shook her head and gave a rueful laugh. It was just a month or so before that Polly had stood up on a stage in New York and received a coveted Emmy for her moving portrayal of the famous torch singer on "Playhouse 90." She had shed a few tears in accepting the award, genuinely surprised that she had been judged top TV actress of the year. And here, backstage, it was treated irreverently—but it was an irreverence that carried respect and affection.

"Well, we were talking about Phil. He was a master of ceremonies for the Emmys, you know and it really was wonderful to hug him when I got to the stage! Helped me stand up. Of course, he and the writers of 'The Phil Silvers Show' also received Emmys, but to them it was nothing new. That show of Phil's just keeps on winning.

"But we were in that Brooklyn movie house, seems to me," Polly went on. "Say, let me tell you a story about *Mr. Bilko's* buddy Phil Silvers. When Phil and Evelyn got married, in the fall of 1956 (the same year Freddie and I were married), it was a sudden decision. Not that they hadn't planned to get married. They had known each other for a year—my husband introduced them. They were definitely going to get married, but no date had been set. Phil was busy with 'You'll Never Get Rich' and Evelyn (she was Evelyn Patrick) was doing commercials on 'The $64,000 Question.' But they decided there was no sense in waiting any longer and, since it was a sudden decision, they didn't have a ring. So I loaned them a platinum wedding band.

"Well, the four of us—Freddie, Phil, Evelyn and I—had breakfast in the Fields apartment. Freddie is Freddie Fields, you know. Then we drove up to Connecticut for the ceremony, after which we came back to the Fields apartment for a private little wedding dinner.

"Well, there they are, happily married. and I do mean happily. You know they have a child now? Tracey, her name is. Well, naturally Phil was going to buy Evelyn a wedding band and I forgot all about my band. One day, about a week after the wedding, I received a phone call. It was a man, and I felt that I had heard the voice somewhere, but I couldn't be sure, so I simply listened to this story.

"'I am Sam Shanks,' he said. At least I think that's the name he gave. 'I direct an investment establishment on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street.' Well, I immediately started thinking that it sounded awfully strange. It seemed to me that Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street was an odd location for an investment establishment. Immediately it came to me. He was a pawnbroker! And what in the world did he want from me?

"But I let him continue. 'We have received a request for an appraisal of a wedding band—platinum, I do believe it is,' he went on. 'A chap dressed in a uniform of some sort has called it to our attention. We have been apprised of the fact that this band was yours. Madam, is it yours now or does this chap in uniform rightfully claim it? If the former, we will, of course, notify the authorities. If the latter, would you mind giving us an estimate of its worth?'

"Well, to tell you the truth—say, that's the name of a TV program I've heard of, isn't it?" Polly made a little girl smile and tilted her head slightly in a put-on pleased-with-herself attitude. On another network (CBS, of course) Polly is a panel member of "To Tell the Truth."

"Well, as I was saying," she continued, "I was genuinely disturbed. I know that *Sergeant Ernie Bilko* might in some clever way that would make everything legal in the end do such a thing, but certainly not Phil Silvers. I hung up on Sam Shanks or whatever his name was and started to dial Freddie. But then I decided not to. I walked around the apartment for a minute or two and then went to the phone again to call Freddie. Then the doorbell rang. I went to the door and opened it. It was Maurice Gosfield, who plays *Private Doberman* in 'You'll Never Get Rich.'

"'How do you do, madam,' he said with a suave smile that *Private Doberman* never has. 'I do believe that you are the rightful winner of a grand prize. Madam, with the compliments of the entire establishment of Shanks Limited, may I bestow upon you the Grand Award for Duty Beyond the Call of Bravery, 1956.'

"And he handed me my platinum band. And turned grandly on his heel and left."

Polly shook her head and slipped her glasses on. She frowned. It was the sort of frown that a person gives after recalling something from the past that really wasn't so bad, after all.

"I was so flabbergasted," Polly said. "And I tried to be mad, too, but it didn't come. No, I was so flabbergasted and tickled and—oh, I just don't know how to describe it. It was so typical of Phil and his gang from the platoon!"

She laughed. "That darned platoon of his! Remember when the Emmy ceremony started? Phil was the first one to appear. He came marching up in a really grand uniform—seemed to me it was a cross between the French Foreign Legion and something out of the Roxy

Theater—and the band played some marching music that had been jazzed up a bit. Behind him in their usual unsmart military dress came the platoon, *Doberman* up near the front. Phil gave a couple of *Bilko* orders and then moved on off the stage. Phil said, 'There go the men who will put my child through college!' Tracey has a long way to go before college days, but the way that platoon carries on, I think he was right."

But there was this rumor about a *Bilko* scheme to attend to and so far there was absolutely no clarification on it. Furthermore, Polly had mentioned a sitting of some sort, and that sounded intriguing. Was it for a portrait? And who was the artist? Dali, perhaps?

But clarification was not forthcoming, at least not at this time. Polly rested her chin on her crossed arms and went on to another subject.

"Did you know that Phil was discovered at Coney Island by the famous Gus Edwards?" she asked. "That's right. Phil was singing on the beach at Coney Island, doing some imitations of the stars who played the famous Palace Theater. The Palace, there was a place in the good old days!" Her lips parted in delight as she obviously was seeing visions of Eddie Cantor, Georgie Jessel, Al Jolson and the others who thrilled so many people at the Palace. "Not that I played the Palace in the old days, you understand," Polly said hastily. "After all, that was just a little before my time." (Since Polly will be just twenty-eight on July 14, she obviously isn't of the same school as Cantor, Jessel and the others.)

"Well, as I was saying," she went on, "Phil was singing away on the beach one day. All that work between broken reels in the movie house seemed to have done a fine job of developing his voice. He was just fourteen and there he was, singing away on the beach with some of the boys, and a man tossed him a card. On it was written 'Come see me, young fellow,' and the name printed on the card was Gus Edwards. Yes, the famous Gus Edwards, whose 'School Days Revue' was the jumping-off place for many stars. And in just two weeks Phil was singing at the Palace. Two weeks, mind you! Imagine! One day he was singing in a Brooklyn movie house as a substitute for a split film and just two weeks later he had moved across into Manhattan to the famous Palace. Just across the Brooklyn Bridge, but what a trip!"

Polly shook her head again in that rather pensive way that women have in looking back at the past—even someone else's past. There was no doubt that she could recall it.

"Well, the next step was obvious," she said. "He would simply wow them at the Palace and grow up to be a singing star par excellence. Why not? Well, because his voice soon cracked. In the process, it became something less than beguiling, and he was no longer a singer. Not even that Brooklyn movie house would let him back. This was really a tough break. But it didn't stop this youngster. Like *Bilko*, the young Silvers was a resourceful sort. So, the next step was simply . . ."

It probably wasn't the polite thing to do, but it seemed as though the only way to track down that rumor about the parakeet, the calliope and the cigar box was to find Phil Silvers himself. There was something in the background that sounded like "Joe and Flo" as we tiptoed away. (We really didn't feel too guilty, since Polly had to rest and then go on rehearsing and it wasn't fair to keep taking up her time, was it? That's how it worked out, using a little rationalization.)

A half hour later, off on the other side of town in another hall, this one a CBS spot, Phil Silvers put out his hand to be shaken, nodded and said, "It was like this. Joe Morris and Flo Campbell had a comedy routine. When my voice cracked . . . oh my, how it did crack! Like a bamboo reed split with a fine knife, it cracked. So I became a brat in Joe and Flo's sketches. My, but was I a brat! Loved it, loved it."

Obviously Polly had not been deceived into thinking that her listener was still over at NBC, listening. Pert Polly had deduced that the next person on the itinerary was Phil (how the deuce did she deduce it, anyway?) and had called Phil to fill him in.

"Now I understand that you are interested in Polly the sculptor," Phil said.

Since this was the first time that "sculptor" or anything like it had come into the conversation—either conversation—it was hard to agree. Yet it was also hard not to agree, not only because to do so would be impolite, but also because there was a very definite feeling that all this would make sense.

"Well, it was like this," Phil said. "Polly sculpts. Is there such a word? Sculpt? To sculpt? Let me see." He put his hand to his chin and stroked it. It was remarkable how much his deep-in-thought expression looked like Polly's. Not that they resemble each other, of course, except for the inevitable glasses. Phil was wearing his glasses now and Polly had not been wearing hers much of the time. Yet despite this, and the fact that they certainly do not look alike, their expressions while in serious thought (or at least something like serious) were certainly remarkably alike.

"Sculpt? Ah, well, what's the difference? She's pretty good at it. Cooks, too. Say, did she tell you about the time she did my bust? Boy, that was a riot! I sat and sat and sat—never thought I could get off the chair. Every time I tried, she said, 'Give me a soulful look from those blue eyes,' and down I'd go again. I was like clay in her hands. Say, that's a good one! Have to tell that to *Bilko's* writers, if I ever meet them. Amazing. Amazing! How a show like this can be written and the star never sees the writers. Amazing!

"Boy, was I ever clay in her hands. She shaped me and looked me over and shaped some more and looked some more and I would get up and then would come those soulful blue eyes and down I'd go, clay again. Funny thing, she was working, but I was wearing the glasses. I ask you! When she was through she put glasses on the bust and I guess it looked like me. Only don't tell Polly I said 'I guess.' Anyhow, she can cook. And another thing, I was only kidding about writers. We're always kidding about the writers. You know, here a guy stands up here day after day saying a line forty-eight times over until the director and the sound technicians and the cameraman and who knows who else say it's okay. And do you know what? It took the writer forty-eight seconds to borrow that line from some place or other, and me it takes forty times to get a simple, two-sentence line down on that film. Sometimes I feel like I'm in that Brooklyn movie again, waiting for the film to break. Did you know that I got my start singing in a Brooklyn movie? Oh? —you know?"

Phil slapped his khaki-clad leg and chuckled. "Well, if you've been to see Polly I guess you have the story. Maybe not the exact precise story, because she's inclined to elaborate a little when it comes to me. Probably even told you the



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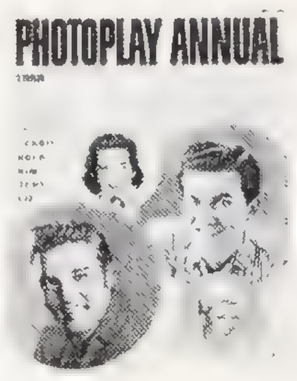
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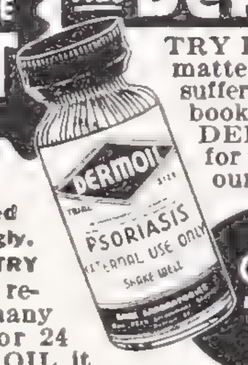
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one about the wedding band." Phil looked up sharply, putting out all that stern *Bilko* militarism to ferret out the truth. When he saw that the truth was out, he relaxed and nodded.

"Thought so," he said. "Well, never mind. From me you will get facts about Polly. Facts!" He slapped his leg again as he repeated this. "You know, our girl Polly leads her family life with as much pep as she conducts her career. Her husband, Fred Fields, who's vice president of a big talent agency, is an old friend of mine, and so the four of us have some real balls when we get together. Even our bridge games are full of wise-cracking. And eleven-year-old Kathy Fields, Polly's stepdaughter, is her biggest fan—next to Freddie and Evelyn and me, natch!

"You know, Polly was married once before—to Jerome Courtland, an actor, but it didn't work out. Polly was too young.

"The interesting thing about her is that her musical upbringing was a genuine family thing. Her father, whose name was Bill Burgin (maybe you saw him on her show a few times), was a hillbilly singer and Polly learned all the songs her father loved. Why do you know, she even started to sing 'When My Mammy Cried to the Hound Dog That Little Ole Hound Dog Cried Right Back to Her' at my wedding! Yes—but here here! Facts! The facts, man, are that that isn't true at all.

"But it could have been. That's an interesting thing about people in show business. You may hear a lot of stories about how cold or tough or this or that they are, but I can tell you they aren't much different off the stage than they are on it. It's just plain impossible to be one way in front of the camera or the footlights and a completely different way behind the scenes. It wouldn't be long before it would show up and then what chance does the entertainer have to hold his audience?

"So what I'm getting at is that when you watch a Polly Bergen joshing with Bud Collyer or Henry Morgan on a TV panel show, just kidding back and forth, that's the same Polly who could have sung a classic about the hound dog. And she could have made it up, right on the spot, too."

There was a lot of activity suddenly blowing up. As Polly's rehearsal hall had been at the start, this CBS spot was a well-organized center of disorganization. Sets were suddenly put into motion, cameras came careening around on one wheel, men shouted odd phrases and then, just as suddenly as it had started up, it was quiet, with Phil Silvers standing in the middle of it. His corporal buddies were all ears as *Sergeant Bilko* was obviously preparing to bestow upon an unsuspecting world—or a platoon, at least—the latest fruits of his genius.

"Rocco, tell you what," he said, clapping his hand on the shoulder of *Corporal Barbella* (real name: Harvey Lembeck). "You get down to the colonel's house and . . ." and then Phil (TV name: *Ernest Bilko*) leaned over and whispered in the corporal's ear, upon which the latter's eyes lit up in an appreciative salute. "And *Corporal Henshaw* (real name: Allan Melvin), you slip over to the supply room, through the back window, of course, and pick up . . ." and he leaned over to whisper in the second corporal's ear. This one's eyes lit up, too, although not in salute. This one is more like a fellow-conniver than a devoted follower, such as *Rocco*, and his eyes had a distinct and eager leer. Both corporals nodded and dashed off, a Napoleonic voice stated "Cut" and disorganization once again.

Phil came back. "Come into my boudoir," he said, and led the way. In the dressing room he sat down and placed a record on a turntable and leaned back to listen. It was Polly, singing "The Party's Over," the theme of her TV show.

"Isn't that lovely?" he said with a sigh. "Really got a nice way with a song, has this young lady. Yes sir, Columbia Records did a good thing with that song, waxing it with Polly. And to listen to that, you'd never think she can cook, too. Sculpt? Well, maybe. But cook! The greatest! Now there's this item right smack out of Dixie, with beans, pickles and good old corn bread.

"And furthermore, she has a passion for party games and she shoots pool. I ask you, how she shoots pool!" Phil clapped his hands to his forehead and then looked up at the ceiling with that speechless *Bilko* request for divine assistance. "Why, I wouldn't let that girl into the recreation hall with a ten-foot cue stick! She would take the platoon apart. Say, there's an idea for a *Bilko* story. Must make a note of that."

Phil looked around for a pencil.

The parakeet, the calliope and the cigar box never did get into the boudoir. It didn't make much difference, though. A day with P and P at NBC and CBS went PDQ and it ended with the last charming notes of the song—yes, the party was over and a delightful time was had. THE END

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OUR LITTLE HAM

Continued from page 68

the sun, backlighting him. "Ladies and gentlemen," said ten-year-old David Ladd, "we now present David Ladd imitating his father in scenes from 'Shane.'"

The lad's performance moved Alan more than he would let on. He knew why David had chosen the picture's fight scene in the country store and his heart swelled with love for the boy. David had been visiting on the set the day the scene was shot and, seeing his father, his hero, fighting, had squealed his gleeful encouragement. "Come on, Daddy; hit him, Daddy," he had shrieked, climbing over other visitors in his excitement.

"David, come here." Alan got up and took a fighting stance, left arm out, right fist at his face, chin tucked in. "Like this," he said, feinting with his left. "Never with your right. And keep your chin in or it'll get clipped." He dropped an arm to his son's shoulder, feeling a terrible responsibility.

Should he encourage the boy? He rememembered too well the heartaches he had suffered before making good as an actor. He knew, too, that his own poverty and suffering as a boy—including real hunger—had given him a good sense of values and he did not want easy money to spoil David.

Likewise, he knew what people would say—that David had become an actor because he had a drag as an actor's son.

That evening Alan and Sue Ladd did a lot of soul searching in deciding whether David should act.

The Ladds satisfied themselves that acting would not harm David. But would it do him any good?

Alan and Sue laughed as they remembered some of David's agile imaginings and were both proud and amused. There was the time when he locked himself in the kitchen alone and did not come out when called. Not meaning to frighten him, the puzzled parents had heard the sink disposal turned on and off, and they listened. After this had gone on for fifteen or twenty minutes, Alan went to the door and demanded that David open up.

"Shh, Dad," David said, admitting him. "I'm having a funeral." Then he resumed a kneeling position on a chair in front of the sink. Gravely, one by one, he was dropping his tropical fish which had died, into the disposal—and saying a prayer for each.

Alan and Sue were convinced that acting would not hurt him; would help him. But was David, for all his childish play acting, serious? Alan has his own film company, Jaguar Productions, and there was a bit part for a boy in "The Big Land," which he was preparing to make. But he was reluctant to make the first move. About that time David ran breathlessly into the house one day with the news that Jack Wrather had asked him and Jack Jr., his playmate, if they would like to take parts in the filming of "The Lone Ranger" as a lark. "Would you like that, David?" Alan asked. "Do you really want it?"

"Gee, Dad, it would be fun."

The director confirmed the Ladds' opinion of "the little ham." "This boy," said the director, "will end up as an actor whether you encourage him or not. Acting is virtually an instinct with him."

David did well in the part and Alan decided to give him the bit in his own picture. David scored—and proved himself.

Now Alan was embarrassed by David's fine work in the picture. Wouldn't people say David had become an actor only because his father had given him the part? "I have two other scripts "but I am reluctant to use David," he told Sue. "Let's wait and see if other producers want David—if the boy can make good 'away from home.'"

One day Samuel Goldwyn Jr. sent Alan a script of "The Proud Rebel." Alan liked it, but turned it down because he was scheduled to make a film for his own company. Goldwyn Jr. then sent a copy of "The Proud Rebel" to Sue, seeking David to play a big emotional role in the dramatic western.

Alan and Sue were both pleased—and alarmed! This was the kind of part which, played properly, could make a star of their boy. Did they want their boy to be a star? Should they give him the chance?

David, accustomed to confiding in, and being a pal to, Alan, asked his father to watch him rehearse. So Alan soon was holding a script of "The Proud Rebel" on his knee, reading the title role of the boy's father, helping David learn his part. "The more I read the better I liked it," Alan said. "Then it hit me. Here were father and son roles just right for me and David."

Meantime, Goldwyn Jr. was trying to establish a rapport with David to gain the boy's confidence before shooting started. "David didn't talk much," the producer recalls. "I'd ask him what he liked—baseball, football, swimming, etc.—but he'd never open up. He gave me only a polite yes or no. Until I asked him about his father! His eyes lit up and he started talking a streak. Plainly Alan was his hero, on and off screen. I sent a script to Alan and got him too!"

When Alan Ladd signed for "The Proud Rebel" he said, "They say an actor doesn't have a chance against a dog or a kid—but after all, it's *my* kid." Those who heard him knew there was more modest pride than humor in the remark.

With the addition of Olivia de Havilland (after a too long absence away from Hollywood) and Dean Jagger, "The Proud Rebel" began to shape up as one of the year's biggest pictures. How did David take it? "Actually he didn't think acting a bit special or glamourous," Alan laughed. "His earnings didn't warp his sense of values, either."

During shooting, David's allowance went up to fifty cents a week ("After all, there's inflation," said Alan) and his daily wage raised from twenty-five to thirty-five cents whenever he works. David knows he's not rich. "Let's see," he said one day. "Thirty-five cents a day for six days—that's $2.10 a week—that's about ten cents after taxes, isn't it, Dad?"

But the bets are high in Hollywood that after David's performance is seen this month (he studied sign language—the youngest student at UCLA—in order to portray a boy who has lost his voice from shock), chances are that Alan's going to have to raise his allowance, when working, to seventy-five cents. THE END

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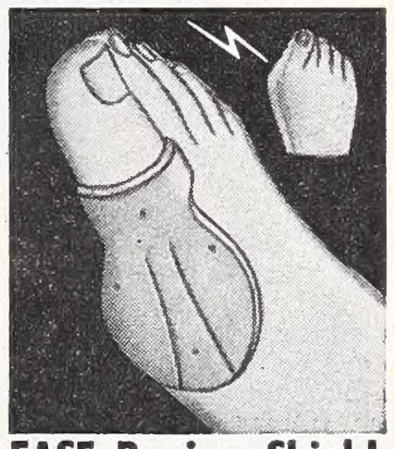
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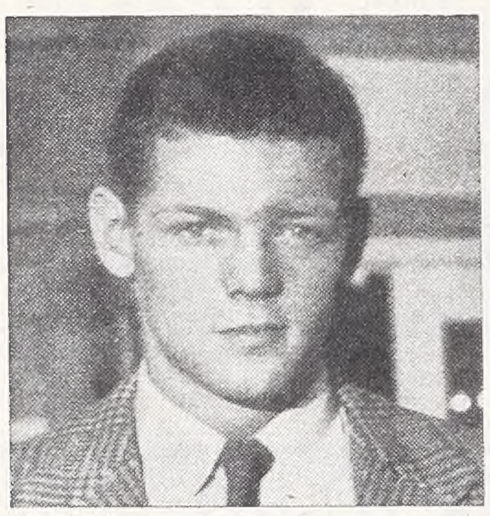
THEY'RE IN THE NEWS



No more blind dates for Jeanie!



Is Esther for Jeff?



For Jim: New movie, trip



News for Monroe fans: She's back!



Johnny: Film bio subject



Who knows Susie? Mark!

'TIS the season for the young to fall in love. . . . Not that the old don't, but we've been solely clued in on the goings-on of our young pals from coast-to-coast. So, what's cookin' with them is now food for you. . . . **Jeanie Seberg** is a clever little trick. Remember last month when we said La Seberg doesn't believe in "blind dates"? It puzzled us. It doesn't any more. The puzzle was solved. By whom? **Francois Moreuil.** He's a handsome French lawyer for whom J. S. will give up her Miss-hood for Mrs.-hood.

Love Flight: Would you call it love when a guy makes a 3000-mile trip cross-country for just a few hours to see a gal close in a flop play? I would. The guy: **Mark Damon.** The gal: **Susan Kohner.** And that's exactly what Mark did—flew in from California a few hours before Susie's last performance in "Love Me Little." When I saw him closing night I said, "How come you're here, *Pythias*?" (My nickname for M.D. Every time I think of Damon I think of *Pythias.*) He gave me that "knowing" Damon grin and replied, "Well, it's cheaper than long-distancing it!" By the way, look for Mark this summer in Columbia's "Life Begins at 17."

Whenever you feel like cooling it into outer space, do you find yourself playing the hi-fi to a 33⅓ spin with **Johnny Mathis** messaging it to the land of oblivion? I do. Just dig his sound. Seems a lot of other people do, too. In particular, the movie moguls. That Mathis Moaner, at 22, will be biog-ed for the celluloid screen. I wonder what will happen to him at 23? . . . Dot moaner, **Nick Todd, Pat Boone's** brother, went and enlisted, just when his career was going so great.

Natasha Gurdin, better known to you as **Natalie Wood** or **Mrs. Robert Wagner,** is reportedly on layoff at Warner Bros. How come? Your guess is as good as mine. Our California chums say they hear the Wagners practicing their lullaby ditties. I wonder if they're singing it to rock 'n' roll. Nat digs the stuff. . . . **Lili Gentle** feeling better after miscarriage disappointment from stork, hubby **Dick Zanuck** tells us.

Wondering Time: What's been bothering **Jamie MacArthur?** He's such a sweet guy. We saw him recently at one of those jazzy wingdings, socializing it beach style. The handsome MacArthur seemed unhappy. Sure hope his trip to Switzerland this summer for Disney's "Banner In The Sky" will help solve all. . . . Three cheers, Lady Liz! You're a trouper to beat all troupers. Welcome back to the world of lights, camera and action! I'm hunching it, **L. Taylor,** that your "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" will make you "hotter" than ever! . . . "Vertigo"—weird title, weird Hitchcock picture. But if anyone tells me again that **Kim Novak** and **James Stewart** had a weird and feudin' time making this flick, I'll never believe it, nor will you. The love scenes: S-i-z-z-z-l-e! S-i-z-z-z-l-e! . . . Will it be swimming time or wedding time for **Jeff Chandler** and **Esther Williams?** I say swimsuits will be the vogue all the way for this twosome. The theme from "Lohengrin" will only be a memory from the past.

We're thrilled to tell you that the blonde beauty who's simply ecstatic being **Mrs. Arthur Miller,** the breathless **Marilyn Monroe,** is returning to flickersville. The fabulous Monroe signed a new deal with 20th—three pics for the next seven years. Her first though will be U.A.'s "Some Like It Hot," with **Frank Sinatra.** Wow, what a combo! That will be followed by 20th's "Can-Can." Welcome back M. M. You've been away too long!

They've all made the news this month. Wonder who will next? See us then and 'bye for now—RONA B.

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